

WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

Volume XVI

NASHVILLE, TENN., SATURDAY, JANUARY 15, 1927

Number 1

MR. ROSE TO CONDUCT SYMPHONY HERE

The Nashville Symphony Orchestra of sixty-five players began last Sunday its rehearsals under the baton of its guest-conductor, Kenneth Rose, for the concert of January 16.

Mr. Rose has already selected his program for the event. It will include the brilliant finale from the Fourth Symphony by Tchaikowski and the ever popular "Blue Danube" waltzes of Strauss.

Mr. Rose, who is the widely known head of the Violin Department of Ward-Belmont Conservatory and the leader of the Ward-Belmont student orchestra, recently accepted an invitation to function as guest-conductor of the third concert of the current season. This comes as a compliment to the man who has rendered valuable service in the cause of instrumental music in Nashville and the South, and as a recognition of his ability as an orchestra man of wide experience.

VIOLINIST WILL COME TO WARD-BELMONT

Sascha Jacobsen, who will be soloist with the Nashville Symphony Orchestra on Sunday, is coming to Ward-Belmont to give a concert on Monday evening.

Mr. Jacobsen is a Russian by origin, although he was born just across the border, in Helsingfors, Finland. He comes from a very musical family and when he was only eight years old he began to prepare for the class of Leopold Auer in Petrograd. But the Russian revolution intervened and at the age of eleven the boy found himself in America and soon thereafter a member of another famous violin class, that of Franz Kneisel. In 1915 his famous mentor pronounced him ready for artistic matriculation.

We feel honored to have Mr. Jacobsen at Ward-Belmont for this concert and we are looking forward to it with much pleasure.

MEDLEY

In this world of hungry hearts

Each gropes for its moon—

Some are never found at all;

Others found too soon.

Moons there are of happiness,

Moons there are of fame;

Every soul must have its moon

And many are the same.

Oh, hearts there are that seek by night

And hearts that find by day,

But many do not find at all

And drop beside the way,

Worn out with following by-paths

Turning off too soon,

Loosing their road to happiness,

Forfeiting their glimpse of the moon.

Joseph MacPherson's Brilliant Debut



JOSEPH T. MACPHERSON

Joseph MacPherson, Nashville youth who made his debut as the King in "Aida" with the Metropolitan Opera Company, December 30, who was trained by Signor de Luca, director of Ward-Belmont Conservatory of Music, has been acclaimed a great success in his chosen work. Critics of New York newspapers and music magazines have given, with one accord, their praise of him. Newspapers all over the country have carried front page stories of his great voice. Metropolitan stars themselves have hailed him enthusiastically as a coming great singer. And Signor de Luca, who heard his pupil make his debut, says, "He was a tremendous success."

One New York newspaper comments on the marvelous rapidity with which Mr. MacPherson has achieved renown. He has received no training in New York or in Europe—all his training has been in the Ward-Belmont Conservatory of Music. Yet, in three and a half years, he has made his debut at the Metropolitan. And stars are asking, "How can it have been done?" For never before in the history of the world has such a thing occurred.

The "New York Post" says of him, "That Joseph MacPherson is going on cannot be doubted. . . . He has a real voice, admirably suited to opera.

He sang the King in "Aida" in most acceptable manner and made his hearers wish for more of him than the role affords." The critic believes that with a little more experience, the young Tennessean should be a most valuable asset to the Metropolitan.

Olin Downes of the "New York Times" says, "Whatever the strain of a first appearance may have been he acquitted himself with control of his vocal medium and became at once an intelligent and harmonious element of the ensemble."

The "New York American," terming him the "deep-toned American singer" writes, "The MacPherson voice is voluminous in its lower register, holds its body well in the upper reaches and has an exceptionally serviceable range. The vocal quality is sympathetically mellow. Refinement of style and authority in delivery added to the value of the debut, which constituted a singing success in every way."

Mr. MacPherson did promising work, according to the New York Herald-Tribune. The critics of this paper, as the others, praises the smoothness and evenness of his voice, and remarks on the very fine quality of it.

"He made an excellent impression," says Pierre U. R. Key, editor of the

(Continued on page 8.)

BOARDING SCHOOL GIRLS

Among the most outstanding of types found in the boarding school is the girl who heads class events and is the recognized leader of her class. She is popular and ever in demand, and seldom a minute has she to herself.

Then there is the studious type who has no interest outside her various classes. Oftentimes she is considered prudish and is left somewhat to her own resources.

In contrast to the studious girl, we have the frivolous, care-free lassie to whom classes are a bore to be finished as soon as possible.

No boarding school is ever complete without its clique of love-sick girls who spend every spare minute hovering over their post-office boxes, waiting impatiently for a letter from their "one and only." We find them wandering around school with a far-away look in their eyes and a half-smile curving their lips.

The athletic girl is ever before our eye, partaking in class or club athletics. To show off her muscle is the greatest joy she finds in life.

Nor must we forget the fat girls who are always intending to diet, but somehow seldom do.

(Continued on page 8.)

NEW GIRLS

We have in our midst several new girls and with them come one or two who are new to Ward-Belmont this year but have been here in other years. Edith Levens is one of the latter and Margaret Cobb has joined the boarding department having been heretofore a day student.

The new girls are: Olga Dye, Mary Jo Ingram, Margaret and Naomie Kilgore.

The old girls want all of these new girls and former Ward-Belmont girls who have returned, to know how much they are welcomed to the midst of this happy school family.

THE WANDERER

A wanderer though the dreamland

Singing broken songs—

Blending worn-out phrases in

Melodies all gone wrong.

Loving all life's beauty,

Cringing at its sorrow,

Wondering why things today

Are all wrong tomorrow.

Wishing—dreaming—playing—

Words thrust on a string—

Groping—seeking—trying

To make its beauty ring.

A wanderer through dreamland I

Receive my shattered songs,

Pity the long-loved phrases and

The melodies all gone wrong.



Who has a Birthday This Month?

Are you like the girl who forgets her girl-friend's birthday until she scarcely has time to select a gift? Of course it is never satisfactory when selected in such haste.

Look at the calendar today . . . you'll find Mother, Father and others, who have always remembered you, have birthdays soon.

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Special Menu on Mondays for
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EXCHANGES

The *Salina High School News*, Salina, Kans. You have a newswy front page.

The *Indian*, Detroit, Mich. Unusual idea about *Wire Flashes*. We like it.

The *Aponitic*, Agnes Scott, Decatur, Ga. Clever society column.

The *Sky-Rocket*, Henderson, Tenn. Centered too much on Kate, Ruby and Helen. We know they are fine but tell us of the others.

The *Blue and Gray*, Harrogate, Tenn. Too many jokes for the size of your paper.

The *Mercer Cluster*, Mercer. Yours is a good paper.

The *Franklin Hi Broadcast*, Franklin, Pa. We like your *Who's Who*.

The *Chanticleer*, Danville, Va. Your jokes are personal and we like them.

The *Westport Crier*, Kansas City, Mo. Keep your paper as good as it is now.

The *Aliphan*, Owatonna, Minnesota. A good paper.

The *Green and White*, Parker Senior High school, Chicago, Ill. Your front page is fine and you have lots of good news.

The *Student Lantern*, Saginaw, Mich. Your paper is good.

The *Wildcat*, Meridian High school. Your paper is newswy.

The *Pine Cone*, Pine Bluff, Arkansas. The front page is very good and newswy too.

The *Inkspot*, Chenoa, Ill. Your editorials are good.

The *Hamilton*, Lexington, Ky. The *Literary Department of the Hamilton* is excellent! In fact, it is a good magazine.

The *Frankfort High Life*, Frankfort, Ind. Your column *History of Frankfort* is novel and good.

The *Mercer Cluster*, Mercer, Ga.

The *Salina High School News*, Salina, Kansas.

The *Sky Rocket*, Henderson, Tenn.

The *Santonin*, Sand Springs, Okla.

The *Green and White*, Parker Senior High Schools, Chicago, Ill.

The *Ercho*, Luverne High School, Luverne, Minn.

Jonesboro High Times, Jonesboro, Ark.

Blue and White, Trinidad, Colo.

The *Midway*, University of Chicago High School.

Montgomery Bell Bulletin, Nashville, Tenn.

Chanticleer, Overett College, Danville, Va.

The *Clarion*, Millington, Tenn.

The *Searchlight*, Lexington, Ill.

The *Med-Ford Exhaust*, Medford, Minn.

The *Dynamo*, Prescott, Ark.

The *Davidie Age*, Colorado Springs, Colo.

School News, Richard City, Tenn.

The *Tatler*, Selma High School, Selma, Ala.

The *High Times*, Senior High School, Springfield, Mo.

Virginia Muddle, Sullins College, Bristol, Va.

The *Wildcat*, Meridian, Miss.

The *Blare*, Norfolk, Va.

The *Pine Branch*, Valdosta, Ga.

The *Harbinger*, Bryant High School, Bryant, South Dakota.

The *Maverick*, New Mexico Military Institute, Roswell, N. Mexico.

The *Northeast Courier*, Kansas City, Mo.

The *Hornet*, Furman University, Greenville, S. C.

Misemma, Washington Seminary, Atlanta, Ga.

Cadet Days, St. John's Military Academy, Delafield, Miss.

The *Westport Crier*, Kansas City, Mo.

Rough Rider, Roosevelt High School, St. Louis, Mo.

The *School Bell*, Big Stone Gap, Va.

Grapurchat, St. Teachers College, Radford, Va.

The *Alphian*, Owatonna, Minn.

Chi'd's Street News, Athens, Ga.

Mount Berry News, Mount Berry, Ga.

Side Lines, Murfreesboro, Tenn.

The *Orange and Black*, Mt. Vernon, Ill.

The *Agnostic*, Agnes Scott College, Decatur, Ga.

The *Willow Messenger*, Red Willow, Nebraska.

The *Megaphone*, Southwestern University, Georgetown, Texas.

The *Signal*, Columbia, Tenn.

Somanh's Events, South Manchester, Conn.

COMMENTS

I think the *Pine Branch* a well organized magazine. The stories are interesting and the poetry good.

The *Virginia Muddle* is quite clever.

The *Dynamo*, Prescott, Arkansas—Your front page is well balanced and the news is interesting.

Misemma, Washington Seminary, Atlanta, Ga.—We like *Misemma*.

Somanh's Events, Manchester, Conn.—Yours is quite a good magazine.

Cadet Days, St. John's Military Academy, Wisconsin.—We laughed and laughed over your "Light Fixes No. 2!"

The *Signal*, Columbia, Tenn.—The *Literary Department* is good!

The *Hornet*, Furman University, Greenville, S. C.—The *Hornet* contains good news items.

Childs Street News, Athens, Ga.—This is an excellent little paper.

The *Northeast Courier*, Kansas City, Mo.—Keep your paper at the high level it is now.

Grapurchat, Radford, Va.—The front page is well balanced.

The *Orange and Black*, Mt. Vernon, Ill.—Me miss your exchange column!

Mount Berry News, Mt. Berry, Ga.—We like *Jabbo's Jobbers*.

SAYS WHICH?



I'll bet my Psych book to a toothpick that half the girls in this school don't know their way around the post office yet. It ain't that the little ladies are nil on brains, but it's too much trouble to find out what the various and sundry slots and boxes are for; so I'll endeavor (with the aid of my friend, the Editor) to explain that location of Ward-Belmont called Middlemarch.

As one enters Middlemarch from the delivery doors, one sees on the right Miss Lester's window. Miss Lester is a faithful lady who gives you your packages, local and non-local. At this window may also be purchased stamps and magazines. Shoes are brought to that window for repair—ditto clothes to be dry-cleaned. One does not mail packages at that window. Outside Miss Lester's window to the right is a box. Any and all persons wishing to contribute articles and literary efforts to the WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN are asked to put them in this box. Please do not mail letters in said box because the person to whom they are addressed will never receive them. Unfortunately, letters cannot be collected from all ends of the campus et cetera.

Opposite the "Lost and Found" bulletin board is a slot. This is for mail going out of Ward-Belmont. Do not mail "House Mail" in that slot, because it delays the delivery of outgoing mail at the Nashville Post Office. You may mail "House Mail" in the slot a little to the right and beneath the window of the post office. Do not mail letters intended for out-of-W.-B. because they will be delayed.

Packages are weighed, insured and mailed at Miss Swift's window. This window is in the center of your own very dear post-office boxes. You must mail packages in the afternoon.

The green boxes on the campus are for refuse, and not letters. They are a total loss if put in these boxes.

This may sound absurd, but the trouble that is caused by carelessness cannot be imagined.

"How old are you?"
"I've seen eighteen summers!"
"How long have you been blind?"

Nit—"Will your people be surprised when your graduate?"

Wit—"No, they have been expecting it several years."

Proof

Mrs. Hen: "Are you sure you used every argument with which to convince your husband?"

Mrs. Peck: "Absolutely. There isn't a whole dish left in the house."

Vanquished.

Magistrate (severely to old offender)—"So you've been fighting your wife again. Liquor?"

Prisoner—"No, she licked me!"—Humorist (London).

Traveling Man: "Do you have hot and cold water in this room?"

Bell-hop: "Yes; hot in the summer and cold in the winter."

Following the example of the three Wise Men, the Ward-Belmont girls last Sunday evening, brought gifts to the Christ child. The gifts were to go to help the factory girls of Japan, but, "Inasmuch as thou hast done it unto the least of these, my brethren, thou hast done it unto me." The gift was Ward-Belmont's gift of service.

The vesper service was a pantomime of giving in which God's gifts of fire, water, light, work, food, and pain were personified. Then came the three Wise Men who brought their gifts to the new-born Christ, as a tableau of the manger scene was disclosed. As the three kings knelt before the Christ, a chorus sang "We Three Kings of the Orient Are." Then, the tableau vanished and the cross of Christ was brought forward and as the chorus sang "In the Cross of Christ I Glory," then the Wise Men went to the front of the stage to collect the gifts of money which the Ward-Belmont girls brought forward as their gifts to the Japanese girls.

The Y.W.C.A. wishes to thank Miss Townsend for this pantomime, and for the time she put on it to make it the beautiful thing it was. The following expression students took part in the pantomime: Lorene Banfield, Helen Johnson, Helen Reed, Alice Carr, Kathryn McKee, Elaine Frost, Marjorie Moss, Regina Kellems, Helen Huddleston, Hewell Givan, Geraldine Smith, Lucile Smith, Katherine Amos, Mary Virginia Huff, Ruth Johnson, Louise Rowland, Doris Nathan, Virginia Cooper, Rose Morrison, Blanche Motley, Josephine Rankin, Margaret Insull, Maybelle Hansen, Doris Tromley, Jane Edgar, Evelyn Dobbs, Verna Featheringill and Marguerite Gilbraith.

The chorus work was directed by Miss Boyer, whom the Y thanks most sincerely for the beautiful chorus singing in both this service and in the Christmas service. The following girls, pupils of Miss Boyer, sang in the service last Sunday night: Eleanor Gray, Mary Belle Johnson, Hazel Saunders, Carrie Walker Hopkins.

The Sunday school groups are now fully launched on their new discussions. Miss Sells' group and Miss North's group have as their theme, "Current Problems in the Light of Christian Living." War is the first topic to be discussed. At the request of some girls who wanted to join a Bible study class, Miss Van Hooser is leading a Sunday school group in a discussion of great moment in the lives of some of the great men and women of the Bible. The stories will be taken in chronological order through the Old and New Testaments.

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WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

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Application for second-class entry pending.

EDITORIAL

Now we are back from Christmas and have settled to our routine once more. What a glorious holiday season it was. Home, the family, renewal of old friendships, parties and gifts—all that makes a real Christmas. This was a brief rest, in a sense of the word, a rest from studying the words of books but now we have returned to a rest of regular hours for our bodies, and we are here to use our minds in study.

Let's begin with a zest and a vigor, leave off thinking of those holidays when we should be studying. A new year has opened and though for several days we may have been lax in starting real work, still there is ample time to be studying. The sooner the start of real studying is made the better, for though the closeness of exams may have been dulled by holiday joys, still it is there and will soon be here.

Here's a happy New Year to all as a wish from our school, but can it be made a happy year just for the wishing? No, we must make it so by real effort and earnest activity.

A STANDARD TO STRIVE FOR

Any student paper should stand for all that is most noteworthy in the school's events. Certainly it should not stand for coarse humor; not for a detailed account of vulgarity and baseness and all that is low and unrefined in life; nor should it be the least bit suggestive. An atmosphere of culture and worthwhileness should pervade its pages. Its humor should be above reproach, and wholesome. In short, a school paper should be the embodiment of the highest and best things in school life. Help us to maintain this standard in the HYPHEN.

A LITTLE BONE WE HAVE TO PICK

Time: 5 A.M. any morning at all. Place: Privacy of the boudoir. Characters: Two girls, each the roommate of the other.

1—Say, hear that radiator? Did ja ever hear such a racket?

2—Yes, I hear it. Uh uh, never heard worse.

1—Can't ya do something about it?

2—What you want me to do, eat the radiator?

1—No, don't bother, just sit on it.

2—Think I'm a North Pole explorer? Now listen, when I explore the pole, it won't be in this costume, and it won't be at 5 o'clock in the "matin" either. Hear ye?

1—Don't know how I could help it! What say you be Brutus, and I be another Roman, and we push on to get after the man who furnishes the alarm clock and music.

2—O.K. with little me, but we can conspire tomorrow—wasn't it Samuel T. Coleridge who said something about sleep being grand? Well, history repeats itself.—*Bonsoir.*

THE CYNIC

Was it Shelley who asked that question about spring being the follow-up of winter? Well, he didn't say that sometimes winter came after spring—but that's one of us and Co., Inc., is saying. Just think of that vacation, and now look at me! What a fine turnip this coming back has turned out to be! Never saw as many "rocks" on engagement fingers before—huh—really is funny when you think that I came back with a card and a lot of wise cracks. Santa Claus didn't leave the B. F. any money, so now we've got to wait till his other ship comes in before he can send anything besides cards. Some people need a Packard roadster in which to fall in love, but the little old leaping lens is good enough for me. We hold up our feet going over the bumps, and call it "Collegiate." Me and the B. F. didn't quarrel at all during Christmas vacation—laughed at his jokes when I was supposed to, and I didn't send him home—just let him go home of his own accord. I'm glad, because now at 10:15 my shingled dome hits the hay. That's what you get for being at a girls' boarding school. I suppose I could think up several reasons taken from the Greek, that would make me come back two more years, but I ask you, what's the use?

CHAPEL NOTES

Wednesday—January 5, 1927

Announcements by Miss Hawks and Miss Morrison.

Thursday—January 6, 1927

Mr. Barton welcomed us back and gave an interesting account of the flood. The excitement of the account was augmented by the fact that many of us saw parts of the flood area on our return to Nashville.

Friday—January 7, 1927

No chapel.

Saturday—January 8, 1927

Inspired by the fact that Saturday was the anniversary of the Battle of New Orleans, Mr. Barton talked on General Jackson as a man and a soldier. Nashville can be especially proud of Jackson since he spent many years of his life in this section of the country.

Centella—"How can I drive a nail without hitting my finger?"

Norman—"Hold the hammer in both hands."

NEWS FROM THE GYM.

Every day we see girls, smartly dressed in tailored uniforms, rushing furiously down the walk, and suddenly disappearing through the front doors of the Academic building. It seems to be a fad, this quarter, for every one to attend meetings in the gym, at least twice a week. The uniforms worn to these meetings, with accessories to exactly suit the style are the newest things from the Physical Education office, and are very popular with the Ward-Belmont girls.

So interesting are the meetings that some of the girls meet more often than twice a week to bowl and play basketball. It has been decided that there will be bowling matches and basketball games played in a tournament between the social clubs. The bowling matches will begin Wednesday, January 19, while the basketball games begin Thursday, January 20.

ACADEMIC NOTES

With the starting of 1927 most of the classes have begun by taking up a new phase of work. In the English B sections, some of them, having completed the study of Shakespeare, take up seventeenth century literature. The History of Art classes began their new work by studying Mohammedan Art. The Spanish B classes of Dr. Johnson resumed work on the new book taken up just before the Christmas holidays. The psychology classes of Miss Norris are now studying day-dreaming—my, how fitting to these days! The new term of Public Speaking has been begun for the Expression H students. The B classes are studying dramatic instinct and imagination from scenes of Shakespeare and modern plays and technique for methods in teaching was begun January 5. The work is going on very enthusiastically. Earnest and intelligent work is being done.

A BED-TIME TALE

Stilly, so stilly! The night was dark and clear. The moon was behind a cloud. The air was freezing as it came through the open windows. It was three o'clock in the morning. Silently, very silently the figure of a girl arose from the bed, slipped on mules and a robe, and stole softly out into the hall. Her teeth were chattering and one could see she was frozen through. On she went down the hall to the last door to the right. She rapped once—no response. Again—no response. Softly she opened the door and entered, calling a name in a whispering tone. She looked around. The room seemed clear of everything except a huge mass in its midst. It was to this that the caller's attention was directed. She approached it cautiously, fearfully, poked it with her toe and as nothing happened, began to investigate. First, she took from the top of the heap a rug, followed by another—and then coats, scarfs, sweaters, dresser scarfs, curtains—everything that had formerly gone to furnish the room. On and on she went—almost frozen by now. It seemed that the pile would

never end. But ah! she felt something different now—something with a strangely human feeling. What could it be? One by one the remaining coverings were thrown off and finally a voice was heard to remark, "Well, pardon—I wasn't expecting callers," and up popped Eliza.

And so this is how our little northern girls spent their cold Southern nights.

PERSONALS

Ruth Hughes of New Orleans had dinner Thursday and Friday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jack F. Hughes.

Mary Pearl Moores of Florida and her mother, Mrs. William Moores, entertained Ruth Moores Thursday afternoon.

Mary Shelley McIntyre of Shreveport, La., spent Saturday afternoon with her mother, Mrs. A. O. McIntyre.

Vivian Walker was the guest for dinner on Sunday of Mrs. A. M. Brown.

Emily Krouse of Meridian, Miss., was entertained Sunday by her aunt, Mrs. Gillis.

Jean Haynes spent Sunday with Mrs. Shelton, her aunt.

Marion Thompson of Chicago, was the guest for tea Sunday of Mrs. Tupper.

Margaret McMullen spent the day Sunday with Mrs. Gilbert.

Marjorie Guerin of Pomona, California, was the guest last Sunday of her aunt and uncle, Dr. and Mrs. H. C. Guerin.

Katherine McKnight had tea with Mrs. E. B. Craig Sunday.

Catherine Francez was the guest of her sister for tea Sunday.

Novice Graves spent Sunday with her brother.

Mary Jane McPhail of Geneva, Ohio, was the guest of Mrs. Cadville for tea Sunday.

Martha Lindsey had tea with Mrs. Roberts Sunday.

Jim Brister Currie was with her aunt, Mrs. Boyd, Monday afternoon.

Elizabeth Browne spent Monday with Miss Elizabeth Rud.

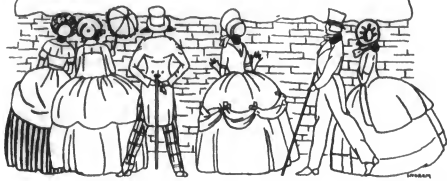
Sarah Jane Hendle was the guest of Mrs. Rawls and Margaret Rawls Monday.

Roseella Ehrenwald spent Monday with Mrs. McCullough.

Miss Spaller—"Name three articles containing starch."

Mary Day—"Two cuffs and a collar."

The Diary of Mistress Belle Ward



Wednesday—January 5

Well, here it is—1927—and yours truly hailed onto the campus in all the glory of Christmas attire, namely, much ruddy complexion, and runless hose, plus a goodly supply of New Year's resolution—and the horrible part of it was, I got here in plenty of time for my second period class!

I was crushed to wormwood because I wasn't forced to gondola my way out to school. This flood sure has been misrepresented in the old home town papers—expected at the least we'd have to leave the train six miles out and either swim or airplane in—but foiled again—some of these days I'll learn not to believe what I see in print.

Sure was glad to see the gang again—distance does lend enchantment—you know, I believe in a month or two more, I'd even be glad to see my teachers!

Well, guess I mentioned the fact that classes went on as usual, even had chapel—and study hour. But don't ever think I studied! Nay. Me'n the roomie retired at the unheard-of hour of eight-ten!

Thursday—January 6

Somehow I can't seem to get used to getting up, so slept through breakfast and first hour.

Got my pre-Christmas excuses back today. Well, it was no more than I expected—how in the world any sane person could expect us to know anything for an exam the day before we go home at Christmas is beyond me!

In French today Mademoiselle made us tell her what we got for Christmas, in French. Poor thing, no doubt she thought Santa Claus neglected me sadly, but it's not my fault my vocabulary is so limited. All I could think of was *mi livre* and then I didn't even get one, but think nothing of it.

Tea roomed with much gusto—too much to agree with my bank account. What I ate isn't worthy of print.

Tripped the light fantastic in the gym after dinner—fine exercise dodging people, but not reducing enough for me!

Study hour as usual, but you do know me—if there's anything else to do, why study?—and I had a new *College Humor*.

Well, must hie me to bed now, too much studying is wearing on my nerves!

Friday—January 7

Now as friend to friend, I think these bells have been ringing earlier and earlier—but I get up by them

just the same, it's being done this year.

Several late-comers strolled in today. Now why didn't it enter my feeble intellect to develop a cold the last day. It's fierce to be so dumb!

Guess my dear teachers had a complete rest during vacation, and expected us to have had likewise. Whew! the way the lessons are piling up! But then, due to my superior intelligence it's no trouble for me to sleep peacefully through classes and not know what it's all about, and some girls make such an effort of it!

Gym-ed with much gusto and fervor this p.m. According to Miss Morris-on we should use the "little ones" as examples of speedy and distance marching. Guess I'm not as athletic as I thought I was. Follow instructions, that's me! I put up all the windows and turned out the lights, and was five minutes late! Yea, team!

Saturday—January 8

The usual excitement which is none at all!

In psych class Miss Morris made us write out our favorite day dreams. Really, I think she's getting a bit personal, so I just invented on the spur of the moment—and it sure was a gem!

The roomie was seized by an ambitious streak so we cut our p.m. classes and changed the furniture in our lovely room. Really, it's beautiful now—I can't get to my closet without falling over a trunk, two chairs, and a bed—but think nothing of it!

Swallowed my dinner in the usual Saturday night haste in order to get a movie seat—and then was too late. But the movie wasn't such a ritzy one that I missed a lot by sitting in the back row.

Well—no news from home, so guess the flood has spread up there and everyone's drowned.

Must get my beauty sleep—good-night, dear diary.

Sunday—January 9

Was inspired to go to Sunday school, but Pinky came along with the Sunday papers just as I was going in, so I sat on the top step and read the funnies with her—and then had

a guilty conscience all the rest of the day.

Went to the Advent to church in order to save car-fare—and then, too, you always get out early there.

Chicken for dinner, as per usual—but praise Allah it wasn't fried! Ice cream, also. Wish some one would start a mince pie factory that would put this ice cream factory out of business.

Vespers tonight was grand. Much white, and candles, and soft music! Monday—January 10

Dear, dear, sure is a shame I wasn't born rich instead of beautiful! What I didn't buy in town today isn't worth mentioning—and we sure did have fun! You know, if they give us classes on Mondays so we can't go to town for lunch and all—I might just as well curl up and die now. All I live for is mail and Mondays—and goodness knows mail is scarce enough—but without Mondays too—GT-R-T-R-T.

JOKES

Not long ago a woman entered a five and ten-cent store and addressed the clerk as follows: "Give me one of those five-cent mouse traps, please and hurry up, I want to catch a train."

Senior: "Say, Freshie, is that the sun or the moon?"

Freshie: "I don't know; this is my first year in these parts."—Ex.

The professor was calling the roll in a sort of haphazard manner one morning. Each member of the class responded as her name was called with the usual "here." The name "Jenkins" was called. No one answered.

Finally the professor said: "Haa'n't Miss Jenkins any friends here?"—Ex.

Prof.: "I'll give you one day to hand in that paper."

Stude: "Fine—how about the Fourth of July?"—*Bean Pot, Ex.*

Miss Hawkins (in Biology): "What animal makes the nearest approach to man?"

Marguerite Glidden: "The mosquito."

Miss Vimont: "What made you so late to class?"

Frances Hardison: "I fell down the stairs."

Miss Vimont: "That ought not to have taken so long."

Teacher (in English class)—"Take this sentence: 'Lead the cow from the pasture'—what mood?"

Student—"The cow, Ma'am."

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THE OBSERVER

We surely did appreciate the song Sunday evening. It thrilled us so our teeth ached—almost.

Monitors in Pembroke have been very much occupied of late—gathering the wandering little lambs to the fold. It's rather hard on those of us who want to sleep.

Much talk is going the rounds about the villainous characters seen on the fire escape. Well, a little excitement now and then is relished by the best of—girls.

Let the chimes ring out! They sure did the other morning when the musical clock went off about three A.M. Miss Rhea didn't lose any time in getting to the scene of action. Speedy woman!

Miss Meroney gave her sixth period class a little rest the other day by reading short stories and poems. Marion surely was touched with the sentimental love poems. Why the loud whoops, Marion? What does this mean?

Who says Founders' doesn't rate? That ice cream and cake from Senior Open House surely did reach the right spot, and wasn't it exciting to be up after light bells?

It almost seems humorous that dainty little Helen Moser made Variety. Congrats, say we—her daintiness must be put a covering for her brawn.

Becky Sockett's ambitions seem to have cropped out in Beth Christian. Why use two bottles of peroxide to bleach one head of hair, Beth? Well, it surely did the work—there's no doubt about that. Katherine Ross seems to have been influenced in the opposite direction. Is her hair henna? We'll say it is.

It's tragic what ends some girls will go to—to get a man. He sure did fall for you even if it was only in the street car, didn't he, Maybelle?

Miss Cason's first period class wonder if the others feel as wilted as they do upon leaving class. Sweet sarcasm? Oh, no; nothing like that!

Ellen's attempts to rid herself of the nosebleed by thrusting a knife boldly down her back (in the dining room) were much appreciated by Miss Ross. There's more'n one way to secure notoriety, Ellen.

Dorothy Nichols is gettin good, say we. She has two pins now and is expecting a ring. What we'd like to do to some of these people who rate!

The temperament that is being displayed around this school is terrible. Just the other morning Alice Macduff sat firmly on the edge of her bed and vowed determinedly not to go to breakfast. Do you ask whether she kept the vow? Well—you know Alice.

Janet Sage is exhibiting a surprising tendency to trip lately. Three times and out, Janet. But why don't you wait until you get where there's someone to fall for?

Roommates have surprising ideas sometimes. Ask Meredith how the brushes felt on her feet.

Some of us wonder what the two dollars rent for our boxes is for. Someone may be profiting by it—but certainly not us.

Miss Leavell is known for the exciting stories she can tell in class. We were sorry to hear the other day that someone had objected so now she can't tell 'em any more. Anyway, she promises to tell us where to look for 'em.

Someone has gotten artistic and graded the statue in Rec Hall with a cigarette. Three cheers!

"Shorty," shot off the springboard and made a clean cut wind-knocker. Have you recovered yet, Shorty?

It is to laugh that the Seniors are



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covertly circulating copies of "Weird Tales." We hear that it's under the influence of the C. C. C's.

Julia Anne Ross doesn't know her left foot from her right. Miss Morrison will swear to that.

Even in this place of bondage one may find appreciation of nature. If you were to ask Edythe Dixon why she chose the room she did, you might find that it was because the fountain was near and it sounded like a waterfall to her. As for the rest of us—well we'd rather get back to nature by some other method.

ALUMNAE NOTES

Mrs. Sidney Fisher (Anne Blotchy) of Omaha, Nebr., formed a Ward-Belmont Club several years ago and she writes that it is progressing wonderfully. Mrs. Fisher is subscribing for a Hyphen, that it may be read at each meeting of the Club, which is once a month, at some member's home.

These former Ward-Belmont girls have planned a Christmas tea for all girls from Omaha and girls who pass through there on their way home Christmas: Emily Murray, Betty Clark, Josephine Cohen, Helen Thom-Parsly, Lillian Head, and Elene Wagner.

Following is the program of the
WARD-BELMONT CLUB

SEPTEMBER

Hostess—Frances Aldrich Parsley
Business and Social.

OCTOBER

Hostess—Josephine Frenzer Cohen
Book—"Silver Spoon," by Galsworthy

Story—Irene Powell
Review and Author—Joe Frenzer Cohen

NOVEMBER

Hostess—Helen Thomas
Book—"Beau Sabre," by P. C. Wren
Story—Betty Cole Clark
Review and Author—Frances Aldrich Parsley

DECEMBER

Hostess—Anne Blotchy Fischer
Social Meeting

JANUARY

Hostess—Irene Powell
Book—"Dark Dawn," Martha Osteen

Story—Jane Harvey Barmettler
Review and Author—Ann Blotchy Fischer

FEBRUARY

Hostess—Betty Cole Clarke
Book—"Show Boat," Edna Ferber.
Story—Elene Guinter Wagner
Review and Author—Emily Mills Murray

MARCH

Hostess—Elene Guinter Wagner
Book—"Exquisite Perdita," by E. Barrington
Author and Review—Alverta Colina

APRIL

Hostess—Jane Harvey Barmettler
Book—"Mortal Enemy," by Willa Cather

Story—Lillian Condon
Review and Author—Joe Frenzer Cohen

MAY

Hostess—Emily Mills Murray
Book—"O Gentle Lady," by Forbes Story—Betty Cole Clarke
Review and Author—Helen Thomas

JUNE

Hostess—Lillian Condon
Business and Social

Edith Jenks Gaines was honored by her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ambrose Gaines, with a dance on Friday evening, December 10, 1926, at the Cherokee Country Club.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hudson DeWeese announce the birth of a daughter, Salle Lue De Weese, on Nov. 13, 1926.

Nancy Baskerville, who attends Vanderbilt, has been made president of the younger A. O. P.'s, is a member of the Three Arts Club and the Bachelor Maids. The latter is an honorary society and only six new members are elected annually from the Junior and Senior classes.

WEDDINGS

Dorothy Vernon Jones to Mr. Edgar Hugh Phelps on December 30, 1926, at the Second Presbyterian Church, Houston, Texas.

Mr. Phelps is one of Houston's youngest practicing attorneys.

WHY TEACHERS GO MAD

Answers gleaned from prize examination papers:

1. Poise is the way a Dutchman says boys.
2. "King Arthur's Round Table" was written by the author of "Ten Nights in a Bar Room."
3. The climax of a story is where it says it to be continued.
4. A butress is a butler's wife.
5. A gulf is the thing they shoot around with long sticks.
6. In the stone age all men were statues.

Peeping Ahead in the Fashion Calendar!

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JOSEPH MACPHERSON MAKES BRILLIANT DEBUT

(Continued from page 1.)

Musical Digest. "His is a round and a sonorous basso, smooth of texture and agreeable to the ear."

The Musical American states that there is no doubt that the quality of his voice is very good indeed and his handling of it expert.

Martinelli, himself a Metropolitan star, remarks, "This Joe MacPherson is the only man in the world's history who ever leaped from a music studio straight to the Metropolitan's stage. The rest of us all had to sing

in many smaller companies first. He took a leap toward the stars and won."

Perhaps the highest praise of all was given back-stage by Tullio Serafin, director of the performance, when he said, "Joe MacPherson has a sound and tone voice. He sings on pitch and on time. He has a great future.

And as for de Luca, the teacher of the newly-acclaimed opera singer. . . . One New York critic says of him, "While Nashville is receiving plaudits for producing such a basso, quite a few bouquets are due Signor de Luca of that city for discovering MacPherson and piloting him safely into the Metropolitan's ranks. He is the only vocal coach in the world who has ever

discovered a singer, taught him exclusively, and then cast him directly into the Metropolitan." The Nashville Banner is also high in its praise for de Luca.

Although MacPherson's debut was postponed from earlier in the season, and the forty Nashvillians who had gone to New York for that purpose had not been able to hear him, the young singer received "many telegrams, including those from Dr. Brantton and Mr. Barton, wishing him success in his initial appearance.

MacPherson appeared January 2 in a holiday matinee at the Metropolitan. The New York Herald-Tribune comments again, "Mr. MacPherson revealed again one of the most beautiful voices heard on that stage—remarkable for depth, smoothness, and sonority."

At present, MacPherson is working on his part in the new opera, "King's Henchman," and already has had several rehearsals.

AS OTHERS SEE US

The Ward-Belmont *HypHEN* is a weekly published by girls only. They certainly deserve credit for their paper. The *Midway*, University of Chicago High school.

Ward-Belmont *HYPHEN*—a well-edited paper, but how about a few more jokes? *Wallace World*, Nashville, Tenn.

Ward-Belmont *HYPHEN*, "The Diary of Mistress Bell Ward" is a clever idea and we enjoyed it. Your jokes were good but scarce. The editorial on *Adaptability* is very true.

Well, Hardy

Coming down to breakfast late, her mother asked: "Did that young man kiss you last night?"

"Now, mother, do you suppose he came all the way from Buenos Aires to look at the gold fish?"

Brainy Fish

Mrs. Reilly: "What makes these sardines so high?"

Grocer: "They're imported, mum." Mrs. Reilly: "I'll take the domestic ones, then as had the brains to swim across to this country."

Before and After

"Now, then," roared the boss to the store-boy, "you will be on hand at 7 o'clock tomorrow morning. And when I say 7 o'clock I don't mean five minutes after, I mean five minutes before."

Editors Know Everything

He wrote to the editor: "How can I keep postage stamps from sticking together?"

The editor's reply: "Buy 'em one at a time."

To the End

"What were your father's last words?"

"Father had no last words. Mother was with him to the end."

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THE MOVIE

To start off the new year, our first Saturday night movie was, "Don Juan's Three Nights," with Lewis Stone, Shirley Mason and Malcolm McGregor. Lewis Stone, as a musical genius and leader in the social world, is the central character, bringing about the happiness of the characters as played by Shirley Mason and Malcolm McGregor. In bringing about this happiness, even though it meant the loss of his right hand and musical career, it made him realize that the best things in life come from doing worth while things for the ones we love.

BOARDING SCHOOL GIRLS

(Continued from page 1.)

Numerous, too, are the girls belonging to the babyish, pampered class. Never before have they ironed a handkerchief or lace collar, and the exertion almost drives these helpless creatures.

And last, but certainly not least, is the type of girl who is rather retiring, yet who always accomplishes any task which is assigned her. A general favorite is this girl, and beloved for her sterling qualities.

The girls' boarding school is made up of numerous, vastly different types of girls, without any one of which the list would be incomplete. To learn to know, to love, to understand and to work in harmony with girls of each of these types is one of the greatest advantages of a boarding school.

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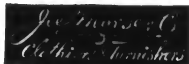
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—Evelyn

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WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

Volume XVI

NASHVILLE, TENN., SATURDAY, JANUARY 22, 1927

Number 15

Death Summons Mrs. W. E. Beard

(From Nashville Banner, January 17)

Mrs. William E. Beard, formerly Miss Ada Scott Rice, one of Nashville's best known, most popular and most useful women, died shortly after one o'clock Monday at a local infirmary.

Mrs. Beard is survived by her husband and one brother, Louis T. Rice. Richard Beard, a nephew of her husband, following his father's death, spent his boyhood in her home and received from her the most affectionate care. He now resides in Albany, Ga.

For some time Mrs. Beard had not been in robust health, and during the past year or more her strength had been declining. During the summer it was necessary for her to take a long rest, but little improvement resulted, and early in December her illness assumed a serious aspect, and she entered a local infirmary. Her indomitable courage, in spite of great suffering, sustained her for several weeks.

During her fatal illness her devoted friends, the newspaper associates of her husband and the relatives of both left nothing undone that could brighten the hours for her and add to her comfort.

UNSELFISH SERVICE

Mrs. Beard was born at "Mansfield," on the Murfreesboro road, near Nashville, for many years the home of her parents. She was the daughter of the late Capt. James L. Rice, a member of a prominent Virginia family, who located in Nashville before the civil war, in which he served, and his wife, the late Mrs. Ada Scott Tulin Rice, member of a leading family of Cartersville, Ga. She was educated at old Ward Seminary, in Nashville, during the administration of the late Dr. William E. Ward.

The death of Mrs. Beard will bring deep sorrow to hosts of friends and among the membership of the various organizations to which she was a tower of strength. Unswerving loyalty was an outstanding trait of her character, and she gave without stint unselfish and devoted service to those privileged to have her friendship and to the causes which were close to her heart. Even in her last illness she axed her waning strength to fulfill every duty.

Possessing unusual mentality, highly educated and widely read, a lover of music and of the other arts, Mrs. Beard possessed also exceptional gifts for organization and administration. These were first displayed when she became secretary of the woman's board of the Tennessee Centennial Exposition in 1897. The services of the late Mrs. Van Leer Kirkman,

president of the board, of Ada Scott Rice and other board members is recorded in the inscription carved beneath a white marble ball, "That which is round can be no rounder," which now stands in Centennial park.

Mrs. Beard entered newspaper work as society editor of the old Nashville American in 1900 and continued in this capacity until the arrangement of her approaching marriage to William E. Beard, then city editor of that paper. Their marriage was solemnized in Nashville June 9, 1909. Her newspaper work won her wide reputation throughout the country and countless warm friends. Many good causes and individuals received support and help from her pen, and her retirement from active journalistic work was a distinct loss.

Mrs. Beard's gifts were again called into use during the world war when the society editor of the Banner went overseas to do Y work, and Mrs. Beard substituted for a year in this position, rendering a distinct patriotic service to the war work of Nashville women.

Subsequently she became the press representative of Ward-Belmont, supervising the school publications and its publicity.

Recognition of Mrs. Beard's signal ability came in many positions of trust and responsibility in the organizations with which she was affiliated. In the work of the Ward Alumnae Association she has been a leader. She was a member of the Nashville Women's Press and Authors' Club and of the Ladies' Hermitage Association.

A deep religious faith was a dominant factor in the life of Mrs. Beard. She was a devoted member of Christ Episcopal church, a member of the order of the Daughters of the King, was on the board of the Parish Aid Society, and a leader in other of the church activities. She was also a member of the King's Daughters.

Social graces made Mrs. Beard an addition to any assemblage and her qualities of mind and heart, her firm allegiance to principle and her strength of character made her life rich in influence.

Though a participant in civic and public movements, Mrs. Beard gave always allegiance to the ideals of the Southern gentlewoman of the old school. As a daughter, tenderly cherishing her widowed mother in her last years, as a sister and as a wife in the relation which crowned her life, Mrs. Beard gave the uttermost of loving service. Her thoughtful kindness extended out to many.

(Continued on page 8.)



KENNETH ROSE

Kenneth Rose Impresses As Great Conductor

The third concert of the present season of the Nashville Symphony Orchestra was given Sunday afternoon at the War Memorial auditorium to a crowded house.

Those of the Ward-Belmont faculty and student body who attended the concert were more than happy over Mr. Rose's success. We are proud to be a part of the institution with which he is connected.

George Pullen Jackson in the Nashville Banner says, in speaking of the concert: "The concert, the third of the current subscription series, was featured by the appearance of Kenneth Rose, Ward-Belmont's well-known violin master and the leader of the student orchestra of that noted institution, as guest conductor, and by the appearance of Sascha Jacobsen, violin soloist.

Mr. Rose proved himself to be a conductor with at least two outstanding qualities, magnetic energy and musical insight. The former quality was especially evident in his reading of the first-class orchestral composition, the finale from Tchaikowsky's Fourth Symphony. This thing, probably the most ambitious work the orchestra has ever undertaken, was there—in the ears of all hearers—in all its broad lines, in all its fine pianissimos, its exciting crescendos, and its magnificent fortissimos. This was a real achievement. If in any little parts it fell

short of what knowing hearers were expecting, that could easily be attributed to the fact that Mr. Tchaikowsky had scored a bit beyond the technical powers of certain players in the local symphonic ensemble.

But that the orchestra can play in perfect tune and with beautiful shadings was made clear by its interpretation of the "Rosamunde" ballet music. And that it is gaining greatly in its hold on rhythmic difficulties was again proven by the beauty which was put into the reading of the "Blue Danube Waltzes." It was in these two numbers where Mr. Rose's "musical insight" turned the trick. They were comparatively simple music, but he invested them with all the feeling that was theirs by right, even though the printed notes could not and did not show it.

In declaring also that the orchestra did a serenely beautiful piece of work in the Bruch concerto in G Minor for violin and orchestra, I am brought to speak of the soloist of the afternoon.

Mr. Jacobsen is an artist who stands so high and so securely among the few best, that I for one shall not dare to make comparisons. I do not believe there is a living violinist who has a more beautiful tone. I don't believe a more exquisite piece of violinistic-orchestral art has ever been heard in Nashville than was the "adagio"

(Continued on page 8.)



Who has a Birthday This Month?

Are you like the girl who forgets her girl-friend's birthday until she scarcely has time to select a gift? Of course it is never satisfactory when selected in such haste.

Look at the calander today - - you'll find Mother, Father and others, who have always remembered you, have birthdays soon.

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THE CYNIC

It's just awful the way people all the time crab because they haven't got a little more than they have!

I have known girls who aren't satisfied with having a sweetheart, but they want life-size pictures and specials everyday. I have a few kodak pictures, and I don't get a letter every day, either. We didn't know whether he should have his picture taken or not, but I decided that I would rather have him buy a book. That would make it so he'd have something in his head instead of my having something on my dressing table. Also, it is a very good course in memory training to try to remember how he looked on the various dates I had at Xmas. I don't have to think about his clothes, because he only has two suits, and it isn't hard to remember his face, because it's always easy to recall that which has been minutely perceived.

Once there was a lady who had a tie that Geo. Washington wore when he crossed the Delaware, and I heard her say she surely did want a copy of Aristotle's Laws of Association in his own handwriting. Just about that time I went home.

There was also a lady who wasn't satisfied just to hear Paderewski play but she wanted enough of his hair to fill a mattress. Now, if anyone asks you the difference between a collector and a nut, the answer is yes.

If a person has one name, they always want another. We should all be named Mary, and then there wouldn't be any arguments about the beauty of names. Ask anyone what people aren't satisfied with and they answer, "what they have." Guess that's why there are exchange desks, and there is an eternal search for man, the posse being women who aren't satisfied to see others get married. Some people sure have mundane tastes! Men—I wish everyone would get just one.

Some folks would like a special kind of air to breathe on account they aren't satisfied with oxygen. The original wise guy should get rid of the oxygen and put carbon monoxide that you hear so much about, but never see in its place. Believe me, I like ye goode olde oxygen, or I would wear a gas mask. I am satisfied with oxygen, and my roommate and my name, and a car when a canoe is not available, but still there are things I'd like to have—the most pressing desire being to have brains enough to pass my exams. So, it's just as the man said to the channel swimmer when he told her that the channel had been crossed in two hours (by a boat, of course), "Can you beat that?"

P.S. Did you notice that I'm much sweeter since Xmas? Don't tell, but I'm in love.

Dear Editor: What do you think? A blessed dumbell asked me if I would call the jokes for your paper because another little girl laughed when she read my copy! Oh, Editor, what'll we do? Give her poison or put her on the HYPHEN Staff because of her childlike ideas?

Yours,
THE CUB REPORTER.
P.S. Ask Mrs. Brown how it feels

to chapeone all Nashville. That's a good idea for an interview, eh?

C. R.

Dearest Parents of a Beautiful

Daughter:

When I finish here, I will be ready to seek the Great Open Spaces you hear so much about, but seldom see. I am about to take my first exam, and needless to say I am already using cold towels on my fevered brow and am eating a great deal. Enough in fact, so that I will be able to live over exam days, for I know I won't be able to eat. I know you'd like to say that perhaps if I'd use the time studying instead of wetting towels I'd get better grades, but don't say it—I'm very sensitive. I'm sure all my teachers have repeated Lafayette's famous words, "*They shall not pass,*" but I shall pass, or die gallantly in the attempt. Chances are that I shall die gallantly and unceremoniously. At any rate, my last thoughts will be of you. I have scanned all the books in the library except "Anatomy of the Woodpecker," and I suppose I'd better read it, since one of my teachers from whom I take "ye goode ole English in its worsor forms" will ask how many muscles there are in that bird's leg. No wonder the Seniors look so old and weatherbeaten. They have taken so many exams that they are hoary and crippled from taking them. This ordeal is as bad for turning the hair white, as driving with a person who is just learning to manage a car. It is chance when you step from the gasoline chariot in one piece, but, my dear relatives, I am sure it is the highest type of art to come through an exam without having swooned, and with a passing grade.

If you leave the exam with your arm in a sling, they say you aren't capable of doing the work, and if you don't have a sling, they say you didn't know enough to pass the exam, because your arm wasn't worn out with writing all you know.

The exams are three hours long, and I hear tell that one girl said she was going to take her textbook along, put her name in the front of it, and hand it in as her examination. It really is an ingenious idea, but all my teachers know I'm too dumb to think of that idea myself, so I will write my exams in those nasty little blue-books.

For a wonder, I still have some money, and I still love you both. Be sure to hold each other's hand when you open my grades.

Your loving daughter,

JOANNE.

P. S. Help! Aid! Succor!

PENTA TAU PRATTLES

After our president complimented the girls on their splendid showing at basket ball and bowling practices, she urged them to keep it up.

We were glad to welcome back one of our peepiest Penta Taus of last year, Edith Leavers.

Miss Ross gave a very interesting and enjoyable talk on Europe which was interrupted all too soon by the sound of the bell.

HYPHEN ACKNOWLEDGES THE FOLLOWING EXCHANGES

NEW EXCHANGES

The Log Cabin, McKenzie Tenn.
The Colo-Wo-Co, Colorado Woman's College, Denver, Colo.
The Gleam, Independence, Mo.
The Coyote, Weatherford, Texas.
Tulsa High School Life, Tulsa, Okla.
The Indian, Detroit, Mich.
The School Bell, Big Stone Gap, Va.

OLD EXCHANGES

The Northeast Courier, Kansas City, Mo.
The Sandtonian, Sand Springs, Okla.
The Tattler, Boy's High School, Atlanta, Ga.
The Megaphone, Southwestern University, Georgetown, Texas.
The Clarendonian, Clarendon, Ark.
The Rough Rider, St. Louis, Mo.
The Mercer Chapter, Mercer University, Macon, Ga.
The Babber, David Lipscomb School, Nashville, Tenn.

COMMENT

The Harbinger, Bryant High School, Bryant, S. D.—Your poems by Norman and Martha Corlett are fine.

The High Times, Springfield, Mo.—Your *Weather Report* is clever.

The Clarendonian, of Clarendon, Ark. is a good little paper.

The Sabre, Randolph-Macon Academy—The editorial is fine.

The Beaverette, Beaver High School, Bluefield, W. Va.—*The Beaverette* is well organized.

The Christleer, Danville, Va.—Your article on the *Xmas Seal* was most interesting.

The Indian, Detroit, Mich.—Ye *Family All Bums* is most amusing.
The Coyote, Weatherford, Texas—Your paper is newswy.

Tulsa High School, Tulsa, Okla.—The news of your paper is well got and handled.

We like the *Gleam*, Independence, Mo.

The Log Cabin, McKenzie, Tenn.—Your front page is well balanced.
The Colo-wo-co, Denver, Colo.—This is a splendid magazine.

"THE BLUES"

The "blues"—what a horde of pictures this brings to mind. Dejection, utter hopelessness, a disregard of the joy of living, a feeling of morbidity, and unbalanced philosophy—all this and more is included in the single term "blues."

Try though you may you can not throw off this atmosphere of depression which enwraps and fairly stifles one with its intensity. Too dejected to gain relief by tears, you sit there silently staring into space, disheartened but knowing not the reason. Life holds no joy then; you feel as a mere puppet, guided by the string of Fate, utterly helpless to change your course. Merely a transitory mood, of course, but powerful enough to hold one helpless in its grip.



There will soon be some new books in the Y's rental library. At cabinet meeting, Katherine McKnight reported that the circulation of books had been so successful that the committee had collected enough money to buy several new books. So, you inveterate readers, who have devoured the existing supply of fiction, will have new volumes to consume quite soon.

A Fellowship group, under the direction of Miss Van Hooser, is being formed. It will meet every Friday afternoon from 5 o'clock to 5:30 in the little Y room which is at the head of the stairway opposite chapel. Those who are especially interested in making some branch of Christian service their life work, and those who are especially interested in discussing problems in life in the light of Christ's teachings, are invited to join this Fellowship group. Miss Van Hooser's goal for the group is not that it shall have a large membership, but that it shall bring together a few girls who sincerely desire more light on their religious life.

The Nicaraguan question is now being considered in the Sunday school classes which are discussing war. If the Senate only had the advantage of our valuable advice, how much better off the country would be. How about coming to Sunday school and giving the class the aid of your bright ideas on current problems. For those whose pugnacious instinct is not so prominent, and who do not care to enter into a war in Sunday school, there is a class studying great moments in the lives of men and women of the Bible.

A. K. ACTIVITIES

The last meeting before Christmas was held December 15, 1926, at which a Christmas party was given. All the girls had a "kiddish" time with the playthings that Santa gave them, but they left them for the orphans.

The first regular club meeting of the New Year was held Wednesday, January 12. The meeting was entirely devoted to various business discussions. Several appointed committees met while the remaining members enjoyed a short social hour.

"Oh, it seems to be raining."
 "Now, that's the wave length of the orange I'm eating."

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WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

Published every Saturday by the students of Ward-Belmont.

HYPHEN STAFF

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 ASSISTANT EDITOR *Mary Rhoda Jones*
 BUSINESS MANAGER *Nancy O'Connor*
 ADVERTISING MGR. *Dorothy Culbert*
 SPORTING EDITOR *Lilly Jackson*

REPORTERS—*Dorothy Brain, Jessamine Daggett, Carol Cruse, Virginia Bush, Ellen Robinson, Margaret In-sull, Alice Ingrams.*

Application for second-class entry pending.

SYMPATHY

The members of the faculty, household and the Senior class wish to extend their sincerest sympathy to Mrs. Charlie McComb, hostess of Senior Hall. At Christmas time Mrs. McComb lost her little grand-daughter and since has been in quarantine at a local hospital. It is anxiously that every one of Mrs. McComb's friends and her Senior girls, especially, look forward to her return.

THE WARD-BELMONT SPIRIT

A spirit of co-operation and honor pervades Ward-Belmont, and makes us all anxious to aid in upholding her traditions and dignity by assuming an individual responsibility for our own honorable conduct. This system of co-operation which is maintained is well demonstrated in the whole-hearted allegiance to the system of student government. Such a system could not endure were it not for the spirit of loyalty which each girl bears for her "alma mater."

Of course, as is true in any body of students as large as this, a few girls ignore their duty to their school and associates, and undo, to a certain degree, the reputation which the more conscientious strive to maintain.

But on the whole, our school has to a marked degree that intangible "something" which can be expressed only as school spirit.

CHAPEL NOTES

Tuesday—January 11

Mr. Barton talked on the new six-day-a-week schedule, which will be put into use with the beginning of the new semester.

Wednesday—January 12

Miss Hawks and Miss Morrison made announcements.

Thursday—January 13

Mr. Barton urged us to study for examinations in a systematic, easy way. He also added several arguments against the usual "cramming" that is the usual epidemic around examination time.

Friday—January 14

No chapel.

Saturday—January 15

Mr. Barton gave us an introduction to the Nicaraguan situation which he will discuss at another chapel period.

EDITORIAL

It is but subconsciously that we appreciate those who aid us on the pathway of life, who help us over the rougher places in that path, who by their maturer judgment and experience make the blows we have much lighter.

When such a guiding hand is suddenly taken from us, we are for a time completely stunned—we had never realized that this helpful person could ever be taken and we cannot believe it possible. After the period of numbness passes a cold sickening realization comes and we wonder how we can ever go on—how any other hand can ever lead us as this one did. It is all too much. For hours we suffer realizing only that a great open gulf has come before us and that there seems no light. When this strain is over we find that it has come to us that though we now face things alone we must not be selfish for our leader and counselor has come to her period of rest—a reward which she greatly deserves and we must try to be happy in the thought that she is realizing the great harvest of a good, full, helpful and thoughtful life devoted to others and never to herself.

MARY RHODA JONES.

The officials, the faculty and the students of Ward-Belmont School wish to bring a tribute of mourning and of love to their co-worker, counselor and friend, Mrs. Ada Rice Beard, who left this life on Tuesday, January 16, 1927.

For several years Mrs. Beard had been in charge of the publicity department of the school. In this work she will be greatly missed. She was a woman of unusual mental ability, able, alert and unflinching in devotion to her work. She will be missed for her understanding and sympathetic helpfulness, her broadmindedness and her justice. Especially will she be missed by the members of the HYPHEN Staff, yet she still lives in the example she has left of great courage and fidelity to duty.

"When lofty thought

Lifts a young heart above its mortal
 lair
 And love and life contend in it for
 what
 Shall be its earthly doom, the dead
 live there
 And move like winds of light on dark
 and stormy air."

MISS OLIVE CARTER ROSS.

WARD-BELMONT
HEARS JACOBSEN

"The soloist of the Nashville Symphony Orchestra of Sunday afternoon, Sascha Jacobsen, gave a violin recital in the Ward-Belmont auditorium last Monday night before the entire student body and invited guests. "As on Sunday afternoon, the young violinist impressed one by the great dignity of his art. His playing is entirely free from mannerisms, but nevertheless is vigorous, full of poetic feeling and colored with emotion. His intonation is certain at all times, and his technical equipment more than equal to all demands."

Among the encores which the violinist generously granted were: "Valse Bleuette," Dugo, a London-derry air arranged by Kreisler, a waltz by Brahms and "Pale Moon," by Logan-Kreisler.

Mrs. Hazel Coate Rose was the accompanist par excellence. Her playing was faultless, and always in perfect sympathy with the performer.

It is interesting to know that Mr. Jacobsen played on a Strad which he bought five years ago. This instrument was owned by the composer, Vieuxtemps. His program follows:

- I.
 (a) Sonata D Major.....Handel
 (b) Sarabande, Double and Bourree from B. Minor Sonata (violin alone).....Bach

- II.
 Group of Dances—
 (a) Slavonic Dance (G Minor).....
Dvorak-Kreisler

- (b) Hungarian Dance (D Minor)....
Brahms-Joachim
 (c) Molly on the Shore (Irish Reel).
Grainger
 (d) Zapateado.....Sarasate
 III.
 (a) Berceuse.....Gretchaninow-Jacobson
 (b) Two Caprices.....Paganini-Kreisler
 IV.
 Rondo Capriccioso.....Saint-Saens
 Hazel Coate Rose at the Piano

EXPRESSION AND
PLAY PRODUCTION
CLASS IS OFFERED

Beginning with the second semester, the School of Expression is offering a new course in public speaking which is open to any Ward-Belmont student and which will be conducted without charge.

A class in play production, for which there has been a number of requests, might alternate with the public speaking work if the group is large enough to warrant the time, according to Miss Pauline S. Townsend, head of the Expression Department.

No previous training in public speaking or expression is required, Miss Townsend says. The classes, one for high school and one for college, students, will be held once a week and will be scheduled at a time when there are no conflicts.

All who are interested in the new class should report their names to Miss Hawkes' office before the beginning of next semester.

MISS WINNIA HONORED BY LITTLE THEATER GUILD

Ward-Belmont is justly proud in learning that Miss Catherine Winnia of the Expression Department has been chosen by the Little Theatre Guild of Nashville to take the leading role in the Guild's production Friday and Saturday, January 21 and 22, of Harry James Smith's famous comedy, "Mrs. Bumpstead-Leigh." Miss Winnia received some of her training at Ward-Belmont, and aside from her enviable reputation as teacher of expression she is regarded as one of Nashville's most gifted players having taken leading roles in some of Ward-Belmont's most ambitious productions and plays given by the Stagecrafters, Nashville's oldest producing group, and other prominent organizations. In the first series of plays given last difficult role.

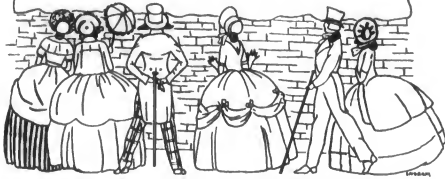
In the role of "Mrs. Bumpstead" by the Guild won the highest commendation of the Nashville press and its success was largely due to Miss Winnia's artistic handling of an extremely leading role in "Sabotage," which is ever written. The play as produced said to be the greatest one-act play spring by the Little Theatre Guild of Nashville, Miss Winnia played the Leigh, a part made famous by Mrs. Fiske, perhaps the greatest actress on our stage, Miss Winnia will have ample opportunity to again prove her undoubted ability and training. According to the director of the Little Theatre Guild she is entirely adequate to the demands of the part, and is adding to the present production a great deal of charm.

For a number of years Miss Townsend has been the leading figure in the artistic and cultural development of Nashville. Through her untiring effort and peerless direction Ward-Belmont as a school has been affiliated with every movement of dramatic importance in the city and her influence is playing a large part in the present undertaking. It is indeed gratifying to both the faculty and student body of Ward-Belmont to learn that in addition to its connection with civic drama through Miss Townsend, that the honor of creating the fascinating role of "Mrs. Bumpstead-Leigh" should be given to Miss Winnia.

THE MOVIE

Our second Saturday night movie for the year 1927 was "Stepping Along" with Johnny Hines and Mary Brian. Johnny, as Eddy Rooney wasn't a bit slow in the way he went about accomplishing his ambition and winning the girl he loved. In the shortest time he rose from newspaper boy to politician. Mary Brian played the part of Molly Taylor, the girl of Eddy Rooney's choice. After her failure on the stage she decided to disappear from Eddy's life, but Eddy with his customary liveliness, finds her. The story ended happily for Eddy both accomplished his ambitions and won the girl he loved.

The Diary of Mistress Belle Ward



Tuesday—January 11

Well, one week ago today I left my happy home for W.-B., and gee, it seems like I've been here all my life.

I had to learn my schedule all over again—sure is remarkable what a fiver forgetter I have. Got all mixed up, so cut this hour and built me a schedule and pasted it on the mirror—I didn't trust the closet door, not me. I have to have it where I can see it frequently without any effort—and the mirror for me! Vain? Nay!

Say, this "Sunny South" sure is all wrong! I slept under everything but the dresser and trunks and still froze to death! Got up every half-hour and turned cartwheels up and down the hall to keep from freezing solid.

Wednesday—January 12

Gymned with vim and vigor. The professor sure did nigh we rk us to death! I felt like I was being strung up by my thumbs—no, guess it was more like doing a perfect swan dive backwards—that arch in my back I develop then makes me feel just exactly like a circus horse. Let me repeat—I gymned with vim and vigor!

Danced gaily in the gym after dinner—just like I hadn't seen enough of that gym for one day! Well, such is life!

Thursday—January 13

Slept peacefully through breakfast, and then nearly starved to death all morning.

Started reading Shakespeare's Omelet for English—in case you aren't educated up to such things—that's the technical name for Hamlet.

Did the self-justification act in the Tea Room this p.m. till I almost wore my own brain all out! Really, Miss Morris would be proud as a peacock of me if she could see to what good advantage I use my psuch! Gained six pounds on the two sundaes, cheese dreams, et cetera, I consumed, but I'm sure—almost—that my arms will look much better a little bigger—and then I might pop the sleeves on a dress and get me a new one—who knows! Who knows!

Had Easter Hare for dinner—at least that's what the hostess called it—but I could take my oath that it was a race horse!

Study hour spent in the usual way—washing sox, and putting mangle cure on my inky locks! Good-night, dear diary, I'm too weary to exist!

Friday—January 14

Rose as usual—
Breakfast as usual—
Classes as usual—
Fish as usual—

In fact, everything as usual. Time out! But Vandy saved the day. Just as I was about to write "bed as usual" I heard unearthly howls under my window—*Fraise be to Allah, my hour has come!* Boy, it sure was fierce! but funny. Poor boy, he deserves the best fraternity work on the campus to brave our trusty nightwatchman just to serenade us!

Saturday—January 15

Now, you won't believe me, I know, but we had no French this p.m. Was I glad? Well—I did the Highland Fling and the Sailor's Hornpipe all the way home! Raise the flag and sing *Gondeaumus* lustily! I

The movie tonight did right well—I laughed 'till I nigh split my sides! Due to the fact that the clubhouses weren't open I stayed in my room and re-wrote the Bible after the movie! First time in my life I ever had a note-book ready more than ten minutes before it was due! I'm so proud I'm tempted to give myself a tin medal!

Sunday—January 16

Couldn't afford to buy the Sunday papers so went into Sunday school on time instead of sitting outside reading the funnies—maybe it's just as well that I'm bankrupt.

Advented to quite an extent—the only trouble with going to that church is that I get back to school so long before dinner—and hungry? Gee, I could see cornbread walking around on crutches!

Spent the afternoon arguing about everything in general and nothing in particular.

Dr. Pugh talked at Vespers—three cheers!

Monday—January 17

Too tired to write any—the usual "after the ball" feeling common to Seniors on Monday evening. Good-night, sweet dreams?

WEDDINGS

Eva Powers Shallcross to Mr. William Carroll Kelly on January 15, 1927, at the home of the bride's parents. Mr. and Mrs. Kelly are at home at Breckenridge, Texas.

"AC" NOTES

Miss Ransom's English B classes are now studying Bacon (Sir Francis). Mrs. Rose is conducting somewhat of a review and is now on Bunyan.

Miss Norris' Psychology classes are completing their work on the *Will*, while Mr. Dadd's class is on *Imagination*.

Miss Shackelford's Art A classes are doing work on still life and sketching from models and period costumes. The B classes are also doing portrait work of models and working on advertisements.

The History of Education class of Miss Norris has started reviewing. This review is done by each girl taking a comprehensive subject and reporting on it.

The Journalism classes of Miss Meroney are studying headline writing.

The chemistry classes of the A sections are studying the Halogen family.

The History of Art classes are completing their study of Gothic Architecture and will take up Renaissance Art soon.

The English A term themes are beginning to come in now.

BASKETBALL TOURNAMENT

Ever creating much enthusiasm, basket ball is, again, a most popular sport. In the past two years, the basket ball season has been more especially interesting because of the social club tournament. This season will certainly not be lacking in interest or excitement, for the clubs have excellent teams.

Co-operation and fair play are essential qualities of any good team, as well as skill in playing. Every player realizes that, and has bent every effort to do her part in making her team the best. Besides the scheduled practice, each manager has arranged as many special practices as possible.

The first two games of the season will be played Friday afternoon, January the twenty-first. The games of the first round of the tournament will be played in the following order:

1. Del Ver Agora
2. Anti Pan Osiron
3. Digamma T. C.
4. Penta Tau A. K.
5. Tri K's play the winner of the first game.
6. X. L.'s play the winner of the second game.
7. Betas play the winner of the third game.

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MR. GOOP KNOWS

"Here is where I have a good time," joyfully exclaimed our short, fat brownie friend, Mr. Goop. For several days, if we would have exercised our imaginations, we could have found him sitting on a trunk in front of Pembroke dangling his short, chubby legs and watching the girls return from Christmas vacation.

"I'll bet my buttons that not one of that bunch will come back looking as happy as they did when they left about three weeks ago. I have concluded that they don't change from one year to the other—no sir-ee-e."

As Goop was indulging in this monologue, several taxis drove up bearing loads of smiling girls and bulging suitcases.

"Ah, ha! There's an old-timer over there. I guess I'll spend the day following her around since she's a fair specimen of one who returns to work unwillingly after a wonderful vacation." He jumped off his perch and ran over to her side.

"Now who does she see?" wondered Goop, running wildly after her. "Wow, she ought to run in a Marathon—she's entirely too fast for me."

"Oh, dear, it's great to see you again. Didn't you just hate to come back? How pretty you look with some make-up on," said Mr. Goop's ward, who was stylishly clad with her jaunty red hat setting off her highly-ruffled face.

"My dear, did you have a marvelous time at home? That precious ring—don't tell me you are engaged, my dear!"

"Where have I heard that before?" pondered friend Goop as they flattered from one to another with the same greeting.

Goop accompanied her to her room where the latter heartily embraces her roommate.

"Oh, I'm so glad to see you. I don't believe I could stand the old grind if it were not for you—whoop-ee-ee—look at the new beds. What, Mary got married? How things have changed! I had a most precious time with Jack. We're almost engaged—you see I gave him my pin. My, how bare this room looks. I brought loads of things back to make it look less prison-like."

"That girl is full of hot air—just like a balloon," breathed Goop. "They are all alike. Look at all these girls thundering in. Now we are to be en-

tertained with a fashion show, just wait."

Immediately they all gathered around her trunk. She explained that she had become so fat that while she was home it had been necessary to procure an entire new wardrobe. Amidst "ohs" and "ahs" she displayed a trunk full of pretty new clothes.

"Oh, I simply must wear that gorgeous black velvet," was heard from one.

"That necklace is precious, I—"
Dong—dong—
"There's that bell. Oh, me, we start in listening to bells again."
"Not much bared!" thought Goop.

After dinner, conscience led her to her room to study the heavy assignments given her. Dancing with a girl and without an orchestra was not her policy, anyway. "And, just think, exams start in three weeks and I'll flunk in everything. A week ago tonight Jack and I were at the most heavenly dance. Oh, I wish—"

"Off to the races," declared Goop. "I proclaim no vacation henceforth and forever if vacation is going to affect girls in the future as it has the poor dears in the past." On looking over her shoulder he found her counting the days until June! "I thought maybe that trick would be outgrown these many years. Off to bed she goes without 'cracking' a book. Poor dear, little does she realize how many sleepless nights she will spend studying by the light of the flash three weeks from now.

"These next few days will afford me little more amusement than I have had today. There won't be much difference in attitude until after exams, so I'll go off for a rest and come back then.

"Ho! hum! Good night, ward," he said on leaving the room, waving one hand at his protegee and suppressing a yawn with the other.

T. C. CHATTER

Last Wednesday evening the regular club meeting of the T. C.'s was held. Frances O'Donnell delightfully gave a reading entitled, "The Proposal." The title was enough to incite our curiosities and the excellent way in which it was read made us everyone enjoy it to the utmost. The remainder of the evening was spent in the singing of our club song and dancing.



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PERSONALS

Helen Johnson of Ardmore, Okla., spent the week-end with her grandmother.

Jan Haynes, Jacksonville, Fla., was the guest of her aunt, Mrs. Shelton this week-end.

Pearl Coggins of Canton, Ga., was entertained by her aunt, Mrs. Jackson, for the week-end.

Mary Shelley McIntyre of Shreveport, La., spent Saturday afternoon with her brother.

Frances Hassell of Clifton, Tenn., had dinner with Mrs. J. Phelps Saturday afternoon.

Mary Pearl Moores was a visitor in Culleoka, Tenn., this week-end.

Annie May McCauley and Betty Martin were guests for Saturday evening of Mr. and Mrs. Gillispie.

Lavinia Rose was the guest of her aunt, Mrs. Baker.

Dorothy Nelson of Guthrie, Ky., went home for the week-end.

Lee Lewis and Dorothy Kendall had tea with Mrs. Kirkpatrick Sunday.

Emilie Wright spent Sunday with her brother.

Virginia Knighton and Helene Latzko were the guests of Mrs. W. W. Lyons Sunday.

Helen Hughes was entertained Sunday afternoon by Mrs. Hinson and Mildred.

Heilen Moser had tea with Mrs. Goodlett.

Dorothy Brain was the guest of Miss Helen Stillis Sunday afternoon.

Caroline Dagan was the guest of Mrs. Alexander Cohen.

Lavon Besse and Mary Belle Palmer visited Mrs. Scoby Sunday afternoon.

Sarah Tucker had tea with Mrs. H. Padgett Sunday.

Pauline Day and Louise Dreyfus were entertained with tea Sunday by Mrs. H. A. Cohen.

Suzanne Lewis and Margaret Carthew spent Sunday afternoon with Miss Brown.

Maxine Irwin was the guest Sunday of Mrs. A. T. Hamilton.

Dorothy Carroll and Catherine Leavett were guests of Mrs. D. M. Boyer Sunday afternoon.

Louise Trees spent the afternoon Sunday with Mrs. Bowman.

"Bill" Jackson spent Monday with Katherine Killibrew.

Martha Laurent was with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Laurent, Sunday.

Mary Raina spent Sunday afternoon and also had tea with Mrs. L. B. Baker.

Catherine Frances had tea with her sister Sunday.

Frances Hassell spent Sunday with her aunt, Mrs. Hartley. Frances also had tea with Mrs. Hartley.

Emily Potter spent Sunday with Mrs. Lusk.

Rose Morrison spent all day and Sunday night with Mrs. F. W. Blair, her sister.

Mrs. Derrick entertained Margaret Stanford, Doris Lee Martin, Betty Tucker, Ruth Johnson and Mary Louise Burkhead Sunday afternoon.

Bobbie Smith's uncle, Mr. Hutchinson, entertained Mary Jane Richards and Esther Counts Sunday afternoon.

Virginia Donaldson and Inez Barnes were the guests of Mrs. H. J. Grieves, Jr., Sunday afternoon.

Margaret and Jessamine Dazgett went riding with Mrs. Jessie Martin.

Margaret Bradley and Jo Holden spent Sunday afternoon with Mr. and Mrs. Hyden.

Elizabeth Browne spent Monday with her cousin, Miss Bech.

Margaret Witherspoon was the guest Monday of Mrs. C. H. Bailey.

Katherine Standifer was the guest of Mrs. Barthell and Elizabeth Monday.

Frances Hill, Dorothy Veazy and Dorothy Miller were guests of Mrs. I. Parker Monday.

Nit (timidly): "Where is the library, please?"

Mit (wearily): "If we have one you'll find it in the catalog."

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DEATH SUMMONS MRS. W. E. BEARD

(Continued from page 1.)

Ever mindful of the ill and suffering, she spared no personal trouble to bring solace.

While the passing of this gifted Nashvillian will be widely felt, to the family circle best knowing her rare capacity for devotion and her steadfast affection, her loss is irreplaceable. To the talents which rendered Mrs. Beard's public work invaluable, she added rare gifts for home making. A beautiful spirit dominated her home and it radiated kindness and cheer to all who entered.

CURSES!

The night was still. The waning moon cast its feeble rays through the second-story windows of the dormitory, Pembroke. Two figures lay huddled under many blankets. Suddenly the stillness of the night was broken by the tinkling of an alarm clock, belonging to someone in the adjoining room. The two huddled figures began to stir. After much preliminary groaning, they emerged from the protecting blankets and rapidly began pulling on apparel. Finally one figure remarked that she had never known it to be so dark at five-thirty in the morning. The other figure re-

plied that things naturally looked different when one was getting up to study than when one was coming home from a party. Then each found a book and silence reigned supreme.

After considerable length of time, one figure looked up. Could it be possible that it wasn't yet time for the rising bell? She looked at her watch. The hands pointed to five-thirty! The figure rose and hastily walked into the room, whence had come the jingling of the alarm. There sat a figure, alarm clock before her, studying. The hands of the clock pointed to five-thirty! The figure looked up. "I'm nearly dead," she said. "I've been studying since three o'clock. Hope my alarm didn't wake you."

many resources of the ensemble being pronounced. His readings were authoritative, and yet he was courageous enough to inject much individuality into every number that was played."

Of the soloist Mr. Wiggers writes: "The soloist was Sascha Jacobsen, one of the best known of the younger violinists, who proved to be a player with a superb tone, which was never sacrificed even in the midst of technical difficulties. His playing was smooth, polished and crystal clear, his intonation and phrasing being well-nigh flawless."

PROGRAM

- Overture to "Semiramide" Rossini
- Finale from Symphony No. 4 in F Minor Tchaikowsky
- Concerto for Violin in G Minor Bruch

MR. JACOBSEN

INTERMISSION

- Waltzes, "On the Beautiful Blue Danube" Strauss
- Violin Soli:
 - Notturmo ... Borodin-Jacobsen
 - Caprice ... Wieniawski-Kreier
 - Souvenir de Moscow ... Wieniawski

MR. JACOBSEN

- (a) Ballet Suite from "Rosamunde" Schubert
 - (b) Coronation March from "Le Phophte" Meyerbeer
- At the Piano: Mr. F. Arthur Henkel

He thought a thought
But the thought he thought
Was not the thought
He thought he thought.

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SYSTEMS

The Americans are rather proud of that word. It stands to us for highly concentrated energy. We "put things over with a bang" because of our card-catalogued, carefully-budgeted system.

Unfortunately, our emphasis on system is placed not only in the business realm but in the classroom as well. We take notes on the class lectures, and on exams, we strive to reproduce those someone-else's thinking notes as exactly as possible—in order to receive a better grade.

We learn definitions much in the same mechanical manner that we once memorized our a b c's, but when it comes to applying them—well, that's outside the system and so is unnecessary.

We read the thirty-two or forty-five or fifty-one pages assigned for outside reading, and then close the book with a bang—also with a righteous feeling.

But as for individual thinking—where is it?

It is rather interesting to note that efforts are being made to start a class which would meet to discuss current topics, both national and local, which will give a chance not only for information on what things are taking place today, but for individual expression on those events.

KENNETH ROSE IMPRESSES AS GREAT CONDUCTOR

(Continued from page 1.)

movement of the concerto. All praise to those who made it possible.

On the whole, the afternoon's program was characterized by a soloist whose wonderful tone, technique and broad, sane, and poetic interpretation thrilled his hearers, and by a conductor who screwed the local ensemble up to its highest point of accomplishment, and held it there throughout a lengthy but none too lengthy program."

Alvin C. Wiggers writes in the *Nashville Tennessean*: "Mr. Rose is not only a violinist of great skill, but his ability as a conductor has been demonstrated on many occasions when he has led the Ward-Belmont in interesting programs.

"His first appearance with the Nashville Symphony Orchestra was very successful, his command over the

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the other
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WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

Volume XVI

NASHVILLE, TENN., SATURDAY, JANUARY 29, 1927

Number 16

MUSIC

Have you ever walked alone in the country, at night, and listened to the myriad sounds with which nature puts the earth to sleep? The "symphony of the night," Romain Rolland calls it, and it is indeed a symphony vibrant and living. These sounds are our truest form of music. They constitute God's orchestra. Music, our lexicographer tells us, is the art or science of harmonic sounds. Could anything be more harmonious than nature's crooning? The murmur of the wind in the trees, the bubbling water as it dances gaily over the pebbles and stones, or the soft swish of the broad river as it moves majestically on its way, are all valuable instruments in this orchestra.

Some of us, who love music, try to reproduce these sounds. We soon see that if we are not in tune with nature and our surroundings we find it difficult to be true in our interpretations. What is the use in playing if we do not say anything? Mere notes are not music. It is the emotioff which prompts the composer to write and the ability of the artist to divine the meaning hidden therein that makes music.

It is a crime to play a composition which begs to talk and not to let it do so. Music must come from the heart and soul. What a joy it is to know that in this art there is ever room for advancement, not only technically, but in understanding, and for developing a keener and keener insight into the hearts of mankind through music.

In sadness or happiness, in sheer light-heartedness or buried in troubled thoughts, we may turn to music and discover truly that "Music washes away from the soul the dust of everyday life."

CHAPEL NOTES

Tuesday, January 18, 1927—Mr. Barton continued his discussion of the Nicaraguan question in his usual concise, interesting way.

Wednesday, January 19, 1927—Announcements by Miss Morrison.

Thursday, January 20, 1927—Usual chapel singing, but no address.

Friday, January 21, 1927—No chapel. Senior Middle meeting.

Saturday, January 22, 1927—Chapel exercises; no talk.

SIX DAY SCHEDULE GOES INTO EFFECT FOR ALL COLLEGE STUDENTS IMMEDIATELY AFTER EXAMINATIONS

Beginning with Monday, there are no more whole holidays, with the exception, of course, of Sunday, for the college students at Ward-Belmont. For, following the course pursued by so many colleges of the country, Ward-Belmont will have classes on every day in the week for students in the two years of its college courses.

Preparatory school, high school, and the little girls in the elementary classes may still have their long, lazy Mondays, with no school from Saturday until Tuesday morning, but times have changed for the upper-class pupils.

After this week of examinations, and the consequent relief, will come classes beginning Monday, but, despite the change, the majority of girls say that they think they will like the new plan much better.

Monday stays a little bit of a holiday after all, and by distributing the work of five days over six, no one day has quite as many classes as in the old days.

On Monday morning, too, the classes do not begin until nine, instead of eight, as on other mornings, and all classes are finished with by luncheon.

Because the classes can be so distributed, this means the advantage of getting those Monday afternoon shopping parties started earlier and of getting the shopping parties of the other afternoons off earlier, too.

By the "spreading out" of the week's work many girls now have a break in their class work, doing away with the running from one class to another, for four or even five hours straight. With the new method it is planned to have it so arranged that no girl will have more than three hours of class work without a break.

This means afternoons, too, which can be given over to gym work without a thought of long stretches of class work in the morning, which just will keep popping up from the corners of the mind. Laboratory work can now be done in the "lab" without any in-

(Continued on page 8.)

RARE AND COMPLETE EDITION OF VOLTAIRE'S WORKS GIVEN TO WARD-BELMONT LIBRARY BY NASHVILLE PHYSICIAN AND AUTHOR

Sixty-four rare volumes of Voltaire, in the original French, and over one hundred years old, as well as over forty valuable books in German and English have been presented to Ward-Belmont by Dr. W. W. Martin, of Nashville.

The complete gift represents sixty-four volumes of Voltaire printed in 1818, three editions in the German language; fifty volumes by Goethe, five volumes by Lessing, and six volumes by Schiller, all printed in 1874, and three editions in English; Encyclopaedia of Science, six volumes, Hamilton Works (Philosophy), four volumes, five volumes of other philosophy works, and two large volumes of the Quarts Edition of the Gospels.

The most beautiful of the books are the two Biblical ones, which are of a deluxe edition, printed in 1877. They are both profusely illustrated with steel engravings, and are printed in large type.

Voltaire's works in the French are of particular interest and value not

only because of the fine edition, but also because of the large number of French students in school who will get the benefit from them. The French instructors are high in their praise of them.

"Any library would be proud to have this edition," one instructor said. "As for the study of literature we cannot have anything better. It is a great advantage to any scholar."

Dr. Martin, who formerly taught in Vanderbilt University, has in late years devoted his time to writing. He is the author of "Tora of Moses" and "The Law and Government," and is working now on a new translation of the Psalms as the Hebrews themselves used them. He is also a member of the New York East Methodist Conference.

Dr. Martin's daughter is a graduate of Belmont College.

Dr. Martin has collected only books with an enduring value, and it is with pleasure that Ward-Belmont acknowledges the gift of these one hundred rare volumes.

TRAVEL CHATS

"Ohs" and "ahs" mingled together into an unintelligible buzz, soft and continuous as the sound of summer flies.—This seeing London from a sightseeing bus keeps one busy craning her neck from one side to the other.

Whisked through Hyde Park, down Rotten Row, getting a passing glimpse of the soap-box orators who are always there—fanatics, socialists, and what-nots. On past the Marble Arch, through which only the King is allowed to ride, down to Oxford circus—not a circus as we understand the word, but merely a busy intersection.

We ride down a wide boulevard and around numerous corners to Trafalga Square, where rises the monument of Nelson, England's great sea hero.

On our way again to Westminster Abbey, where we stop and enter to stand a moment in silent contemplation. Out and across the avenue to the Houses of Parliament, rising high and majestic on the bank of the Thames.

Then on to London Bridge—for so long reported "falling down," and yet still strong enough to accommodate the immense crowds which throng it daily. From London Bridge we go around through numerous odiferous fish markets, over narrow cobblestone streets, to the tower of London. There we are lost in wonder and amazement, fascinated by the marvels therein and by the interesting tales related by our guide.

Much later we depart from the Tower into a maze of London fog—to be whisked, tired but happy, to our hotel, to rest up for another day of seeing London's splendors.

FAMOUS EPIGRAMS

The secret of happiness is not in doing what one likes, but in liking what one has to do.—James M. Barrie.

The man who has not anything to boast of but his illustrious ancestors is like a potato—the only good thing belonging to him is under-ground.—Sir Thomas Overbury.

My son will be a great general because, of all my soldiers, he best knows how to obey.—Hamilton.

Escape: Slipping through the crowd late for breakfast and getting there "on time."



Who has a Birthday This Month?

Are you like the girl who forgets her girl-friend's birthday until she scarcely has time to select a gift? Of course it is never satisfactory when selected in such haste.

Look at the calendar today - - you'll find Mother, Father and others, who have always remembered you, have birthdays soon.

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ALUMNAE NOTES

Dorothea Abbot, who received her certificate in piano last year from Ward-Belmont under Mrs. Schmits, is teaching piano at the Tulsa College of Music. She is also doing very successful recital work on Faculty programs at that College of Music.

Helen Jaqueline Hill (Jac) is very happy teaching a kindergarten in Bexley, suburb of Columbus, Ohio. She has the maximum of students and a long waiting list. She is very fond of her work.

Corrine Garnett is studying in Columbus, Ohio.

Betty Capron is managing the Book Department of Marshall Field, in Chicago.

Lucille Duff, of eight years ago, is now Mrs. Brance, of Houston, Texas. Pauline Duff, her cousin, a former Ward-Belmont girl, also, is having a studio in Chicago.

Rhea O'Holland is working for the government, at Bristol, Okla.

Louise Johnston is returning to Ripley, Tenn., her home, after March the last. She has been in Denver, Colo., for her health and is perfectly well and feels wonderfully fit.

Carol Christancey writes that she has attended Columbia University and the University of Southern California. She says, "Of all the schools, I have attended I still love Ward-Belmont the best."

Evelyn Bolea is studying art in Fort Wayne, Ind. Next summer she will complete her course of Interior Decoration in New York.

Betty Longfellow is completing her art course and will soon open a studio in New York. Her sister will come to Ward-Belmont next fall.

Ennice Thurman, of Senora, Kentucky, graduated last year, has spent the past week-end with us.

Adaline McDonald, Vincennes, Ind., is studying voice at home this winter and hopes to go on with it in New York next year. She writes that she values even more than her book learning, the friendships she made at Ward-Belmont.

Eloise Parker, '26, died January 15, 1927. She was buried at her home, Rockport, Ind. Her sister, Judith, who attended school here this year, was called home by this death.

COMMENTS ON NEW EXCHANGES

The Blue and Gray. The news is well written up.

A Junior Post, in The Inkspot. Wallace World. Quite a good magazine.

The Searchlight. Your paper's O.K. *The Trend.* The cut, "The Out-of-Town Date, is very clever. We like very much your column, *Who's She?* It is so personal yet not obtrusively so.

The Hardinite. We miss an Exchange Column, but we find the *Crimes of 1926* universal.

The Kangaroo. We extend congratulations to Miss Lois Fincher.

Vanderbilt Hustler. We like your Book Notes.

A POET'S DUTY

Catch today, while time is young—
Your vision at its birth;
Wander through your golden halls,
Far distant from the earth.

Inhabit beauty in your way
Make lives enjoy the morrow—
Reveal your richest love of life
To those condemned to sorrow.

A poet's advice I give to you—
Advice critics consider his duty;
Hasn't a dreamer the right to see—
Aught save love and beauty?

Hasn't he personal loves and likes—
Personal joys and pain?
Should he be forced to worship the
sun
And never to glorify the rain?

A poet's as human as you or I
So, what's to prevent him from
showing
He feels, he loves, he hates as we do—
Though his verses are gay and
glowing?

A poet's duty is to cheer the world—
To release the mind from strife;
But should he not warn us of the
danger.
The pitfalls that await us in life?

SO THEY SAY

Miss Gunn—"Mais en francois, mademoiselle!"

Miss Leavell—"See what I mean?"
D. Hollingshead—"Now, that reminds me—"

Mrs. Polk—"Don't you ever read anything?"

Miss Hawks—"Did you spend two hours on this?"

Mrs. Armstrong—"Just a minute; here's a slip—"

OUR GIFTS



God who created us
Gave us love and life;
Gave us wisdom that we might see
Our way through toil and strife.

Gave us sorrow that we might know
The true value of gladness;
Gave us peace that we might shun
The dread pitfalls of madness.

He, too, blessed us with pain
That we might treasure health—
Gave us vision that we should long
For love instead of wealth.

God who created us
Gave us more than this—
Made us know for flowers to grow
Rain must still exist.

Gave us ugliness to show
What beauty could be found—
Formed the sharp discords of music
To glorify sweet sound.

God gave us this and oh—much more
That we could ne'er repay—
How many of us would thank him
for it

If we were shown the way?

Jokester Prepares List of Favorite Foods

The Boston Manuscript jokester prints this list of "favorite foods":
Historians—Bates.
Critics—Roasts.

Plumbers—Leeks.
Folicemen—Beets.
Clowns—Capers.
Gamblers—Steaks.
Spooners—Mush.
Alienists—Nuts.

Better Methods suggests that these might appropriately be added:

Printers—Pie.
Asphalt pavers—Rolls.
Traffic cops—Jam.
Ministers and notaries public—Pears.

Baseball players—Muffins.
Cigar dealers—Puffs.
Taxi drivers—Cabbage.
Phrenologists—Coco.
Livestock fanciers—Bread.
Goat raisers—Butter.
Hoboes—Loaf.
Gland specialists—Peppers.
Poultrymen—Egg plant.
Pugilists—Duck.
Lawyers—Suet.
Preachers—Sundae.
Ice men—Frosting.
Barbers—Beans.
Jewelers—Gems.
Football players—Griddle cakes.
Aviators—Raisins.
Hostlers—Curry.
Excavators—Dumplings.
Electricians—Currants.

Kate: "Rachel is looking old."

Frances: "Ah! yes, her schoolgirl complexion seems to have graduated."

Upperclassman: "What are you thinking about, Slime?"

Slime: "Thanks for the compliment."

The little Y room, which last year was called Thinking Cap Corner, is about to be rejuvenated. A committee of artistic and domestic-minded souls will soon be set at liberty on the room to do their best to make it a thing of beauty and a joy forever. The exact plans for fixing the room have not yet been made, but the general plan is that there shall be painted furniture, bright cretonne and such things as are guaranteed to make a room cozy and gay. Alice Ingram is chairman of the committee.

The Christian Student Conference of Tennessee will meet in Nashville, February 18 to 20th. This meeting will be composed of representatives from all the colleges in Tennessee. Its purpose is to consider campus and world problems that are of interest to Christian students. Marjorie Moss and Jessamine Daggett are Ward-Belmont's official representatives to the conference.

Mr. Sylvanus Duvall, head of the Department of Religious Education of Scarritt College, was the speaker in vespers last Sunday night. He talked of the deep sincerity of present-day youth. Mr. Duvall believes that young people today are frivolous only because the things of real interest to them, the things they can be sincere about, are so seldom presented to them. The Ward-Belmont girls evidently agreed perfectly with Mr. Duvall, if one can take their absolute attention as evidence.

The fellowship group is having its meetings in the little Y room at 5:30 every Friday afternoon. Anyone who cares to enter a discussion of vital religious problems is invited to attend.

Come to Sunday school. Eight-thirty Sunday morning in chapel.

"AC" NOTES

The most interesting "ac" notes of all are taking place this week. Three guesses.

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Application for second-class entry pending.

EDITORIAL

We know ourselves better than any other person in the world. Our own selves are the only people from which we can hide nothing, about which we know every deed, thought and struggle.

As long as we must live with ourselves we must be fit to know ourselves. We must lead the very best kind of a life that we can, for if we loath ourselves soon all who cross our path will loath us. We shall be an object of hate, and what a pitiful object, too, for we won't even have our own self-respect. Let's always take an inventory of things we have done each day, and see, as the evening draws on, if we haven't done what we should, let's make that the next day's purpose. Let's not go about hating ourselves for things undone.

This is a life of struggle, one in which we hope to gain, above all else, respect of our neighbors. We must not be bluff, but always our real, conscientious selves. We can get by in the world for a while, but never once are we fool ourselves. So what ever we are, let's be people with heads held high and hearts full of self-respect.

THE OBSERVER

Adhesive surely does come in handy at times. Hot pipes aren't to be set on, are they Ellen?

Will wonders never cease? Ruth appeared without her hat the other day. Better be careful of that voice, Ruth.

Something tells us that Myrtle wasn't cut out to take "gym." Pretty hard on the frail little clinging vines, isn't it Myrtle?

Inmates of Fidelity didn't miss the "sing" Sunday night. That was a grand alarm clock concert.

We love the way the monitors take advantage of their golden opportu-

nity and read magazines in the hall after 10:15. Lucky creatures!

Our faith in human nature surely is shattered. Here we thought Ruth was a bold and fearless daniell and she's afraid of a mouse.

Wonder why San and some others didn't eat the asparagus, Sunday. They're not going to be caught a second time. Not they!

So far Ruth holds unquestioned title for speed in gum chewing. Even Miss Morrison, of the proverbial excellent memory lost count on it.

Many of us have been trailing infirmity-ward lately for zinc oxide. This after-holiday candy is pretty hard on us.

Your whistle may be flute-like and all that, Martha, but Mrs. Gaines doesn't seem to appreciate it. Too bad!

Girls, girls, do have pity on Mrs. Charlton and Mrs. Plaxett and file for something. They've even been driven to sewing for lack of something to do. That's what comes of "exams."

THE CYNIC

Now I'm mad. Nothing but rain! rain! "Me and the Ancient Mariner" sure can say, "water, water, everywhere," although I can't kick, 'cause I have plenty to drink. Weather sure is hard to bear up under. Guess I'll write a book entitled, "How to Keep Your Husband in All Kinds of Weather," not that the B. F. makes unkind cuts when I look a little soggy, but I think I could make some money on it. It isn't an ugly thought, now, is it?

I can be satisfied with quite a few things, such as my family and a would-be part of the same institution, but a variety of weather sure does cramp my style (if I have one). When it's cold I send post haste for a woolly something or other to make the stack of bed-clothes about a foot thicker. By the time said woolly thing arrives my friend Apollo (not Belvedere) or Phoebus or Romeo, or whatever the sun is called, comes loping upon the scene (ears flapping in the breeze) and dries up everything (including me).

Just about that time I write home for my last year's organdie dresses, because I want to keep cool. The water in the fountain bubbles and boils and I have to use a face protector to keep the steam off; and now comes the aqua. Can't see why the Sahara can't have a little of the juice, but there. I suppose I'd look to ye azure skies and compose a poem about how much I wanted the little rain-drops to patter on the walks, my face, or wherever they wanted to patter.

But, here I go, never satisfied with anything, and I thought when I was so much in love that I would stop crabbng, but even that "wonderful affliction" can't change the woman. Ach!

SOME DAY

Some day, with wild and restless air, I'll go a-wandering everywhere. I'll wander down the road a pace, And no one here will see my face.

No one will know if my heart is sad, And everyone will think me glad. And none will hear my parting cry, And none will know I go to die.

I am young and no one will guess That I can then no joy express. Yet somewhere I have heard it told, A poet's heart is always old.

Older than the souls of men, Old as the sun, and then again. When weary, too, of earth and men, I shall go wandering, to the end.

T. C. CHATTER

No, sir; there isn't a T. C. who doesn't want to go to Europe now. And that is what Miss Ross did to us last Wednesday evening. She told us all about "The Passion Play," which was held in 1922, and many other interesting things about Europe. If you don't believe she'll make you want to go, just go talk to her yourself.

LIFE'S DARKEST MOMENTS!

"O, soft embalmer of the still midnight,
Shutting, with careful fingers and benign,
Our gloom-pleas'd eyes, embower'd from the light,
Enshaded forgetfulness divine:
O, sootheest sleep if so it please thee, close,
In midst of this, thing hymn, my winding eyes—"

Little did Keats realize how very expressive and appropriate his poem would be for the present generation. Now I can understand why famous authors choose to write books and poems on sleep. Just one little word, but it means everything to me right now.

For my part, this past week has afforded no pleasures except those of cramming. What's the use of thinking about sleep when one goes to bed late and rises early? After such an ordeal my mind is a jumble of facts, dates, and formulas. I have visions of writing. "Marchantia is a flowering plant which Napoleon conquered on the chil-

dren's crusades, and it is a dangling participle because it does not refer to verbs ending in ar, or, ir." Oui, oui. My mind feels like fireworks going off on the Fourth of July, but, alas! there are no sparks of intelligence. All I want is sleep.

And the faculty! We're sinking and they know it. I can't just see those teachers practice writing E's in the most effective way.

I wander to my room after refreshing conferences with those who dare to fank me. Oh, what a mess! I find it littered with outlines of every subject made to aid in holding something in my cranium. My books (bless them!) are like islands on which I am stranded, for food for thought in that sea of paper.

Oh, I believe I am afflicted with sleeping sickness. Make way for the beds.

WHAT OTHERS THINK OF US

The Ward-Belmont Hyphen, published at Ward-Belmont, Nashville, Tenn., is a well-balanced paper and a worthy model.—*The Blue and Gray*.
The Ward-Belmont Hyphen is very attractive in a red dress—very becoming and "Christmassy." An interesting story tells of Christmas in foreign nations. All so true! Christmas is Christmas the world over! Norway is most interesting.—*The Searchlight, Lexington, Ill.*

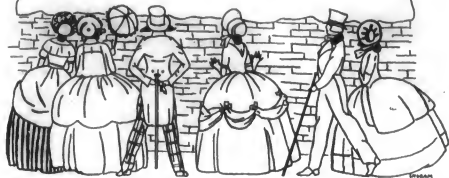
HYPHEN ACKNOWLEDGES THE FOLLOWING EXCHANGES

The Blue and Gray, Harrogate, Tenn.
The Inkspot, Chenoa, Illinois.
Wallace World, Wallace University School, Nashville, Tenn.
The Searchlight, Lexington, Ill.
The Vanderbilt Hustler, Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tenn.
The Conglomerate, Centenary College, Shreveport, La.
The Kangaroo, Austin College, Sherman, Texas.
Mount Berry News, Mount Berry, Ga.
The Green and White, Chicago, Ill.
The Sandtonian, Sands Springs, Okla.
The Hardinites, Mexico, Mo.
The High Times, Springfield, Mo.
The Trend, Chickasha, Okla.

WEDDINGS

Anna Mae McAdams (here nine years ago) to Mr. Avery Burrell, January 31, 1927, at her parents' home, Beverly Drive, Dallas, Texas.

The Diary of Mistress Belle Leard.



Tuesday, January 18:

Some way or another I never manage to get up in time for breakfast. But I got there before the blessing was finished this morning. It was so unusual Mrs. Plaskett stared and stared in amazement. Poor thing, such shocks aren't good for her. So I'll go back to sleeping through breakfast to save her nervous system.

Swam gleefully to classes all day—it would rain on the day I had every other class—but then—I had a fine opportunity to practice the crawl stroke. Here's hoping Miss Jeter notices the improvement.

Wonder what ever possessed Miss Norris to give us an "exam!" Anyway she did—and it was pure unadulterated fury! I just laughed and laughed all the time I was writing—'cause I knew all the time I didn't know anything about it!

The rest of my classes went on as per usual! French is slowly, but surely, killing me! Sure do hope I'm never exposed to anything like it again!

Tea Room-ed grossely—ate three of everything and now I never want to see another cheese dream as long as I live. The roommate spent fifty-two minutes telling me I shouldn't have eaten so much—but she needn't have wasted her time. I knew it already!

Couldn't decide whether to study history or English tonight so I flipped a coin and history came out on top! Didn't get an awful lot done, however, since the roommate was practicing ear-training, and anyway I wasn't in a very historical frame of mind.

Wednesday, January 19:

Made it to breakfast on time. Hip! Hip! Hurray! Was going to let my hair grow but have changed my mind. If I did would I ever get to breakfast at all? And if I didn't get any breakfast would I ever last till lunch? No—I think not—so I must hie me down to Castner's in the near future and get my auburn tresses shorn.

Praise be to Allah. I passed my psych exam with flying colors. 'Twas such a blow that I'll never be the same again. Let me tell you, I'm liv-

ing on air now. Wonder if I could pass the semester in psych on the strength of it. Well—there's nothing like trying.

Librarian to an unheard of extent—have to write up three whole notebooks before Saturday—and there's nothing like starting early.

Club ce soir and we sure are a congenial lot—oh, yes. All we did was battle over the dance, and who'd take which and do what— Sure is one great life.

Didn't feel in the mood to study tonight, and, anyway, it wouldn't do to library all P. M. and evening, too, so I just broke down and played solitaire. That is, until I heard Mrs. Hall's gentle tread—and, boy, did I do the lightning artist act in concealing those cards. Whee!

Thursday, January 20

Sure do wish I'd studied last night. Miss Scruggs called on me six times if she called on me once, and I was dumber than dumb every time. She sure takes the prize when it comes to calling on me on my off days!

Went swimming this P. M., with the rest of the common herd, and poor lassie, did she ever sit on the radiator pipes! Something tells me she'll be one blistered woman for several days to come. For once I escaped being the goat. Wonders will never cease!!

Friday, January 21

Well, of all things, we're having reports in psychology class now. Slept peacefully through the first thirty minutes, but the one on insane people woke me up so completely I wasn't able to get back to sleep. Anyway, it was right interesting to see into which class my suitmates could be placed. Have decided they must be plain idiots because they are profane, slovenly, greedy, shy, awkward, and have minds of three-year-olds.

"Gym" as usual this P. M., but we

got out to see the bowling tournament. But me and the girl friend slid down the banisters and then sneaked out the back door instead of going!

Saturday, January 22:

The usual Saturday excitement, which means none at all.

The movie tonight. Sure was *se undumpton's*! I yelled till I nigh popped a lung. Hope we don't have that brand every week, though. I never could stand it!

Sunday, January 23:

Hot dog! It rained cats and dogs and pi-chforks and saw-horses. So we didn't have to go to church! Was I ever glad? Well, not being religiously inclined and having at least six million things to do I was overjoyed. Rainy Sundays are my favorites!

Monday, January 24:

Cheered lustily from the side lines at the basketball game! Three rahs long—and loud!! My club won!!!

Well, this being the last class-less Monday we all donned our trusty regulation and journeyed town-ward. Thought for awhile we'd have to take a transatlantic liner down, but praises be, the rain cleared up!

Bought out Nashville, as per usual. Now I'm broke—broke—broke!!!

English Teacher: "While walking down the street he fell into reverie." Valborg Ravin: "They oughtn't to leave those things open."

"Like my golf socks?"
"Those don't look like golf socks."
"Sure they are. They've got eighteen holes."



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MEADORS

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PERSONALS

Allie Brown Clark spent Saturday afternoon with her brother.

Betty Tucker spent the week-end with her sister, Mrs. H. B. Derrick, Jr.

Catherine McKnight was the guest of Mrs. Dwight Webb for dinner Saturday evening.

Rosella Ehrenwald returned home for the week-end. Rosella lives in Bowling Green, Ky.

Eleanor Robbins, Catherine Blackman, Emile Wright and Lillie Jackson spent Saturday afternoon with Miss Katherine Killebrew. (The Bill Jackson mentioned in last week's **HYPHEN** is none other than the Lillie Jackson mentioned above.)

Ruth Hughes was with her brother Saturday afternoon.

Catherine Frances had dinner Saturday with her sister.

Helen Ryerson and Ethel Mary McLean were entertained with dinner Saturday by Mrs. E. S. Boone.

Mabel West and Nell House were guests for dinner Saturday of Mrs. Alexander Porter.

Freda Cates was the guest for dinner Saturday here of Katherine Stanifer.

Susan Brandau was the guest of Anita Pettit for dinner Saturday.

Mrs. Dowlen and Ann entertained Alice Rodes and Lucy Ann Wakefield Sunday afternoon.

Julia Stiles had tea with Mrs. A. L. Anderson.

Emily Potter was the guest for tea of Mrs. John B. Keeble, Sunday.

Doris Yocham was entertained by Mrs. D. Jones all day Sunday.

Margaret Elliott and Florence Ables were guests of Mrs. V. E. Cross for dinner Sunday.

Ruth Silverstein was the guest of Mrs. I. K. Abraham for tea Sunday.

Helen Taylor had tea with Mrs. H. A. Cohen.

Elizabeth Gwaltney spent Sunday with Mrs. Mary P. Hubbs. She was also a guest for tea.

Helen Latsko and Virginia Knighton were entertained by Mrs. Lyons, Sunday.

Mary Jane McPhail was the guest of Mrs. Cadville for tea Sunday.

Mary Shelley was fortunate in having tea with her mother Sunday.

Louise Trees and Rebecca Sackett spent Monday afternoon with Mrs. Broman.

Virginia Martin, Katherine Tabb and Ruth Hamesley were entertained by Elizabeth Thurman, a former student of Ward-Belmont.

Margaret Cobb spent Monday with Mrs. J. T. Jolly.

Margaret and Jessamine Daggett spent Monday afternoon with the latter's brother.

CRIMES OF 1926

Robbery: Holding up a Senior as a model.

Murder: Killing time getting to chapel.

Money under False Pretense: Getting money from Dad for a book bill.

Bribery: Offering a teacher an apple for poor work.

Conspiracy: Meeting of Pan-Hel.

Perjury: Telling your folks how much better your grades should have been.—Exchange.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

"My niece is quite theatrical," remarked old Mrs. Blunderby. "Next week she is taking part in a Shakespeare play at college."

"Which of his plays is it?" her call-er asked.

"Edith mentioned the name of it, but I'm not sure whether it's "If You Like It that Way" or "Nothing Much Doing."



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Let's Laugh

Mother: Johnnie, see what the baby has in his mouth.

Johnnie: It's all right mother, it's only a safety pin.

Customer: I want to get a diamond ring set in platinum.

Salesman: Certainly, sir. Let me show you our combination sets of three pieces: engagement, wedding and teething rings at 10 per cent discount.

"Well, John; I see you're living in the country now."

"Yep."

"How do you like it?"

"Oh, pretty good; but it has its disadvantages."

"Who, what do you miss most?"

"The last train for home at night."

After a grammar school teacher had told the class some things about the Eskimo race, the youngsters were told to write a composition.

One lad led off with the sentence, "The Eskimos are God's frozen people."

A flapper is a girl who powders her nose, bobs her hair and says: "Clothes, I am going downtown. If you want to come along, hang on."—*The Kablegram*.

Hospital Nurse: "You wish to see the young man injured in a motor accident. You are the lady he was with?"

Gwendoline: "Yes, I thought it would be only fair to give him the kiss he was trying for."

Traffic Cop: "Hey, you! Is that your car?"

"Well, officer, since you ask me, considering the fact that I still have 50 payments to make, owe three repair bills and haven't settled for the new tire, I really don't think it is."

Wife: You think so much of your old golf you don't even remember when we were married.

Hubby: Sure I do. It was the day after I sank the 30-foot putt.

Hall Boy: "De man in room seben has done hang himself!"

Hotel Clerk: "Hanged himself? Did you cut him down?"

Hall Boy: "No, sah! He ain't dead yet!"—*Life*.



Peeping Ahead in the Fashion Calendar!

THAT'S the everlasting job of Lebeck Bros. Buyers—and their alertness is reflected in the intriguing styles, the clever accessories smart women will wear now, next month and the month after.

To the girls of Ward-Belmont we extend an invitation to make Lebeck's your style headquarters—and if there is any way we can assist you we stand ready to do so.

If you keep up with the traditions of your Alma Mater you'll be sure to be intimately acquainted with this big, friendly store.

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BOOK REVIEW COLUMN

This week, with all the becoming modesty, trepidation and stage fright that quite inexperienced and young things are supposed to feel, our book review column makes its bow. We hope you will read it sometimes, and we hope still more you will like it.

The writer of this column does not promise that the books reviewed will always be the very newest ones, but she does promise that she will try, and try hard, to tell you about interesting contemporary fiction.

And say, if you have recently read a book that you think is good, will you just write a note to the editor of this column, or see her personally, and tell her about it, so she may have an idea of what kind of books you are interested in?

DOROTHY CULBERT.

The Hard-Boiled Virgin. Boni and Liverwright. \$2.50

With a great noise, as of clashing cymbals, Mr. James Branch Cabell says of this book: "The most brilliant, the most candid, the most civilized and the most profound book yet writ-

ten by any American women." And Mr. H. L. Mencken, evidently stunned by this array of superlatives, merely says: "I go with Cabell all the way, and even beyond."

Well, I dunno. You have to break down and admit that it is a most unusual book; granting the brilliant and candid, but—civilized? profound?

This story, by an Atlanta woman, tells of a young girl born in one of the foremost families of Atlanta—you know the kind, they have counties and things named after them—and who is apparently unable to escape the foremostness of her family, for she needs must stop and think, "What would a Southern lady do?" under all circumstances.

She makes her debut in 1912, a year in which most of us were playing Cap'n Robber and making mud pies. As we were saying, she makes her debut and enters upon a series of affairs, trying to get a satisfactory husband, each of which ends disastrously, in that she doesn't get the husband.

Finally, she gives up the attempt to become a married lady, and embarks upon the career of a Clever Woman—a long-stuffed ambition. And then follows the most interesting part of the book.

It is an amusing book, intensely so, if you keep wide awake and read it thoroughly. The way the author describes a girl's state of mind while she is waiting for a phone call or a letter from the most wonderful one—you know the feeling—is little short of marvelous, so vivid it is.

In spite of the fact that all the sentences are long, involved, periodic, and that there is no conversation, you will be intensely interested in this book—you can't help yourself.

Did you ever tell the girls,
About your fellow at O. U. ;
Who rated high for looks,
And was crazy about you?
Then you showed them his frat pin
And the book his picture's in,
And had them thrilled?
Ever had a parlor date
And had the girls string through,
From fat Imogene and Nan,
To pretty little Sue,
Till he'd begin to stare
So he most forgot you there—
Did you ever?

—Exchange.

Hannah: "What's the matter with your thumb?"

Ed: "I hit the wrong nail."—*Wallace World.*

Kit: "If I said, 'I am handsome,' what tense would that be?"

Kat: "Past."

SIX DAY SCHEDULE GOES INTO EFFECT FOR ALL COLLEGE STUDENTS IMMEDIATELY AFTER EXAMINATIONS

(Continued from page 1.)
torture of rushing to other classes.

Then, too, this leaves lots of time for catching up on that parallel reading which simply must be done, and which is almost impossible, it seems at times, to get done. Fewer classes in the afternoons, now that spring is coming, is a change that not many girls are going to be found grumbling about.

Another thing which students like about this new ruling, is that now both Monday and Saturday afternoons seem like holidays. Times have changed, with the schedule for classes, but nearly every girl is pleased with the change.

THINGS FRESHMEN WOULD LIKE TO KNOW

Whether ice plant grafted on a milkweed would make ice cream?

How farmers keep dust out of the potatoes' eyes?

Can a detective solve garden plots? Why a farmer allows lambs to gambol on the green?

Kind of straw farmers use to make strawberries?

Is a chicken house and egg-plant the same?

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Dear Cynthia

Dorothy asked
her husband
the other
evening
if he still
loved her
as much
as ever.
And when he
said "Yes!" she
suggested—"Then
why not demonstra-
te by opening a
charge account
for me at —



Bella!

— Boris —

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WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

Volume XVI

NASHVILLE, TENN., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1927

Number 17

MANY GIRLS ENTERED SCHOOL FOR SPRING TERM

Many girls seem to have decided to enter Ward-Belmont this term instead of waiting until next September, and to enjoy our spring sports, the lovely weather which is coming, and, incidentally, to learn Ward-Belmont ways, so that they will be "old girls" instead of strangers when the new school year opens next fall.

The girls who came for the term after Christmas are Fredricka Alice Broad, Detroit, Mich.; Mickey Chandler, Greenwood, Miss.; Margaret Augusta Cobb, Clinton, Tenn.; Mary Belle Duvall, Elkton, Ky.; Olga A. Dye, Coffeewill, Miss.; Isabel Mary Finnup, Garden City, Kans.; Elizabeth Louise Hoover, Lake Charles, La.; Mary Jones Ingram, Jackson, Tenn.; Edna Sinclair Johnson, Dickson, Tenn.; Mildred and Naomi F. Kilgore, Plant City, Fla.; Edith A. Leavens, Houston, Tex.; Peggy McLarry, Dallas, Tex.; Mary Frances Marxson, Bloomington, Ind.; Dixie Chauncey Morris, Fort Worth, Tex.; Aileen Rauch, Athens, Ohio; Katharine H. Standifer, Sheffield, Ala.; Cynthia and Phyrne Tanner, Columbus, Tex.

We welcome these new girls and hope that they will have such an enjoyable half-year that they will wish they had come last September.

MRS. SCHMITZ PLAYS AT CENTENNIAL CLUB

Mrs. Estelle Roy Schmitz, of the Ward-Belmont Conservatory of Music, added much to the program of the L'Alliance Francaise, at the Centennial Club, last week. Mrs. Schmitz played Chopin's Nocturne (F sharp minor), Debussy's Rondo from the Toy Box and Concert Etude by Moszkowski. Miss Emmeline Boyer sang a group of songs, accompanied by Miss Florence Boyer, who has taught her voice for years. Miss Emmeline Boyer, has concertized with Martinielli, and is one of Miss Florence Boyer's many talented pupils.

GOODMAN PLAYS AT MAGAZINE CIRCLE

Local papers carried a notice this week of "A Brilliant Program by Lawrence Goodman" given at the open meeting of the Magazine Circle. Mr. Goodman, who is head of the piano department at Ward-Belmont, divided his program into three groups, and his playing made the meeting one of the most successful of the year, members said.

New York Exhibit in Art Department

Every girl on the campus is invited up to the Art Department to see the thoroughly interesting display of work which has been done by students, many of them professional workers, from the New York School of Fine and Applied Arts.

This exhibit came to Ward-Belmont through the Nashville Art Association, and will prove both interesting and instructive to students, as examples of work being done in advertising and poster lines.

Other exhibits, to come at intervals until June, are announced by Miss Mary W. Shackelford, who is director of the costume illustration and advertising departments. These exhibits will come to Ward-Belmont through Miss Shackelford's membership in the American Federation of Arts. The next will come from Pratt Institute, from which Miss Shackelford was graduated before taking

several years' work in Paris and in London.

The art rooms which have been completely redecorated, look particularly attractive with decorative designs from the exhibits and attractive, too, because of the complete renovation of the department.

In the rooms of Miss Louise Gordon, who is director of the interior decoration department, the drawings which show the interior decoration work have been hung, and also a group which illustrates period costume designs.

Miss Maribel Buford, formerly of Tracy City, Tenn., and a former student of the Art Department at Ward-Belmont, has accepted the position as assistant to Miss Shackelford. Miss Buford is now living in Nashville and was a singularly talented student in her school days here.

WELCOME, FEBRUARY!

Students welcome the month of February with as much fervor as a business man does when he receives a raise in salary. There is a sudden spurt of renewed ambition and a feeling that the attainment of the best is not utterly impossible.

February signifies the start of another semester and a new system of schedule in the history of W-B. There is something of a thrill in turning over the pages of a new book or starting a different phase of the subject one is most interested in. The old records are left behind and new ones of a much higher standard are in view.

Then, too, February has many less serious items in store for us. It is a month of colorful dances as well as fun in sports and activities. Why, there are even rumors of other good times flying in the air—such mystery is uncomprehensible until reality results.

Have you heard the robins sing in the morning or noticed the grass turning green? Best of all is that the arrival of February heralds spring and what could be prettier than spring on Ward-Belmont campus.

OMAHA ALUMNAE MEETINGS

One of the most active alumnae chapters of former Ward-Belmont girls is that at Omaha, Nebraska. Mrs. Clyde Parsley is the president of the club, which meets the last Wednesday of each month.

The meetings are held at the homes of the members, beginning with a luncheon, and followed by a book review. The Christmas party which has been spoken of in the HYPHEN,

DR. AND MRS. BLANTON RETURN

Last Saturday morning the household, faculty and student body received a pleasant surprise. Dr. and Mrs. Blanton had returned to Ward-Belmont after two and a half months of traveling through western climates for Dr. Blanton's health.

Dr. and Mrs. Blanton can never realize what joy they brought to the hearts of every person they know when they returned. The school has gone on in their absence, but there has been a lost feeling which would not leave till they returned to the midst of their loving associates.

The trip that Dr. and Mrs. Blanton took was most delightful. They stayed for a time at Phoenix, Ariz., Needles, Calif., San Diego and many other interesting places.

The entire community of Ward-Belmont is so glad that the Blantons could have this wonderful trip and that Dr. Blanton is feeling much better; but to have them back and to have Ward-Belmont once more the same dear old school which their presence makes it is the best thing that the household, faculty and student body could ask for.

MISS SLOAN'S PUPILS BROADCAST

Ward-Belmont was "on the air," again on Monday night, when pupils of Miss Helen Todd Sloan gave a program for an hour over WSM. Those singing were: Mrs. Hunter Leftwich, Mrs. Sam Averbuch, Miss Julia Wylie, and Miss Nancy Baskerville. Last week, the pupils of Signor G. S. de Luca gave a program from the same station.

DELIGHTFUL BIRTHDAY DINNER GIVEN MONDAY NIGHT

The January birthday dinner, coming just after examinations were all done, certainly was enjoyable, and was, according to the lucky girls whose birthdays made them entitled to attend as special guests, one of the most delightful ever given here.

The dinner was a pink one, with a lovely pink cyclamen in the center of the table and other flowers from the greenhouses decorating the private dining room where it was held. Dr. and Mrs. J. D. Blanton, Miss Lelia D. Mills, and Mrs. Solon E. Rose, with the "birthday girls" were present.

The girls were: Helen Scott, Maxine Barlett, Mona Stewart, Evelyn Goodman, Mary Virginia Payne, Ruth L. Silverstein, Emily Potter, Pauline Day, Dorothy Sherman, Esther Counts, Ina Jansen, Ruth Wingart, Marion Thompson, Eleanor Robbins, Margaret Carthew, Edna May Cotton, Virginia Bell, Eloise J. Welborn, Josephine Smith and Helen Dean.

SCHOOL LOSES BROOKS-BRYCE CUP

The Brooks-Bryce Memorial Cup, which is given by the Brooks-Bryce Foundation to schools which have membership in the foundation and is obtained by holding an annual essay contest on "Better Relations Between Great Britain and America," has been stolen from the Phillips Anderson Academy.

The cup which was taken was a valuable one, and so far no trace of it has been discovered. Two recent members of the foundation are the Champaign High School at Champaign, Ill., and the Montgomery School, near Philadelphia.



Who has a Birthday This Month?

Are you like the girl who forgets her girl-friend's birthday until she scarcely has time to select a gift? Of course it is never satisfactory when selected in such haste.

Look at the calander today - - you'll find Mother, Father and others, who have always remembered you, have birthdays soon.

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WARD-BELMONT GIRLS

BOWLING TOURNAMENT

Another source of interest in the athletic world of Ward-Belmont is bowling. The matches began Friday afternoon, January 21. The teams and their scores in the preliminary matches were as follows:

Osiron—

Stone, B.
McDuff, A.
Kolling
Noordewier
Total, 367.

Anti Pan—

Reed, H.
Davis, H.
Cotton, F.
Mozer, H.
Total, 346.

Tri K—

Yokum, D.
Vinson, F. L.
Browne, E.
Carlton, I.
Total, 226.

Penta Tau—

Daggett, J.
Moore, M.
Moore, R.
Sackett, R.
Total, 376.

X. L.—

Clark, K.
Smith, C.
Joerns, C.
Jones, E.
Threat, M.
Total, 497.

Beta—

Hayes, F.
Hayes, M.
Smith, B.
Hollinshead, H.
Total, 363.

Alpha—

McCauley, A. M.
Moore, M.
Machiles, L.
Jackson, P.
Total, 347.

Each of these teams has some excellent bowlers. The X. L.'s lead in the highest number of points. In the semi-finals are the four clubs having the highest scores.

The three highest individual scores are: Jones, 141; Walker, 137; and Moores, 131.

OSIRON OWLETS

"How, Sam, haven't see you since King Arthur reigned. Had a big time with the Osirons Sunday night. They had a regular 'hand-out,' and I got in on the best of it. Then Virginia Shawhan played the piano until I know she wanted to expire. Mrs. Powell and Miss Shackelford came to visit us, and they listened in with the rest of us. We had a grate fire, and since we have some new furniture, it sure was cozy and nice. They're going to do it again sometime. I'll see what I can do for you, Sam. Come on, let's move on, I can talk and move at the same time."

Virginia: "I saw five of your club sisters at the dance Saturday night."

Ingram: "Thought you didn't know any."

Virginia: "I don't, but I recognized your jewelry."

ALUMNAE NOTES

An announcement has been received of the birth of a daughter to Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hudson DeWeese. Mrs. DeWeese was, before her marriage, Nadine H. Candler and was graduated from Ward-Belmont in 1924 with a general diploma, having attended school here four years. She was also exceptionally talented in expression and received a certificate in that department. The new little daughter has been called Sallie Luc.

Invitations have been issued to the wedding of Sallie Catherine Hill to Lawrence Harold Richards, which will take place at the Methodist Church, in Lake Providence, La., on February 9, at ten a.m. She was at Ward-Belmont the year of 1922-23.

Another wedding which will arouse much interest among many girls who are still in school is that of Sarah Stephenson to Zem H. Sanders, at Lakeland, Fla., the early part of January. Mr. and Mrs. Sanders are now living at 304 Palm Drive, Lakeland. When Sarah was in school, which was in 1923-24 and 1924-25, she lived in Hartselle, Ala. She was graduated in 1925.

Another bride of January was Bessie Lorine Mullendore, who married L. Ralph Johnson, on January 20, at Cleveland, Okla. She was a student here in 1916-17, 1917-18, and received a high school diploma in 1918, and an expression certificate.

Mrs. John G. Nesbitt and Mrs. Theodore La Rue Lutkins visited the school this past week-end while en route for Texas to visit their mothers and relatives. Mrs. Nesbitt was Bess Murphy and Mrs. Lutkins was Virginia Sells. Both are living on Long Island, Mrs. Nesbitt at 283 Union, Flushing, Long Island, and Mrs. Lutkins at 213 Sckink Ave., Great Neck, L. I. Girls who were and are F. F.'s will doubtless remember Bess Murphy (Mrs. Nesbitt) as one of the cleverest and best presidents the club ever had. Friends of Virginia Sells (Mrs. Lutkins) will be glad to know that she has two lovely children, two and a half years and seven months old. Mrs. Nesbitt's cousin, Ruby Don Murphy, also a former Ward-Belmont girl, is now Mrs. A. C. Cain, 1010 Glen Ave., Charleston, W. Va.

Kathrine Garrott is living at Wardman Park Hotel, Washington, D. C.

BOWLING POPULAR EXERCISE OF FACULTY

For the past few weeks a number of the teachers have been meeting in the gym, on Friday evenings, to bowl. A few attend but once and become discouraged, while others thoroughly enjoy the exercise and fun and appear faithfully every week.

These meetings are not competitive. We do hear though, that several of the ladies play a very good game, and that on the whole everyone thoroughly enjoys these evenings.



The "Y" was immensely proud of having Reverend J. B. Matthews as speaker for vespers last Sunday. In introducing Mr. Matthews, Marjorie Moss said that he had just returned from Holland where he had been completing work for his Ph.D. at the University of Leyden. Mr. Matthews, who was formerly a missionary in Java, is now head of the Old Testament department at Scarritt College. It is a great thing to have the knowledge he has of the Bible, and of economics and history, and it is another great thing to be able to express that knowledge in the beautiful, precise way he does, and a much greater thing to use these powers to inspire and help those who want to know, but who are very much less wise than he. In this case, we are the "those.")

To go or not to go—that is the question. Whether 'tis nobler to stay in one's room between eight-thirty and nine on Sunday morning, or go to Sunday school in chapel at said time. Most of our dear little friends in these parts have tried staying in their rooms. It is hereby moved that they give Sunday school a try. The noble feeling they acquire will tide them through one mail-less day, at least.

The poor bedraggled "Y" cabinet wandered into cabinet meeting last Sunday morning, in those past-examination sloughs of despond with which we are all so unfortunately familiar. The poor girls could neither think, talk nor act with any measure of common intelligence. Well, the point is this (I usually have a point, though often I can't catch up with it): the "Y" did no stupendous business of nation-wide importance on last Sunday, so consequently there is nothing for the reporter to report. Station Y.W.C.A., Ward-Belmont, Nashville, Tenn., signing off at 9:59 A.M. Good-morning.

THE OBSERVER

Mary Dunn will stand up for her rights. Mrs. Hall could vouch for that from Mary's bright replies at hall meeting. Can't get along without June, can you, Mary?

Here we had to repress our emotions in the movie just after exams were over. There ain't no justice. We sure would have liked to "emote" over Ben, too.

Along comes February first and with it the usual number of dieters. "Never eat anything you don't like," says Shirley.

Carol Joerns will be able to qualify as errand-boy when she graduates. You are sure as Miss Ross's right-hand man, Carol.

Grandmothers haven't gotten on to the right methods for shipping fruit cakes yet, have they, Caroline? It was just too bad to have it all covered with baking signs. We sympathize.

Did you all know that you were temporarily insane last week? Just ask Miss Leavell if you don't believe it. And by the way, she sure knows things about panics and people's nervous systems—her classes can swear to that.

There's nothing like having a light flashed into your room in the dark, dark night, is there, Agnes? It may even cause nightmares.

We wish they'd warn us ahead of time when they intend to have these lofty-sounding profs for vesper speakers. Some of us might want to carry dictionaries.

Nine rousing cheers for tea in the club houses! We wonder whether Lorraine intends to can all the tangerines she filled her pockets with. Well, where there's a will, there's always a way.

We might almost call Alice and Mary Virginia "Romeo and Juliet." "Habblesauce," say we.

A few favored ones left for home Saturday. We look on and envy them accordingly.

Maybe Nell and Helen were two of the temporarily insanes ones. One would have thought so to see them marching through the halls with an open umbrella. There are more ways than one of working off surplus energy.

Caroline wants everybody to know she got A in English! These "smart people."

Since exams consumed all our mental efforts for a while, we can't play bridge any more. Our thoughts turn to such lefty things as "Pig" and "I Doubt It."

Ruth will be starting to hire out her ukelele services before long. Talent sure is appreciated, Ruth.

Rita Silverman has been restricted so much that she forgets when she can talk. Kind of tough, isn't it, Rita?

With the new semester several additions have been made to the student body. We give them three cheers and make the best of our opportunities of doing to others as we were done by. Many and awful are the tales unfolded to these new fellow sufferers. Upon innocent inquiry as to whether she might have a "perfectly darling Vandy fellow" out to call on her, one of them was told that, of course, she could; but only on certain conditions. Strange to say, the innocents swallow all this and have no inkling of its falseness until warned by some kind-hearted Senior.

But cheer up, new girls. Things are not always what they seem—and your hour is sure to come. Take it from one who knows.

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Application for second-class entry pending.

EDITORIAL

"College sportsmanship"—how the heart thrills to these words, particularly when one's days are only a golden memory. A tear steals to the eyes of a dear old white-haired lady, now a grandmother, as the many scenes recalled by these two magic words pass through her mind.

"Ah, my dear," says she, "those were the days when sportsmanship meant not boisterous and unseemly yelling among young ladies at college, but a spirit of culture and refinement prevailed even in our athletics."

"Now, Libby, dear," interrupts her husband, a tall and very erect old gentleman whose snow-white hair gives him an almost hallowed expression, "true sportsmanship is much the same throughout the ages though the way of proclaiming it is much changed. 'Tis true that young ladies of our day did not display their sportsmanship in the same manner as do the girls of today, but times have changed, though hearts are much the same. Our young people of today are just as good losers as they are winners, and that, in truth, is the secret of good sportsmanship."

And so goes the discussion between these two old people so loath to give up their ideas concerning seeing conduct in young persons.

But is it not true that sportsmanship is an admirable characteristic in anyone, young or old? The college student who can take, without grumbling, hard knocks on the athletic field, in the classroom, and in the various other phases of her college career, is the one who will be pointed out by her fellow-students as "one who will succeed."

To what is one more devoted than to her own college? What quickens the step and revives the spirit more than one's college song or yell? And when that college is one renowned for its spirit of sportsmanship, how proud we are to be of its number. For, after all, sportsmanship—our attitude in meeting the problems confronting us—is, at bottom, the basis of our character. So then, when may we better nourish that spirit than during our college days?

New Stude (at tea room): "Do they serve fish here?"

Eleanor: "They serve anybody; sit down."

BOOK REVIEW

By DOROTHY CULBERT

"Crewe Train" is by that most delightful lady, Rose Macaulay, who wrote "Told by an Idiot" and "Orphan Island." At least, I imagine she must be a delightful lady for she does write most delightful books. Take, for instance, "Crewe Train." And while we are taking things, let us take Denham, the girl in the story.

Denham is a most vegetable sort of person. No, vegetables are ungraceful—rather is she a tree sort of person. She is, if you get the comparison, one liking winds, sunshine, and quiet places. When she is twenty, she is uprooted from the sleepy Spanish town where she has lived all her life with her English parson father. The uprooters are the members of her mother's family. Nice people, oh, charming people—but always talking, going places and talking, reading books and talking, and writing books and talking some more; interesting people, indeed, but most talkative, and furiously active, and what is Denham to do among those strange English cousins?

Denham, who on long walks by herself through the hills, would leave the roadway and clamber over the ditches, if she saw any one coming to whom she might perchance be forced to converse; Denham, who would spend long, silent hours sitting in the sunlight, simply soaking in the brilliance and warmth of it—what is Denham to do?

She decides to learn to talk. She does learn. What if her table talk is about the various fogs in front of her and their effects on dogs? It is talk, anyway, making social sounds, and that is all that seems necessary with the cousins and their friends. Since Denham is big, and dark and handsome, and since the aunt has made sure that Denham's clothes are all that they should be, and since Denham herself is so naive and different, a young man falls in love with her.

He is a young writer, different, too, as childlike in some ways as Denham, but still fond of people and fond of talking. Well, they get married, and take a cottage on the Cornish coast. They take the cottage for the extraordinary reason that Denham in climbing over the cliff has found a cave, from which a tunnel leads to the cellar of the cottage. Since the cave is Denham's most prized possession she must have the cottage, too. I don't blame her, for if I found a cave I'd want the terminal of it, too. But Denham says, "I know the cave is delightful, and it's such a good hiding place. Fancy now, if you saw some people coming to tea you could dash down the tunnel until they'd gone."

So they buy the cottage and the cave and lots of things happen. Don't get excited—it is not a mystery story or an adventure story or anything as simple as that. The husband gets tired of eating out of gray dishes for Denham never cleans up, and the cave loses its charm for him, and he goes back to town. Denham refuses to go

back and takes a bicycling trip instead.

When Aunt Evelyn, who by the way is one of the "nosiest" persons you ever met, has just about decided that Denham has run off with a fisherman, Denham turns up again, as silent and unconcerned as ever. She and her husband take a house out in the suburb and she resigns herself to being a grown-up married lady.

You can't help liking this book. Denham is unbelievably dumb, but haven't you had that feeling of almost uncontrollable irritation when there is a fear that if anyone speaks another word to you, that you won't be answerable for the consequences to the speaker? If you have, you can sympathize with her.

The book is like Denham; funny, childish, naive, but, oh, I don't know—different.

"IN PASSING"

Spring is here! Some of the Seniors have started playing the highly engrossing game of marbles.

We've just about come to believe that the professional "knocker" is like the cat with nine lives—he never can be downed. In the five-day week schedule, it was, "Too many classes in one day." And with the new six-day week arrangement with no afternoon classes, it is now, "Not enough vacation—classes to spread out." Oh well, we're glad if such ranting furnishes enjoyment—to himself.

Valentine Day is "just around the corner" of next week, so with the usual trepidation associated with the sending of heart-shaped missives, we direct this one to the faculty:

Roses are red,

But students are blue;

Sugar is sweet,

High marks are, too.

The plot is uncovered! A steady series of light tap-tap-taps on the first and second floor of Fidelity have proved to be nothing more than several games of checkers going on simultaneously.

FORMER STUDENT VISITS WARD-BELMONT

A welcome visitor on the campus Wednesday was Miss Mary Jane Crane, of Toledo, Ohio, who was going to California for a two months' stay, and came by Ward-Belmont on her way west. Mary Jane is a graduate of 1918, and was in school for two years. For the past five years she has been in the business world, being a valued employe of the Electro Auto Lite Company in Toledo. The company allowed her a leave of absence to make this trip to California.

She brought news of many girls who were in school with her, and with whom she has kept in touch. A clever way of getting the news without much letter writing is the "round robin" method she told about. She writes a letter and sends it to Mary Holt Batchelder, who used to live in Galveston, Texas, but who, since her

marriage to Mr. Batchelder, who is on the staff of the *New York World*, lives in Larchmont Gardens, Long Island. Mary reads it, adds one of her own and sends it to Evelyn Hill Voelker, who lives in Lake Providence, La., and who has two children, a girl and a boy.

She adds a letter and mails the three to Billy Clower Fore at Memphis, Texas, where Billy has lived before and after her marriage.

The letters go next to Mabel Sellers Bailey, who is living in Jefferson City, Mo., since her marriage. She formerly lived in Carthage, Mo. Mabel is the last one in the circle and she consequently begins another with her letter, about all which is happening to her.

Mary Holt Batchelder also has two children, a girl and a boy. Mary Jane expressed much admiration for the new gym, the new dormitory and the library, and thought the club houses a great addition to the campus.

"AC" NOTES

What a week of "ac" notes has just transpired of which we all know, all took part in and over the results of which we are now either rejoicing or weeping!

It was one of the two weeks of trial each of us must go through with if we stay with—Well, why all this mystery as to what week it was? "Twas *exam week*."

In Miss Townsend's Expression A classes for the second semester a new phase of public speaking is being taken up. This new phase consists of public interest talks both written and extemporaneous.

The B classes of Miss Townsend, the dramatic class, are working on plays to be presented National Drama Week, which is from February 13 to 19.

The children's demonstration class will give two plays in National Dramatic Week entitled *Pierrot's Plans* and *Faithful Shepherd*.

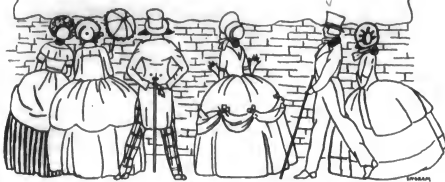
The A classes are also studying how to set scenes and costume plays.

Miss Margaret Phillips of Louisville, Ky., and a certificate expression student and Ward-Belmont graduate, read a Christmas program in December. Miss Phillips is keeping up her good record made at Ward-Belmont.

Miss Katherine Winnia of the Ward-Belmont expression school is taking the lead in the third Little Theatre Guild play, "Mrs. Bumpstead Leigh." Thus we notice others see Miss Winnia's ability, too.

Miss Catheryne Capel, who graduated from Ward-Belmont expression and academic schools, got her degree from Wisconsin University, and after two years at the American Academy of Dramatic Arts played on Dec. 10 at Carnegie Lyceum Theatre the part of Mrs. Cheverly in the play *An Ideal Husband*. Miss Capel is an Illinois Ward-Belmont girl, and we are proud of her record.

The Diary of Mistress Belle Ward



Tuesday, January 26.

This being the last day before my finish, I celebrated and had all my lessons. You know me, leave a good impression with all my dear teachers so maybe they'll think of that when they come to grade my papers.

Gave my report in psych—and did I ever get stage fright? Well—I sneezed twice and coughed once, and looked circles and spirals through the blackboard—and did it! It was awful! Tried awfully hard to faint, but nay—I'm just not the fainting kind!

Dr. Holt takes in chapel—sure was glad to see him out there again—he even made me love my teachers, talking about exams the way he did. That man just naturally rates around here.

Ten-roomed—cause I knew I wouldn't have another chance for weeks and weeks—and sure am glad I did. I have a crush! She's GRAND! A perfect Greek type—all but her nose. Spent all study hour composing poetry to her, instead of studying Spanish—but it sure was worth it—she's just too perfect!

Wednesday, January 26.

Got up early—not to study—never—but because the rest of the suite did—and I just can't sleep with all the conversation going.

Humph! Had Spanish exam this morning—knew the whole thing—but after I'd written the first question I happened to see the one and only walk past—and my poor one-track brain got off. Well, it's worth it—is she ever wonderful?

The only blessing about exam week is, we have such grand food—and no chapel!

Studied with gusto and fervor!

I'm weak and weary, dear Diary—*buena noche*.

Thursday, January 27.

Pulled out at the usual hour for the usual reason—Bible exam—and didn't know one thing. But then—that's not unusual!

English exam—and I'm willing to bet Miss Scruggs didn't leave one single thing out—I wrote and I wrote—and finally gave it up because of lack of strength—left out two whole questions; but think nothing of it!

Hear my crush say she didn't like fat people—so I've decided to run around the drive ten times before each meal. Gee! She's so pretty! I'm trying to find out what type of person she likes so I can change to suit her. Wish she'd ask me to sit at their table! She's g-r-a-n-d!

Friday, January 28.

Took my history exam—and Miss

Leavell takes the cake! I was tempted to write my name in the front of my book and hand it in—but as it was—I just wrote, "see me in my office hours" after I'd written enough to give me seventy-five. I tell you, this place is about to get me down.

Started my runs around the drive and memorized the nervous system, instincts, emotions, and all the rest of that fo-fo-rol, doing it.

Too weary to study tonight, so I read the new *College Humor*.

Saturday, January 29.

Well, my psych exam nearly proved fatal. The whole class was so weak and weary by the time the two hours were over Miss Norris had to give us a stretching period.

I'm not as happy and gay as I could be—heard one dear teacher say to another dear teacher: "Do you know, I've spent the whole year teaching her ballads—from definitions to examples, and back to definitions—and do you think, she gave an example of a ballad on her exam—after a perfect definition—she gave as an example, a Pindaric ode." Well, about that time I passed on into oblivion—how do I know but what it was I—there's no telling—and pressure do strange things on exams!

The movie tonight was marvelous! Sat exactly behind my crush, and that made it all the marvelous-er!!!

Sunday, January 31.

Praises be! We slept till eight—and after having been dragged forth bright and early for a whole week, it sure was grand to sleep.

Praises again! We had church out here—and the sweetest man, talked.

Otherwise, no excitement.

Monday, January 31.

Well, here begins a new semester—and I can't say this having school on Monday is my idea of heaven! But one thing I'm glad of—this is the last of January—and now there are only four months till we go home!!

THESE PEOPLE

If a boarding school's inmates are representatives of "this here" universe, then let us drop our jaws in awe. Let us expire on the spot!

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Shoes for Every Occasion

John Edgar Leary Co.

The above outburst shoved itself into view when one girl was discovered tearing her hair, beating her breast, and lamenting in sackcloth and ashes (figuratively speaking), because she made a B in History. According to her own lights she should have made an A. Now I ask you: "Is this a system?" At present I walk the floor and wonder whether it's caused by colossal conceit or exaggerated inferiority complex.

Should I seek seclusion from the world and mourn the fact that I only made a C, or should I gloat fensively and violently over said C, as another one of the wards did? She rambled down to the calorie ranch and purchased therefrom much of its stock. 'Mid gleeful gulps she announced to the more or less distinguished world that she had rated a C from the world's cruelest English teacher. Girls, just think!

The question before the house is: Do we or do we not know our etiquette book?

"FRIENDSHIP"

"As wind to the lagging sail, as joy to the fleeting hour, as a staff to the weak and frail, as rain to the panting flower, as sun to the earth's cold breast, as bread to the hungry man, as sleep to those needing rest, as thought to the half-formed plan, as warmth to the poorly clad, as sky to the weary eye, as song to the old and sad, as wings to the birds that fly, as words to a lovely song, as memories sweet to the old, as conflict is to the strong, as the rays of the sun to the cold, as trees to the nesting bird, as light to the ship out at sea, as voice to the tender word—is the meaning of friendship to me."

We all have our own idea of what friendship should mean to us, but I wanted to share with you what Wilhelmina Stitch thinks about it in her little book, "The Fragrant Minute for Every Day."



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PERSONALS

Dorothy Cook left Thursday for Columbia, Tennessee, her home, to spend the week-end.

Flora Lieber also left Thursday for her home in Indianapolis, Ind., to spend the week-end.

Ladye Douglass Wilhoite spent the week-end with her aunt, Mrs. Wilhoite.

Marjorie Guerin was the guest of Dr. and Mrs. Guerin, in Brentwood, for the week-end.

Susán Brandau was the guest for Saturday dinner of Amita Pettit.

Ruth Hughes was with her brother Saturday afternoon.

Ruth Barnard was a visitor in Rockwood for the week-end with Mrs. B. Barnard.

Dorothy Veasey and Dorothy Miller were the guests of Mrs. P. W. Miller Sunday afternoon.

Helen Dudenbostel visited in Murfreesboro, this week-end.

Nancy Rabenau, Mary Dorothy Walker, Dorothy McIntire and Helen Huddleson were the guests of Mrs. E. B. Berry for dinner Saturday.

Agnes Bickley spent the week-end in her home, Florence, Ala.

Marjorie Holmes went to her home in Riversdale, Ill., for dental work.

Margaret Bradley went home to Sweetwater, Tenn., for the week-end.

Clara Packard went to Oak Park, Ill., her home, for the week-end.

Frances Hassell was in Clifton, Tenn., her home, for the week-end.

Lydarene Majors and Mildred Byrd were visitors in Pembroke, Kentucky, for this week-end.

Virginia Baird had dinner Friday with her father, Mr. Robt. T. Baird.

Mary Eleanor Gilmore and Maurine Jacobsen visited in Hendersonville, N. C., this week-end.

Catherine Funk and Julia Freeland had lunch Friday with Mr. Claude Freeland, Julia's father.

Alice Kearney of Wauwatosa, Wis., returned home for the week-end.

Charlotte Walker of Shreveport, La., went home for the week-end.

Virginia Bidwell was entertained Saturday afternoon by Mrs. Blair.

Elizabeth and Martha Edith Rogers were guests in Rockwood, Tenn., this week-end.

Lillian Ashley of Manchester, Tenn., was home this week-end.

Emily Krouse spent the week-end with her aunt, Mrs. Gillis.

Jim Buster Currie was the guest of Novice Graves for the week-end in the latter's home, Scottsville, Ky.

Mary Elizabeth Smith went to Richmond, Ind., her home, for dental work.

Catherine Standifer of Sheffield, Ala., went home for the week-end.

Alice Katherine Wakefield spent Monday with Mrs. Murray and Dora.

Elizabeth Browne was the guest of Miss E. Reed Monday afternoon.

Edith Leavens was entertained Monday by Katherine Killbrew.

Mary Louise Phelps and Patricia Morrison, Louise Nixon and Edna Earl Halbert spent Monday with Mrs. Ellinger and Francis.

Margaret Daggett had dinner with Mrs. J. W. Robertson Monday.

Betty Martin and Annie May McCauley spent Monday afternoon with Mrs. R. H. Neston.

Lucie Lee Pulliam spent Monday with Mrs. John Phelps.

Alice Noordewier was with Miss Blair Monday.

Rose Newman spent Sunday with Mrs. Joe Weinstein.

Katherine McKee and Eleanor Robbins were guests of Mrs. Cayce Sunday afternoon.

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THE CYNIC

Don't know what I'm maddest about this week. Got so many campus kicks that I can't make up my mind which to register first. The B. F. is always an awful trial, and then there's teachers who can't make up their minds whether they think you're dumb or no, and then there's my suitemate sewing. Ouch! no wonder the insane asylums are full. Everybody is peculiar! Men, teachers, girls and anyone else you can think of. Tried to come to my room through my suitemate's room—saves time and shoe leather—and I'll be an egg-plant if I didn't have to back up like a lobster and withdraw. Between a dab of cloth, and tissue paper and pins and needles and thread I did get a glimpse of the floor. If I get stuck in the foot this P.M. I won't ask Santa Claus what he left, I'll just naturally move out or put her out. These people who literally eat up time they could use in reading! Well, everyone to her taste, as the old lady said when she kissed the cow.

I'm mad because I didn't get a letter from my B. F. this week. He's taking exams, but anyone who has sense enough to pick out me for a G. F. ought to be able to pass exams without studying. Simple subjects, especially like calculus and surveying, etc. Those things are only temporary things, too. He'll be temporary himself if he doesn't hurry and get the alfalfa cut so he can write me a few lines with his mighty pen. Men are alike though, "surprises, prices and consolation prizes." Take your pick, ladies, step right up and don't be bashful. They're all made of the same thing, just like coffee. Only difference is that some are a little stronger than others, and some are in different looking containers than others. Ask Mercury for Midas' "golden touch" and you may find one of pure gold. Well, au revoir, "Providence protects the innocent." (That's me!)

MOVIE

Occasion—A movie with Ben Lyon as hero.

Place—Auditorium.

Time—Saturday evening, concluding final week.

"Atmosphere"—After-the-storm enthusiasm and hilarity.

With such a setting, coupled with the fact that "The Reckless Lady" was one of the best movies shown at Ward-Belmont this year, it is little wonder that the picture was keenly enjoyed.

A background of spinning roulette wheels at Monte Carlo to furnish excitement, a mother feeling with her daughter (who later is the heroine) from her husband to create suspense, Lois Moran for sweetness, Ben Lyon for—nuf sed! the downfall of the villain for the necessary they-lived-happily-ever-after ending—and the combination of all for a thrilling show.

Perhaps it was slightly incongruous in parts, as when the two speeding cars crashed together on the edge of a cliff without either of them being tumbled over or their occupants

injured, and we could have wished for a bit more truthfulness on the part of the mother at the climax, but the merits of the picture amply seemed to have outweighed any faults.

How do we know? Six hundred blissful sighs of, "Wasn't it great!" when the lights came on.

BASKETBALL
SEMI-FINALS

All teams having been eliminated except the Di Gamma, Penta Tau, Tri Ki and X L, the semi-finals were played off on Monday afternoon, January 31. Each team determined to win added much to the spirit and excitement of the games and only when the games were over could one be sure who had won.

The first game, between the Di Gammas and Penta Taus, was hard fought from beginning to end. Brandon showed much skill in making goals, doing her part in giving the Di Gammas a victory of 28 to 11.

DI GAMMA

Brandon, M.	CF
Simmons, K.	F
Wade, K.	F
Cavert, F.	G
Cayce, M. E.	G
Farr, M.	G

PENTA TAU

Sample, White M.	CF
Thomas, V.	F
White, M.—Daggett, M.	F
Holden, J.—Jester, S.	G
Motley, B.	G
Walker—Jester, S.	G

The X. L.—Tri K game caused still more excitement, ending with a close score of 18 to 11, in the Tri K favor. Coggins made the most goals for the Tri K's.

TRI K

Gilbert, D.	CF
Proctor, M.—Blackman, C.	F
Coggins, P.	F
Strain, J.	G
Harmon, M.	G
Morrison, R.	G

X. L.

Hairston	CF
Joy, V.—Moss, M.	F
Curran	F
Lindsay, M.	G
Meyers	G
Bell, V.	G

CHAPEL NOTES

Tuesday—January 25, 1927

Just at the time we need encouragement (for we did, back in those days of exams) our ever-appreciated Dr. Holt spoke to us.

"Exams are not for consternation," said Dr. Holt, "they merely give us a chance to check up." Then he told us again the story of how Abraham was tested on the Mount, and how Abraham stood the test of the Lord. Then he spoke of the funeral in Belgium of the Empress; how she had not been able to stand under the strain of losing her husband in Mexico, years ago.

With a prayer for guidance in our examinations, Dr. Holt closed his talk. We were all very happy to have him with us again, and hope he will come back soon.

Peeping Ahead in the
Fashion Calendar!

THAT'S the everlasting job of Lebeck Bros. Buyers—and their alertness is reflected in the intriguing styles, the clever accessories smart women will wear now, next month and the month after.

To the girls of Ward-Belmont we extend an invitation to make Lebeck's your style headquarters—and if there is any way we can assist you we stand ready to do so.

If you keep up with the traditions of your Alma Mater you'll be sure to be intimately acquainted with this big, friendly store.

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Three Prices Only—

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HATS—DRESSES—COATS
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Women—Misses—Juniors

BASKETBALL TOURNAMENT

The social club basketball tournament opened Friday afternoon, January twenty-first, with the first two games of the season. Only the best spirit has been shown by every club throughout the entire tournament. The yells of the club sisters in the balcony proved their hearty support toward the victory for their teams.

The first game played, between the Agoras and Del Vers, certainly afforded no lack of excitement and enthusiasm. The final score was 32 to 9 in favor of the Del Vers.

Del Ver	
Snelling	C.F.
Windom, L.	F.
McCawley, N.	F.
Loutes, W.	G.
Rogers, K.	G.
Mathews, N.	G.

Agora	
Gilbert, M.	C.F.
Garry, M.	F.
Winship, M.—Freeland, J.	F.
Winkles, D.	G.
Freeland, B.	G.
Sherman, M.	G.

In a close and hard fought game, the Osirons won from the Anti-Pans, the score being 15 to 14.

Osirons	
Ravn, V.	C.F.
Marr, B.	F.
Bidwell, V.	F.
Ellington, D.	G.
Griggs, W.	G.
Lowe, M.	G.

Anti-Pan	
Huff, M. V.	C.F.
Calton	F.
Ingram	F.
Clark, B.—Wilcox	G.
Wilcox—Clark, B.	G.
Brigforth	G.

Saturday afternoon, the resulting score of the first game played, between the Di Gammias and T. C.'s was 49 to 9, a victory won by the Di Gammias.

Di Gammias	
Brandon, M.	C.F.
Simmons, K.	F.
Wade, K.	F.
Cayce, M. E.	G.
Morelock, L.	G.
Farr, M.	G.

T. C.	
Wood, K.	C.F.
O'Donnell, F.	F.
Glidden, M.—Valentine	F.
Erham, B.	F.
Veazey, D.	G.
Kendall, D.	G.

The same afternoon, the Penta Tau's won over the A. K.'s with a score of 11 to 7.

Penta Tau	
Sample, V. L.	C.F.
White, M.	F.
Thomas, V.	F.
Holden, J.	G.
Motley, B.	G.
Jester, S.	G.

A. K.	
Robins	C.F.
Rankin	F.
Buston, V.—Blackman	F.
Hamerley, R.	G.
Lewis, S.	G.
Ritter, M.—Tilford, M.	G.

The Tri K-Del Ver game of Monday morning ended with the score of 24 to 2 in the Tri K's favor.

Tri K	
Gilbert, D.—Morrison, R.	C.F.
Blackman, C.—Proctor, M.	F.
Coggins, P.	F.
Morrison, R.—Strain, J.	G.
Harmon, M.	G.
Strain, J.—Strangard, E.	G.

Del Ver	
McCawley, N.	C.F.
Snelling—Mathews, N.	F.
Spiess, L.	F.
Loutes, W.	G.
Rogers, K.	G.
Mathews, N.—Snelling	G.

Osirons met their Waterloo when the X. L.'s won the battle with a score of 18 to 13.

X. L.	
Hairston	C.F.
Curran	F.
Jay, V.—Moss, M.	F.
Lindsay, M.	G.
Bell, V.	G.
Meyers	G.

Osiron	
Ravn, V.	C.F.
Marr, B.	F.
Bidwell, V.	F.
Ellington, D.	G.
Griggs, W.	G.
Lowe, M.	G.

In a one-sided game the Betas were

crushed by the Di Gammias, the final score being 72 to 8.

Di Gamma	
Brandon, M.	C.F.
Simmons, K.	F.
Wade, K.	F.
Cavert, F.	G.
Cayce, M. E.	G.
Farr, M.	G.

Beta	
Williams—Keeble	C.F.
Dowlen	F.
Smith	F.
Keeble—Williams	G.
Boyer, B.	G.
Dillon	G.

TO MY OLD FRIEND

Sometimes in the quiet of the sunset hour
When shadows creep from the west,
And the sky is a crimson, blue, and gold,
The colors that God likes the best.
I think of the girl with the tousled head
That a long time ago was thine—
I wonder if sometimes you think of that girl,
The dear old chum of mine.
And now that we've both grown up,
Grown tall and changed in our ways—
I'd hardly know that you were the girl I played with in other days.
The years have altered your form and face,
But your heart is untouched by time,
Because still you are the girl I loved—
Dear old friend of mine.

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WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

Volume XVI

NASHVILLE, TENN., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1927

Number 18

MILESTONES EDITOR CHOSEN FOR 1927

Margaret Insull, of Tulsa, Okla., a senior, was chosen editor-in-chief of the Milestones, Ward-Belmont's Annual, at the election held Wednesday. Carroll Cruse, another senior, of Cross-Mountain, Michigan, was elected assistant editor. Both girls have been on the Hyphen staff and both have been at Ward-Belmont two years.

Emma Elizabeth Greene, of Nashville, was elected advertising manager. She has been a student at Ward-Belmont for a number of years. Alice Ingram, of Jackson, Tenn., who is doing post-graduate work, was chosen art editor.

The literary editors are Margaret Baggett, Marianna, Ark.; Mary Elizabeth Smith, Richmond, Ind.; Margaret Hollock, Yale, Mich.; Doris Tatum, Beaumont, Texas; Dorothy Culbert, Nashville; Margaret Lowe, Greensburg, Ind.; Elizabeth Wenning, Nashville, and Catherine Wood, Chicago.

All the girls elected are representative girls of the school, and the student body is looking forward eagerly to the appearance of this year's Milestones.



It looks as if they are having a good time, doesn't it? And this is one case where appearances are not deceptive, according to the girls who went on the Ward-Belmont European trip last year. This year's trip, which is described in this issue, promises to be the best one ever managed by the school, and the girls who have gone on the tour say that is the highest praise possible. Miss Olive Carter Ross will be the conductor of the party and Mrs. Claiborne N. Bryan the chaperone, and naturally the girls all want to go.

Ward-Belmont's European Tour To Be Better Than Ever

In all the tours of Europe which have been taken by Ward-Belmont girls, the tour which will be made under the direction of Miss Olive Carter Ross, head of the department of Art History, this summer promises to be the most delightful.

In the first place, Miss Ross has had 20 trips to Europe as conductor of a party, and there is very little, if anything, that she does not know about this business of seeing the most and having the best time possible. Besides that, she is teacher of the senior classes in literature and can tell one all the many things one would like to know about the historic, artistic and literary value of the places seen.

Another attraction about the party is that Mrs. Claiborne N. Bryan, who is well known to all Ward-Belmont girls, is going as chaperone. Mrs. Bryan has been associate director of Camp Cohesive in Maine for a number of years, and certainly knows how to make girls enjoy themselves and still keep them from doing anything but exactly what they should.

A delightful part of the trip is that so much of the traveling is to be done by automobile. There is a perfect motor trip all through Holland—and any girl who remembers how flat the country looked in the pictures in the geography, will know that she can see a lot. The party will go to Edam to see how they make that wonderful cheese, and goes to Leyden, Harlem, Amsterdam and about the coast of Zuider Zee, and then takes a boat up to the Isle of Marken. Then there is a gorgeous drive through that section

known as "the country of a thousand windmills."

All the traveling in Great Britain will be done by automobile, and girls who have enjoyed their history and English novels, will be enthusiastic about this part of the trip especially. There will be a motor trip from London, down the valley of the Thames to Hampton Court, with its monster vine, and with its halls which are said to have echoed with the shrieks of Henry VIII's wives, and its charming little art gallery. Then to Oxford, famous for its history and for its present, for that matter, with its classic spires and the many colleges which make up the university.

The Shakespeare country is also driven through, and the girls will see Anna Hathaway's cottage, Stratford-on-Avon, Warwick Castle, and too many other places to mention. Then comes Chester, the quaintest city in all England, and perhaps all Europe, for that matter.

Anyone who has read English stories at all, is of course anxious to see the seacoast of Wales, and the party will have a wonderful motor trip all around what is called "The Play-ground of Britain." Then there will be a gorgeous trip up to Scotland, where Miss Ross can tell us what we have forgotten about the Scots, Wordsworth, Burns and the other famous Scotchmen.

This is going to be like all the Ward-Belmont trips—for it is the school trip and goes by that name everywhere—and is going to be done in the nicest way, automobiles every-

(Continued on page 3)

MISS DOUTHIT ADDED TO MUSIC FACULTY

Miss Mary Douthit, a well-known pianist and teacher, will be an addition to the music faculty of the Ward-Belmont Conservatory next week, according to an announcement by Lawrence Goodman, director of the department of music.

She has been co-artist with many of the leading figures on the concert stage today, among them being May Peterson, the famous soprano of the Metropolitan Opera Company, and Louise Hunter.

Miss Douthit has been a pupil of Sigismond Stojowski and Walter Godde, and has had several years under Harold Von Mickwitz. She began her serious study of music when she was here, under Mr. Goodman, and has gone on until she now occupies an enviable place in the music world.

"We are delighted to be able to secure Miss Douthit," Mr. Goodman said. "She has a rare musicianship, and a wonderful gift of teaching. The Ward-Belmont Conservatory of Music is congratulating itself upon her acquisition."

FEBRUARY BIRTH-DAY DINNER A DELIGHTFUL ONE

All the girls who were sufficiently fortunate to have been born in February were certainly glad of it on Tuesday night when they attended the birthday dinner given in their honor in the private dining room.

Receiving the guests were Dr. and Mrs. J. D. Blanton, Miss Lelia D. Mills and Mrs. Solon E. Rose. Never has the dining room looked prettier than with its Valentine decorations. Down the center of the table was a strip of wide red satin, with white flit lace covering it. The other decorations were crystal vases, filled with deep red Richmond roses. Under the glasses were red heart-shaped doilies.

The "February girls" who attended were: Beverly Elizabeth Freeland, Bristol, Okla.; Marietta Duncan, Paris, Texas; Dorothea Gilbert, Princeton, Ind.; Pearl Elaine Jones, San Francisco, Cal.; Marjorie Hooper, Pittsfield, Ill.; Lady Douglas Willhoite, Los Angeles, Cal.; June Miller, Fisher, Ill.; Katherine Goode, Lexington, Ky.; Elizabeth Ross, Laurel, Miss.; Ruth L. Browning, Benton, Ill.; Janet Sage, Shawnee, Okla.; Helen Hutchison, Amite, La.; Suzanne Lewis, West Palm Beach, Fla.; Alice M. Richey, Le Mars, Iowa; Dorothy Nelson, Guthrie, Ky.; Elizabeth Reinhart, Toledo, Ohio; Alice Kearney, Wateratoas, Wis.; Gertrude Way, Lawrence, Kansas, and Gladys Robbins, Horace, Ind.

TRI K'S CAPTURE BASKETBALL CUP

The hotly-fought contest staged between the Tri K's and the Di Gamma's at the gym on Wednesday night resulted in a score of 25-20 in favor of Tri K's. But it was no easy victory as the many spectators can testify.

With the very rafters ringing with the cheering, for every one of the girls watching had her favorite team, the two teams showed that they were out to win from the very first minute of the struggle. The line-up was:

Tri K	Di Gamma
Gilbert	C.F.
Blackman-Wellborn	R.F.
Simmons	C.G.
Coggins	L.F.
Wade	Morrison
R.G.	Cavert
Strain	R.G.
Farr	Harmon
L.G.	Cayce

The ball was kept at the Tri K goal for most of the game, which certainly had its exciting moment, most of the time.

A feature of the game was the perfect team work shown by both teams, and the balancing of the ball on the finger-tips, which is no easy feat. The Tri K's showed some fine work in the intercepting which they did.

This game gave the championship cup to the Tri K's as they won it two years ago from the Del Vers and again last year, and the third year as champion gives the club the right to keep the cup. Miss Sison was umpire and Miss Jeter, referee.



Who has a Birthday This Month?

Are you like the girl who forgets her girl-friend's birthday until she scarcely has time to select a gift? Of course it is never satisfactory when selected in such haste.

Look at the calendar today - - you'll find Mother, Father and others, who have always remembered you, have birthdays soon.

Come to Castner's for the right gift

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Joy's

Ward-Belmont Special Shoulder
Bouquet \$2.50

"Always Lovely"

Y. W. C. A. TEA ROOM

Special Menu on Mondays for

WARD-BELMONT GIRLS



there are letters just received—preferably those addressed in a large scrawling hand.

Valentine Day is coming. Have you noticed all the dainty pink and blue missives being deposited in the mail bag?

At least there is one time when being a French student is enjoyed. A banquet, when evening dresses may be worn, and Vanderbilt boys met, is not to be sniffed at.

MOTHER

"My mother is coming tomorrow! She will be here in less than twenty-four hours." Oh, the joy in these words. I know our mothers would be fully repaid for these little visits could they but know the pleasure and happiness given.

We each think that our own mother is just a little different or a little nicer than anyone else's mother. That is true. To us they are each one the nicest mother in the world and our task is to show them that we think this to be true. That ought not to be hard. A word of appreciation, an unexpected kiss or a little higher mark.

Mothers are such understanding persons. They know our shortcomings and little weaknesses but it doesn't seem to alter one speck their love for us.

Let us each one in her own heart give nine rans for mother and make a resolve to make her truly proud of her daughter.

MISS RANSOM'S POEM AWARDED FIRST PLACE

Ward-Belmont girls will be pleased to hear that Miss Ellene Ransom's poem, "Thrift's End" was voted the best of the entire year, according to a membership vote taken at a recent meeting of the Tennessee Poetry Society.

Miss Ransom was also given the honor of first place in the month's competition, as her poem "Some Other Lady" was voted the month's best. At each meeting, the poems are read and voted upon, without the members knowing who has written which poem.

At the end of each year, the poems are read and a vote taken on the best of the year. Miss Catherine Winnis, of the Ward-Belmont Department of Expression, read the poems at the meeting.

RECITAL BY PUPILS OF MISS LEFTWICH

A recital which was much enjoyed was that given on Monday afternoon in the studio of Miss Alice K. Leftwich, by Margaret Daggett of Marianna, Arkansas, and Vivian Sligani of Pittsboro, Indiana. All the pupils of Miss Leftwich were invited to hear Margaret and Vivian play. Both of them are certificate pupils and gave splendid renditions of the compositions they played.

Nashville, Tenn., Feb. 6.—Two of the Sunday-school groups at Ward-Belmont school have decided upon their new course of discussions for the next month. They will discuss specific situations, in their lives, at home and at school, which they have difficulty in solving. They will try to consider these problems in the light of Christ's mind about them, and they will try to arrive at some conclusions regarding them. The other Sunday-school group will continue its series of studies of great moments in the lives of men and women of the Bible.

We are going to have a party. It's going to be for all the Y members. And it's going to be a sure-enough party. So, be calm and wait for further developments.

Since early last fall the Y has been trying to get Dr. W. H. Hollingshead to talk at vespers. He is a real favorite. The Y was delighted that he was able to talk to us last Sunday. His topic of Friendship was one in which we are all vitally interested. Often we need to be reminded that giving is the biggest part of friendship. Now, for a while at least, I suspect that we'll be very careful how we treat our friends—even our roommates. Mary Dunn, a pupil of Miss Boyer, sang beautifully in the musical part of the program.

The new books in the Y library are *Tomorrow Morning*, by Anne Parish, *The Plutoerat*, by Booth Tarkington, and *Spell Land*, by Sheila Kay Smith. There are now fifteen copies of late fiction in the Y library. They may be taken out on Saturday afternoon between 5:30 and 6 o'clock, and on Sunday evening after vespers. The fee is ten cents a week.

The little Y room at the head of the North front stairs will soon be "a thing of beauty and a joy forever." Margaret McMillin is now chairman of the committee which is decorating it, and Valborg Ravn is working with her. Miss Gordon, of the art department, has been consulted and has given the committee some excellent ideas on interior decoration, in general, and the beautifying of the Y room, in particular.

"IN PASSING"

In biology, classes have been studying protective coloration. Light dawns—no wonder regulation uniform is black.

If suspense is required for plays, more than several dramas are enacted in chapel every morning when

WARD-BELMONT'S EUROPEAN TOUR TO BE BETTER THAN EVER

(Continued from page 1)

where, so no lazy girl can go home and say "I was too tired walking to go to see that." Then, too, the party is going to stay at the best hotels everywhere, for Miss Ross says she believes in comfort and that hotels have a lot to do with the pleasure of the trip.

Another grand part of the trip is that it will take the girls through Germany, which so many tours have missed, during the war, and through Italy—where so much of the travelling is going to be done by automobile, too—and for a marvelous motor trip, with bits of boating as it is the land of the dykes, all over Holland.

They are going to Venice, and Florence and up to Vienna, another city which has not been often visited since the World War. Most of the girls who are planning to go are excited about going to Prague, too, especially if they pride themselves with keeping up with current history, and knowing lots about that new republic of Czechoslovakia.

Everyone is enthusiastic, too, about the trip in Switzerland, where there will be stops at Geneva and at Interlaken and an excursion to Grindelwald. Then comes Paris, with side trips to the battlefields and a trip to Belgium, where the party will go to Brussels and to Antwerp.

The party will be a congenial one, composed of Ward-Belmont girls and their friends. Miss Ross says she likes a party of approximately 20, as it is easy to arrange for that number—and as she has been so many times, she knows—and then, too, you have a different person to go to the various places with, instead of being always with the same girl, as is the case in very small parties.

The sailing will be on the big steamer, the *Empress of Scotland*, from Quebec on June 22. Mrs. Bryan is going to chaperone girls to Quebec, meeting them at different cities. The return trip will be made on the *Empress of France* from Southampton, and the party will land at Quebec.

ITINERARY FOR W.-B. EUROPEAN TOUR IS COMPLETED

Miss Olive Carter Ross and Mrs. Claiborne N. Bryan will have charge of the Ward-Belmont European tour this year, the party to sail from Quebec on June 22. The tour is the school's eighth since the World War.

Miss Ross, who has made 20 trips to Europe taking parties, is the head of the department of Art History at Ward-Belmont and also has the classes of senior literature. Mrs. Bryan, who will be the chaperone of the party, has had much experience with girls since her connection with student activities at Ward-Belmont. She had also been associate director of Camp Cochebec in Maine, where many Nashville girls have been. Mrs. Bryan will chaperone any girl going

from Nashville to Quebec, and will meet others en route.

A feature of this year's trip is the large amount of travelling which will be done by automobile, the entire journey through England, Scotland and Wales will be by motor. The party will consist of approximately 20. Miss Ross says that her years of experience have taught her that a group of this size is most enjoyable for the travelers. Ward-Belmont students, their friends and relatives, and friends of the school, are eligible for the trip.

The party will sail on the large steamship, the *Empress of Scotland*, landing at Hamburg and going directly from the great seaport to Berlin, where modern Germany's spirit is best typified. After a stay in Dresden, with its incomparable art galleries, Prague, the new capital of one of the most talked of countries of the entire world, Czechoslovakia, will be the next city visited. Afterwards comes Vienna, still the musical center of Europe, despite the ravages of war and the consequent poverty of the country.

In Southern Italy, practically all the traveling will be done in motor cars as the directors feel that this is much the best way to see that section as was the case in Great Britain. Lovely as was the North Wales coast route, the lakes of Wordsworth's section, the mountains of Scotland, and the placid villages of England, Miss Ross says that she thinks the travelers will enjoy just as much their motor trip along the sunny slopes of southern Italy.

Another motor trip which is a rather unusual one, and which takes in much that is off the beaten path of travelers, is a trip through Holland, which is taken through the land of dykes and windmills, before embarking for London.

In France, where the party will spend much time, there will also be motoring on a trip to the battlefields made by automobile. Paris and the French country are visited after an extended stay in Switzerland and northern Italy, and the beautiful Italian lake section.

After visiting Italy, France, Holland, Belgium, Switzerland and Great Britain, the party sails for America from Southampton on September 3.

Much time and thought has been expended by Miss Ross in striving to make the itinerary a complete one. She has included many places which she visited years ago and which are not ordinarily seen in a summer's trip. Mrs. Bryan, who is widely known in Nashville, as a person of much charm and "savior faire" is considered by the officials of the school an ideal chaperone for the group.—*From Nashville Tennessean*, Sunday, Feb. 6.

Mme. Besiat—"I'm tempted to give you zero."
Carol—"Don't yield to temptation."

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36-Inch Checked

Taffeta, \$1.98

New plaids and checks, so different from anything you have ever seen before, youthfully vigorous for afternoon and street wear. There's wonderful inspiration in these lively styles.



Heavy Quality

Georgette, \$1.59

Regular \$2 quality, 40 inches wide and in fifty of the best colors of the season, and, of course, there are every one of the street and evening shades included. A special value for this sale only.

Dar

Broadc

Regular \$1.98 quality wear that will take to or fabric. There's a pe just arrived.

Dar

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Another famous Dar in a regular way at \$3 wide, and the new pas sports wear this season

Wants for Sports Wear!

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Silks which tempt you to examine! Silks whose pattern and texture start your imagination conceiving tailored effects—exquisitely feminine!

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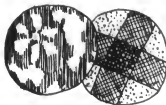
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2 Yard

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Published every Saturday by the
students of Ward-Belmont.

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Application for second-class entry pending.

EDITORIAL

EDITORIAL

What constitutes real politeness? Outward courtesy, the placing of the salad-fork, the art of conversing interestingly, polished manners, are the principal ones, you may think. Of course, these are all means of expressing it, but real politeness must be prompted by a kind and unselfish spirit and must be more than an empty show of courtesy.

To be of any real value, politeness must come from the heart and must be the true expression of one's inner self. In short, just as a parrot may pick up phrases without having any knowledge back of them to make them intelligible, so may we adopt habits of occasional politeness, more worthless if the spirit of kindliness is not behind them.

Outward courtesy and the empty words such as "You go first" are but the signposts, while real politeness, prompted by a love of humanity, is the road that forges straight ahead, brightening our own outlook and lightening the burdens of others.

MISS BOYER'S PUPILS SING OVER WSM

A musical treat which was much enjoyed over the entire country, from the messages received, was the program given by pupils of Miss Florence Boyer and Mr. Lawrence Goodman on Thursday night. Mr. Goodman is director of the school of piano at Ward-Belmont and is himself a noted performer, besides having a

number of very successful pupils. Miss Boyer has trained many of the South's leading singers, and played the accompaniments herself on Friday night.

Miss Emeline Boyer, of Nashville, Miss Boyer's pupil, who has had a tour with Martinelli, and who has a wonderful coloratura soprano, sang a number of songs. Her voice is remarkable for its flexibility and clarity.

The other singer is Mrs. William Hall, Jr., who has also received her training from Miss Boyer. Mrs. Hall's contralto voice never sounded better than it did Thursday night. She is the contralto at the First Presbyterian Church of Nashville.

Mr. Goodman's pupils, who played a number of piano selections was Miss Ruby Briggs Sprouse. Her playing of Arensky's "Etude," Schumann's "Andante" and Chopin's "Etude" certainly reflected much credit on her teacher and on her talent and ability.

MISS WINNIA SCORES BIG HIT IN PLAY

In the title-role of "Mrs. Bumpstead-Leigh" given at the Hillboro Theater, by the Little Theater Guild, Monday night, Miss Catherine Winnia was a great success. Miss Winnia's acting certainly reflected credit on the Ward-Belmont Department of Expression.

In which she teaches. As the indomitable Adelaide, who rules her mother and her sister, and who seems so much what she is not, she was applauded again and again. In all the plays given by the Little Theater since its organization in Nashville, no greater success has been attained than in "Mrs. Bumpstead-Leigh."

ALUMNAE NOTES

Dorothea Huthstetner ('25), of Tall City, Indiana, is attending college in Jenkintown, Penn. She likes the college there, but says she misses the "atmosphere of W.B."

Evelyn Bales, who is attending Art School at her home in Fort Wayne this winter, writes that she hopes to come down for a visit this spring. She has had the honor of being elected the president of her class. She says that she will study in New York this summer.

Miss Ross—"What is a metaphor?" Gertrude—"A meadow for? That's easy, why to pasture cows in."

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If It Is New in Ready-to-
Wear for the Miss or
Her Mother You
Will Find It
First at**ARMSTRONG'S****THE MOVIE**

Rather dragging, rather tiresome, rather ancient, yet withal tremendously interesting as a character portrayal of a certain type American family—such was the movie Saturday evening with Millard Lewis starring in "Babbitt".

Babbitt, who takes greater pride in his real estate office than in his home, who is always going on a diet "tomorrow," who is subject to the gentle influence of spring, who wants to "have his chance" in the world away from his unattractive wife—Babbitt—the self-pitier, is ably portrayed by Mr. Lewis, whose acting makes the picture worth seeing.

The climax, if there really can be said to be one, is followed by a dragging anti-climax. The entire picture is slow in action.

Those who enjoyed the book, however, probably enjoyed the screen version of it.

THE OBSERVER

Some people are too conscientious. Why couldn't you have given that cake to another of us suffering females, Katherine?

Helen Johnson and Virginia Donaldson ought to qualify for the ignoble prize. These people that feign intelligence on each and every subject mentioned in classes! Well!

The twins just couldn't be on time for meals one. Tender-hearted little things fear that if they were, Mrs. Plaskett would never withstand the shock.

It's tough to be restricted when one wants to go into Rec and hear the music. Ask Marjorie Northrup. And speaking of music, our childish minds were surely delighted with the "Lark's" whistle.

Marian Sherman must have missed her calling. She surely was the queen of the parade the other day—she should have been a circus girl.

One of the new Anti-Pans tried to inaugurate a fad of wearing bedroom slippers to parties. She surely was original at the Pandora dance.

Someone asks whether Becky sleeps with her ankle bracelet on. Well, it's quite probable.

Ellen surely does know how to spritz. Had it not been for her substantial-looking little figure, we might really have thought her a fairy.

Poor Louise! Her mother sent her a dress for her birthday, but due to her increased avoirdupois, the hooks won't fasten. We can sympathize.

Virginia Cooper has entered upon her second childhood—anyway, she's developed a mania for Valentines.

This wouldn't be Ward-Belmont if we didn't have to stand in line. She surely did live up to her name after exams, when everybody mobbed the beauty shop.

PERSONALS

Margaret and Jessamine Daggett attended a show with William Daggett Saturday evening.

Margaret McMullen had lunch with Mrs. Gilbert Saturday.

Rebecca Sackett spent Saturday afternoon with Mrs. Brown.

Dorothy Veazey and Cleta Black were entertained by Mrs. Sudekum Saturday.

Mary Lindsay was with her brother Saturday afternoon.

Blanche Motley and Catherine Blackman were guests of the Misses Warwick for Saturday afternoon.

Ruth Hughes had dinner with her brother Saturday afternoon.

Louis Davitt spent Saturday afternoon with Mrs. E. C. Edgar.

Annie May McCauley spent the week-end with her aunt, Mrs. Gillespie.

Martha Laurent went to her home in Clarksville, Tennessee, for the week-end.

Mary Louise Niles was the guest of her cousin, Nela Bleak in Franklin, Tennessee.

Sarah Tucker went to her home in Columbia, Tennessee, for the week-end.

Mildred Newbern was with her mother this week-end.

Lavinia Rose was a visitor in Lebanon, Tennessee, this week-end.

Ladye Douglas Wilhoite was fortunate in having her father, Mr. Young Wilhoit, here with her for the week-end.

Elaine Frost's mother, Mrs. Norman J. Frost was here this week-end. Louise Butler of Huntsville, Alabama, went home for the week-end. Edna Earl Halbert spent the week-end with her mother, Mrs. J. E. Halbert.

Catherine McKee's father, Mr. Paul McKee, was here for the week-end.

Mary Jane Pulver, Pat Jarvis and Mary Talbot spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Carney.

Marion Burwell, Jeffe Swain and Beth Christian were guests of Mrs. Markham.

Ruth Moore, and Mary Pearl Moores were entertained by Mrs. Will Andrews, Sunday afternoon.

Kirtlye Choiser was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Allen Meadors for Sunday.

Mary Jane Richards spent Sunday with Mrs. J. B. Bender.

Kate Parker and Marjorie Wright were entertained by Mrs. Neil and Argie Sunday.

Isabel Kreuger spent Monday with Mrs. A. Fish.

Nathalie Maynard and Catherine Stanifer spent Sunday with Mrs. Cates and Freda.

Virginia Farmer and Elizabeth Goode were guests of Mrs. D. Jones Sunday.

Emile Wright was with her brother Sunday.

Hellen Moser and Regina Kellums were guests of Dr. and Mrs. Farmer for Sunday.

Lillian Ashley and Dorothy Cook were with Mrs. J. M. Whitson, Sunday afternoon.

VALENTINE DAY

If our friend St. Valentine would rise up from his grave, he would find that the observation of his day is somewhat changed from that of the eighteenth century.

Those big, lovely, lecy, frilly hearts, with a very significant verse inscribed upon it, are beautifully characteristic

of the sincerity of those Colonial lovers. The day was one long looked forward to and it was highly celebrated when it arrived. Alas, all this feature died as the costumes of that century passed out into the history of styles.

Today we busy Americans are merely conscious that there is such a day as St. Valentine's. The thrill of receiving a true Valentine passed out with our childhood. We can look back when we were little calico figures in grammar school, and see the fun we had when the teacher pulled out a heart for us from the little fellow with whom we played.

Today the practical American dominates the customs, and the observation of Valentine's Day is a simple hand-painted card with, perhaps, a sentimental verse for a friend or relative. That old romantic custom of keeping the day within the sphere of lovers has been replaced by the exchange of some verbal remembrance to assure the receiver that there is someone thinking of him. There might be sincerity underlying the whole action, but I prefer to be a lady of the Colonial age on Valentine Day.

TO YOU

I'm sending you this Valentine—
It's red and gold and gay,
And I'm wishing you all the joy
That Valentines can say;
It's covered with lace and cupids,
And roses that stand for love;
And the words inside are golden
Inspired from heaven above.
The very reddest hearts I send
All twined with sweetest flowers;
To tell you that I wish for you—
Life's very happiest hours.
I have others sunny and golden,
Bright and dreamy ones, too,
But I've chosen the very loveliest one
And I'm sending it to you.
And I'm sending with it all the love
I have in this heart of mine,
To ask if you will say "yes,"
And be my Valentine.

BOWLING FINALS

On Friday afternoon, February 4, the final match of the bowling tournament was played between the X. L.'s and Penta Taus. Both teams were certainly bowling to win, and were only urged to do better than their best by the yelling of club sister; sister club sisters and interested and excited friends.

X. L.

Smith, C.	
Joerns, C.	
Jones, E.	
Threat, M.	
Total	395

Penta Tau

Daggett, J.	
Moore, R.	
Sackett, R.	
Moore, M.	
Total	349

The victory of this match, added with the points of preliminary matches, gave the championship to the X. L.'s, who had a total of 1220 points for the tournament.

Due to this triumph the bowling trophy is to be awarded to the X. L. Club.

"AC" NOTES

The History of Education class is now studying the History of American Public and the students gave reports on interesting subjects dealing with that topic.

Miss Norris in her psychology classes has adopted a unique plan of study. She has started from the back of the book and is working forward contrary to the usual method of beginning at the first and going straight to the end.

The History of Art classes have taken up the study and development of painting, the work appears most interesting.

The Costume Designing class of Miss Shackelford went to town Monday to sketch dresses at Castner-Knot's.

An unusual trip but enjoyed nevertheless.

The English B classes have started the new semester by the study of the Restoration Age. A most appropriate age to begin with for it corresponds well to this time of restoring us to our new duties.

The Expression B classes have in preparation a series of one-act plays to be given during the National Drama Week, February 13-19. The names will be given later.

THE CYNIC

Yes, 'tis so going to be Valentine's Day soon, and I've got a hunch that I'm not going to get anything from anyone. No flowers, (not even a smell), no candy, no nothing—and still they call this a gay life. Ah, well, there's one consolation, if I don't get flowers they can't wilt and die, and if I don't get candy I won't have a

face full of those little pink mounds dubbed plumpies; for a change I'll let the other fellow have them.

The B. F. sure has deserted me completely! Guess it's too near February 14th for him to write and say he loves me, because then he'd be rather compromised, don't you know. Men are like that, though, I think they're all N. G. They dliveat a poor little raccoon of his skin, put a sticker on their grips which labels them as being collegiate. Then they say, "Au revoir," little one—absence makes the heart grow fonder," and all of a sudden I wake up to the fact that "absence makes the heart go wanderer," so now I sing, "Where Is My Wandering Boy this P. M.?" I can imagine where he'll be on Valentine's Day. In fact, I can see him gazing fondly into a cute little co-ed's eyes, trying to pin his Fraternity Pin that—I never—had, on her. Poor me! He really could send it to me, but I may as well wait Plymouth Rock for a souvenir. Sometimes I'm going to rebel, and just about that time the Revolution of 1688 will seem like a Sunday-school picnic in comparison. Trouble is that if "we women" would rebel once in a while, it wouldn't be "Master Minds," but "Ladies' minds." Me and Defoe each believe in the education of women and the making of a place for them in this cold world. Just to spite the old boy, I'm going to town Monday, and have a gorgeous time. Trouble is, we women do too much talking, and not enough acting—but from now on I'm going to use action as my first, second and last names.

And, by the way, ladies, I'm signing off for good, so it's again a case of "Monsieurs et Mesdames, bonsoir."

ANTI-PAN DANCE

Last Saturday evening the gym was transformed into a beautiful garden scene. Smilax was gracefully festooned from the balconies, forming a canopy of beautiful green leaves, while around a picket fence clung bright groups of flowers adding just the necessary bit of color. Over this whole delightful picture was a soft light made by shaded side lamps. At the far end was a platform on which set the golden chest containing all the mischievous spirits. Over the chest hung a huge golden key, emblem of this club, on a black background.

The music was very good and the dance went gaily on until the special feature of the evening was announced. At last, to the anxious audience there appeared a group of Grecian maidens gathered anxiously around the mysterious chest. All the maidens seemed to admonish a central figure, Pandora, who was anxious to open the chest. After all had gone, Pandora returned and opened the box. To her great surprise out rushed all the evil Brownies of the world. The Brownies dashed away in a merry dance. After

while Pandora succeeded in getting them back into the box.

A grand march was formed and each girl was given a lovely silver bracelet by two Grecian maidens. They were attractive favors.

Toward the latter part of the evening the delicious refreshments were brought in. Oh! how good was the orange and green ice cream shaped as a key, the cake bearing the name of the club and the little mints. Through the food the club colors were perfectly carried out.

On with the dance! For awhile but all too short a time and the gay company knew that they must give up their fun and return home as the strains of Home Sweet Home drifted through the soft green smilax.

VALENTINE DAY

St. Valentine's day was due at last in eighteen hundred and ten, And maids in hoopskirts hurried about

Getting Valentine's to send— St. Valentine's day was a happy one, A day no one could forget; When amorous lines were penned and sent

To many a ray coquette, It was a day on which lovers sang— And love itself exposes, With cupids and tender vows all made On cards covered with love and roses.

Tender verses—awe-inspiring To soften a maiden's heart, Were written in scrolls so entrancing To help Cupid do his part. Wonderful verses—framed in flowers "Roses are read—violets are blue"— Made vows to last forever, "Sugar is sweet and so are you."

CHAPEL NOTES

Tuesday—February 1, 1927

Finding the results of a questionnaire concerning ideals to be interesting, Mr. Barton gave the hints to us. Of fame, service, wealth, wisdom, appreciation of beauty, physical fitness, popularity and likability, girls of a certain school were asked which they desired most. The experiment was tried twice, the second time being three years after the first trial, and it was found that the standard changed.

The list, with its rating of desirability follows:

	1st Trial	2nd Trial
Fame	3	7
Service	1	4
Wealth	5	6
Wisdom	4	5
Appreciation beauty	2	2
Physical fitness	6	3
Popularity	7	8
Likability	0	1

Likability was not included in the original experiment, but its desirability is evident.

Wednesday—February 2, 1927

Announcements by Miss Morrison.

Thursday—February 3, 1927

Dr. Blanton, our president, gave a travelogue on Thursday. Dr. and Mrs. Blanton have been away for several weeks, enjoying the Western states.

One thing with which they were impressed was the smallness of the world. On several occasions, Dr.

Blanton had occasion to talk to men who knew girls who had been at Ward-Belmont, knew of Dr. Blanton, or had the pleasure of visiting the school itself.

They were fortunate enough to have excellent weather throughout their journey, which made the trip not only healthful, but enjoyable as well.

Christmas was spent in San Diego, where armfuls of mail were delivered to the travelers. San Diego made a deep and lasting impression on them, for that city seemed to receive a great deal of praise.

The scenery in most places was indescribable, and the Grand Canyon is not within the scope of either words or pen. Yuma, Phoenix, El Paso, Los Angeles, Needles, and Albuquerque were all visited and praised unceasingly.

In traveling, Dr. and Mrs. Blanton noticed that "Happierism" scarcely existed in some parts of the West.

We are indeed very grateful to Dr. Blanton for giving us such a pleasant account of their stay from home, and while we are glad it was so pleasant, we are happy to have both Dr. and Mrs. Blanton at home again.

Friday—February 4, 1927.

Announcements.

Saturday—February 5, 1927

Saturday was given to the discussion of the European Tour of 1927. After Dr. Blanton discussed the trip, Miss Olive Carter Ross, conductor of the Ward-Belmont European Tours for many years, gave an entertaining talk on the pleasures, and benefits derived from such a trip. Mrs. Bryan will accompany the party this year, acting as chaperone, and delighted members of the group. Mrs. Bryan also spoke, and before she had finished, minds were buzzing with plans to parents. Literature on the subject may be obtained from Miss Ross' room in Academic Building. Better see those pamphlets, girls,—you can't resist the temptation.

BOWLING SEMI-FINALS

The semi-finals of the bowling tournament on Wednesday afternoon, February third, eliminated the Osiron and Beta teams placing the X. L. and Penta Tau teams in the finals.

The X. L.'s bowling, not nearly so good as in the preliminary match, resulted in a total score of 825 for their two matches. The Penta Tau's deserve credit for making the precise score as of their first match, giving 752 points as a total.

X. L.	Penta Tau
Smith, C.	Daggett, J.
Joernes, C.	Moore, M.
Jones, E.	Moore, R.
Threat, M.	Sackett, R.

Total—328

Total—376

Added with their scores of the preliminary match, the Osirons and Betas have respectively, 684 and 686 points.

Osiron

Beta

Stone, B.	Hayes, F.
McDuff, A.	Hayes, M.
Kolling, C.	Smith, B.
Noordvier, C.	Hollingshead

Total—337

Total—328

The highest individual score was made by Mary Moore with 121 points.

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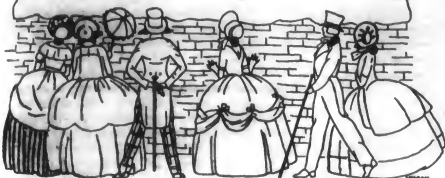
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The Diary of Mistress Belle Ward



Tuesday—February 1.

Well, here dawneth another month—started it out right by being on time for everything—and all because my crush is always on time, and I just must keep up with her. Walked around the drive as per usual and reduced six pounds—but made it all up at the tea-room. Fie! Fie! for shame, sayeth the roommate, why waste all that good exercise? But then, who cares? Guess I must be losing my crush, anyway I don't seem to be as anxious to diet as I was.

Libriaried quite extensively after dinner; fact is, I think I sprained my brain after the first half-hour and couldn't concentrate after that. I stayed there, though, because my crush sat at the next table—and, oh, I guess I have it worse than ever—must go to bed and dream of her. *Buenos noches!*

Wednesday—February 2.

Saw my crush on the way to breakfast this morning, and she smiled at me! Life certainly is worth living.

Went to classes as usual, though I'd fully intended to cut.

Slept peacefully all afternoon. So far I haven't heard from any of my exams so I'm resting up for the fatal blow. It'll come soon, I know, and I'll need the strength.

Finals in basketball tonight! Ye a team! We just naturally rate around here—our club beat again! Hurray for street cars!

Thursday—February 3.

Well, it came—the fatal blow I mean—and I'm dead as a result. I'll never be my old gay, merry self again. O Death! where is thy sting? To bed to recover—good-night!

Friday—February 4.

Fish day again! Slept through breakfast this morning, but the hostess forgot to mark the card so I escaped intact.

Smiled sweetly at all my teachers, so maybe they'll change my grades—you know "A smile will go a long, long way."

Took in the social and athletic event of the season—Senior Hall basketball game. And pep. Well, I've never seen the like—most cracked my ear drums!

I'm sure I'm losing my mind—to-night when I said my prayers I said "Our Father which art in heaven" three times before I could get started. We'll, I'm weak and weary so must drop into the arms of Morpheus.

Saturday—February 6.

Straights all morning—so I made use of my well earned rest this P.M.

Laundered the orangish locks and slept. Wish Saturdays came more often.

The social blunder is a blunder no longer! Rated the dance and movie, and had the world's best time.

To bed to rest my weary bones! I'm not used to such dissipation.

Sunday—February 6.

Cleared off just in time for us to go to church—and not being religiously inclined I wasn't the least bit happy. Advented—and left before the communion, so I got home in plenty of time to write Chuck. Valentine's day next week, you see, there's method in my madness!

Poured and poured all afternoon. Stayed indoors, as my little gum boots aren't very good for sailing, mainly because they have holes as big as dollar bills in the bottoms. But then, antiques never were "as good as new."

Dr. Hollingshead talked in Vespers, and he sure is a dear.

Afterthought—I'm over my crush—I'm a disillusioned woman, I am!

Monday—February 7.

The usual classes and the usual lunch at the usual place.

VALENTINE DAY

Long ago, when we were in the grades, Valentine's Day was eagerly looked forward to because of the proverbial valentine box which was so necessary to the celebration. This was the day on which admirers and admired sent and received anonymous tokens be they amatory or satirical. For every highly ornamental honied missive the box contained, there was usually one of the satirical kind, representations reflecting upon the personal appearance, habits, and characteristics of the recipient.

Now that we have advanced far beyond the grades, we receive candy or flowers. It is probable that many of us do not know the origin of February 14 as Valentine's Day. It is a day sacred to St. Valentine, who died many years ago on February 14. But the real significance comes from a very old notion several times referred to by Shakespeare. This was that long ago on that day birds began to mate. So in the little villages where the young folks congregated, each man drew a name. The name drawn indicated what girl was to be his valentine for the following year and he was supposed to escort her to all the various social affairs. On this account the day has become a time on which to send tokens of sentiment.

Peeping Ahead in the Fashion Calendar!

THAT'S the everlasting job of Lebeck Bros. Buyers—and their alertness is reflected in the intriguing styles, the clever accessories smart women will wear now, next month and the month after.

To the girls of Ward-Belmont we extend an invitation to make Lebeck's your style headquarters—and if there is any way we can assist you we stand ready to do so.

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TERRORS CONQUER BLOODY AVENGERS

Probably one of the most colorful and hard-fought games of the basketball season was played on Friday afternoon, February 4, between the Third-Floor Terrors and the Bloody Avengers. Having challenged the second and first floor seniors to a mighty combat the third floor Terrors were on the warpath.

Preceding this renowned event the Terrors paraded around the campus with an air of "scalp 'em" in their eyes. They wound their way down to the gym where the war dance

started. It was quite a spectacular sight of figures dressed in costumes made up of a combination of Penta Tau, Del Ver, Anti-Pan, X.L., and Tri-K uniforms.

The Terrors started out big with Big Chief Morrison as the star. The entire fight was like the weighing of the scales of Fate. From one end to the other flew the ball until the Terrors held the lead at the half.

During the half it was decided that the contest between those two rivals should not be concluded with basketball. Amos challenged the third floor to a bowling match and Clark accepted.

The second half saw a bigger fight

than before. This time the Bloody Avengers lived up to their name. Back and forth went the ball, and when the whistle blew, victory was whooped by the Terrors.

The line-up was as follows:
 Morrison C.F. Thomas
 Ehrsam F.N. Dixon
 Bustin—Moss F. Holden
 Rogers G. Matier
 Matier G. Ellington
 Hamaley G. Veazy
 Totally 9

BOTTOM DRAWER

"Open it gently, look you inside. Garments so dainty, made for a bride. Silk things that shimmer, finest of lace, rosettes and ribbons to add to their grace.

"Open it gently, what a sweet scent, perfumes from roses and lilies are bent. Garments so filmy, shell pink and white. Love's handiwork for a lover's delight. House lilies also, here you may see, dear to the heart of a Bride-Soon-To-Be. Quaint things and lucky, gifts from her friends; close the drawer gently, inspection now ends!

"Saw you the dreams that hid in each fold, rose-tinted dreams with circlets of gold? Saw you the hopes with fairy-like wings, nestling with joy in Bride-To-Be's things? Saw you the visions the girl laid away; tender and true, with her bridal array? Saw you the prayer I let slip inside—may God smile upon you, Son-To-Be-Bride!"

For the girls who are preparing their Hope Chests. Taken from "The Fragrant Minute for Every Day" by Wilhelmina Stutch.

Such a sit-tight fellow, does not know that the greatest part of the world lies beyond the horizon—always beyond the view of mortal eyes.

Travel elevates a man spiritually; it teaches him contentment, tolerance, benevolence, hopefulness, patience with the local defects affecting his own estate. He can see you and me in our true stature, in our exact relation as well to the wise men of older civilizations as to the uncouth savages of Borneo. And he is wiser in our midst than if he had never had contact with the culture of the East or the savagery of the jungle. His travels have given him added power, the power of rational human divination and comparison. He can appraise the foreground of his observations because he has traveled in the hinterland with wide-open eyes, a receptive mind and a heart that could sense the joy and the misery of the life he met by intelligent travel.—*Reprinted from The Red Book Magazine.*

Miss Ransom—"Are you sure that this is an original theme?"

Student—"Not exactly. I think you'll find one or two of the words in the dictionary."

New girl (timidly)—"Where is the library, please?"

Office girl (wearily)—"If we have one you'll find it in the catalogue."

Dr. Hollinshead—"What is the quickest way to make saw-dust?"

Majorie—"Why—er—"

Dr. Hollinshead—"Come, use your head."

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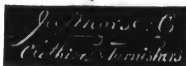
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THE RELIGION OF TRAVEL

It is a normal desire in men and women to travel; to wander far from home, only to return to its increased sweetness and comfort. It isn't that one's home has, in a material sense, increased its sweetness and comfort, at all; it only seems so upon our return after voyaging over the world. The change was wrought in us, and it was purely spiritual: that elation of the soul which casts new glamour over the commonplace of life and its ordinary inflexible environment.

Travel is the most effective method of promoting civilization. It is the richest of all the pleasures known to man in that it instructs and entertains him; enlarges his vision of life and the living; gives him exceptional culture; increases his understanding and inspires him with confidence and leadership.

Indeed, the wanderlust has many fascinations for those with the courage to embrace life as a spirited purpose with which nature has inspired the normal man.

Beware of him who stands on one spot, grunts through his narrow life in a hole, or a box called a house, who has had no liberal intercourse with his fellow-men; who, knowing nothing of God's work, the earth, can know little of the living spirit of the average man. His is a sinister existence, in a state of degeneration.

Dear Cynthia

Would you believe that my Aunt Mary is only a size fourteen?

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Bella's!
 — Boris

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WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

Volume XVI

NASHVILLE, TENN., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1927

Number 19

HYPHEN GETS HIGH RATING IN CONTEST

The Hyphen has been given a distinguished rating in the 1926-27 National College Press Congress Publication Contest, according to an announcement received by the editor, who takes much pleasure in "passing it on." The national college press congress award was established at the University of Illinois, and from the number and standing of the colleges competing, we are especially gratified that the Hyphen took the place it did. We hate to brag, usually, but this is one-time we confess that it is not distasteful. The award is a tribute to the work done by the staff, many of whom were forced to give up their positions as reporters last week, on account of receiving additional honors, and making too much outside work for them.

FORMER PUPIL OF MISS LEFTWICH SUCCESSFUL IN CONCERT

Margaret Vernier, a former Ward-Belmont girl and a pupil of Miss Alice K. Leftwich, is meeting with remarkable success in the concert field. She studied with Miss Leftwich while here, getting her diploma in piano in 1920, and a general certificate in 1921. She came here from Butler, Ind. Since leaving she has studied with Alexander Raab at the Chicago Musical College and with Frank La Farge in New York. She is now making a concert tour with Marie Houston, a well-known and charming soprano, in Florida where they are meeting with great success, in costume recitals. Later, they will make a similar tour in Ohio, and in the spring have an engagement for a concert tour of the New England states.

EXPRESSION CLASS PLAYS

On Tuesday night, February 15, Miss Townsend's Certificate Expression students gave four delightful plays and a little skit. These plays were given marvelously well. There was only a week's preparation on each.

The casts of the three plays were as follows:

The Florist Shop: Elaine Frost, Margaret Helen Huddleston, Katherine Amos, Hewell Given, and Josephine Rankin.

Ever Young: Blanche Motley, Rose Morrison, Margaret Inault, and Mary Virginia Hu.

Dress Rehearsal of Hamlet: Ruth Browning, Regina Kelless, Sarah Swain, Allie O'Mohundra, Anne Parant, Doris Nathan, Susan Vaughn, Helen Johnson, Lucille Smith, and Alice Carr.

BANQUET OF THE FRENCH ALLIANCE

The girls of the advanced department of French at Ward-Belmont, were, indeed, delighted when they learned that the Nashville French Alliance (of which most of them are members), was to give a banquet. Their excitement gained ten-fold when it was discovered that the girls were to wear evening dress to the affair.

Many were the preparations, and many were the groups to be seen gathered here and there, carefully practicing the very best of social French.

On the dot of five-thirty, the girls gathered in North Front, and with Madame Beitz, Miss Allison and Miss Amis, set out for the Centennial Club. When they arrived, they were graciously welcomed by the members of the club, and ushered to the upper floor, where wraps were removed. Then the girls met various members of the Alliance, and were charmingly entertained until dinner was announced.

Dinner was served in the auditorium of the Centennial Club, at small round tables, charmingly glowing with pink and white decorations. The dinner itself was beautifully served, and a veritable banquet.

The after-dinner talks were representative of the talent of the Alliance. Monsieur Rochdieu, who taught at Ward-Belmont last year, was one of the principal speakers.

DE LUCA'S PUPIL SINGS WITH GIGLI

A signal honor has come to another of the pupils of Signor G. S. De Luca, for John Lewis, through arrangements made by his teacher sang with Beniamino Gigli, the famous Metropolitan opera star, in his concert here Friday night.

Naturally, all the Ward-Belmont girls were excited over hearing Gigli, but it was thrilling, too, to think that the director of Ward-Belmont's vocal department has scored another triumph, for Mr. Lewis's appearance was just that. He has a baritone voice and has only recently begun his serious studies with Signor De Luca.

Nashville papers carried long articles about this additional honor which has come to the teacher of MacPherson and pictures of Mr. Lewis. A letter from Gigli to Signor De Luca was reproduced in which the famous singer paid tribute to the director's "reputation as a master of Italian bel Canto," and asked that Mr. Lewis, who had recently made an audition at the Metropolitan be allowed to sing with him.

The concert was wonderful as all the girls who went—and it seemed as if the whole school were there—can testify.

MACPHERSON TO SING IN NASHVILLE

Joseph MacPherson will sing in Nashville, April 22.

To those who are familiar with the tremendous success with which the young Nashvillian met in and since his recent debut with the Metropolitan Opera Company, in New York, the statement needs no qualifying—the name "MacPherson" itself is enough to assure an outstanding performance.

To those who do not know of him so well, the fact that in two years under the training of Signor G. S. De Luca, of Ward-Belmont, he has made his debut in grand opera, will arouse admiration; his unprecedented acclamation throughout the country will awaken curiosity of his genius; and the fact that in a recent all-star concert, Maria Jeriza and MacPherson were the outstanding artists, will be proof that such praise is justified.

Mr. MacPherson is at present working on his part in the "King's Henchman," which will be presented for the first time, February 17, in New York. According to word received, tickets for this opera have been sold out a month ago.

Saturday, January 30, MacPherson sang in "Aida," and on January 31, appeared in a concert. In another concert, February 6, he received four curtain calls and was a complete success, according to critics, who added that the newly-discovered singer now acts with a great deal of assurance, which he slightly lacked before.

Signor De Luca has announced that another pupil of his, whose name will be published later, will be an assisting artist in the MacPherson concert.

ACADEMIC NOTES

The History of Art Classes are beginning the study of the early Renaissance paintings.

The Hygiene Classes for all students who desire diplomas from either high school or college opened last week.

The Certificate Expression Class gave four plays Tuesday night in observance of National Drama week.

Celebration of George Washington's birthday. Hark ye! for the good ole' days have returned. On February 22 George and Martha Washington are going to be right here in Ward-Belmont. There will be a delicious dinner after which the honored couple will head their colonial followers in the stately minut. So haste, all ye, who would take part in this happy festival. Let all the Georges bring out their knee-trousers, their fancy collars and cuffs and their buckled shoes. Powder well your fair tresses, ye Marthas. Hoop up your skirts like true colonial maidens. As the clock tolls the hour of six assemble in Recreation Hall to join the procession for the banquet.

BUSINESS MANAGER OF MILESTONES CHOSEN

In the announcement of the Milestones elections last week, one of the most important offices was omitted, for no mention was made of the election of Jessamine Dagggett, of Marianna, Ark., to the position of business manager. Jessamine was chosen because of her well-known ability for going straight to the heart of things, and the school feels that no better choice could have been made for the handling of the complicated business of the school annual, which, by the way, according to rumors, promises to be extraordinarily interesting this year.

Elizabeth Franklin, of Warren, Ohio, was chosen assistant art editor, and will help Alice Ingram with the designs which are sure to be clever, considering the two girls who have them in charge.

THEATRE SETTINGS DESIGNED BY PUPILS OF MISS TOWNSEND

This week seems to be one of showing just how successful Ward-Belmont pupils are, for besides all the other triumphs mentioned in this issue, there is still another proof that people do learn in W.-B. classes. For the class in the Drama Workshop has one of the most attractive windows in any of the down-town stores, at the bookshop of R. M. Mills. The settings are worthy to be copied by any aspiring Little Theater, now that it has come into its own, and Miss Townsend is certainly to be congratulated upon turning out pupils who can "turn out" such proof of their ability.

ALUMNAE NOTES

Mamie Dee Long, a former Ward-Belmont girl, of Springfield, Tennessee, was here February 7, to visit Margaret Dagggett. She expects to go to New York to study Costume Design.





Who has a Birthday This Month?

Are you like the girl who forgets her girl-friend's birthday until she scarcely has time to select a gift? Of course it is never satisfactory when selected in such haste.

Look at the calendar today - - you'll find Mother, Father and others, who have always remembered you, have birthdays soon.

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Special Menu on Mondays for

WARD-BELMONT GIRLS



Sunday evening at Vespers Ward-Belmont was again honored by the presence of Dr. Albert C. Holt. Dr. Holt is always warmly welcomed by the student body, and as usual he gave us many things to think about. He spoke of some of the outstanding qualities of character exhibited in the woman of Shunem, and urged that we, too, be great in our day, in the same way she was great in hers.

Judging from the snatches of conversation that were heard in the corridors last Sunday morning as the girls were leaving Sunday school, the preceding half hour had evidently been a very wide awake one. Come and discover for yourself whether it is that interesting every Sunday. Discussing together situations that all of us meet in our every-day life, and trying to find out just what Jesus would do about them, is a challenging thing and one full of zest.

Since her election to the Milestone staff, as editor-in-chief, Margaret In-sull has tendered her resignation as the Y.W.C.A. reporter to the Hyphen. The resignation was accepted by the cabinet with great regret and with expressions of appreciation for the service that she has rendered the "Y" this year. We are fortunate in securing Catherine Leavett to take Margaret's place.

In addition to the daily paper, there will soon be placed in the "Y" room, copies of "Vogue," "Good Housekeeping," and the "American Magazine." Come in often and read and enjoy them.

Jessamine Daggett and Marjorie Moss will attend the sessions of the Student Christian Conference of Tennessee as representative of the Ward-Belmont Y.W.C.A. This conference, which is held in Nashville at Scarritt College from the 18th to 20th of February, is meeting for the purpose of considering campus and world problems that are of interest to Christian students.

Virginia Bidwell, of Kansas City, Missouri, has been chosen by the Y.W.C.A. to attend the Southern Inquiry Conference at Blue Ridge, North Carolina, from August 24th to 31st. Representatives from the leading colleges and universities of the South will be present.

CHAPEL NOTES

Tuesday, February 8, 1927.

Mr. Barton was very interesting Tuesday, when he spoke on Friendliness. After reading the parable of

the Good Samaritan, he listed eight requisites of Friendliness—neighborliness, approach, contact, ministration, compassion, hospitality, doing something for which you expect no return, and finally, making provision for one when there is no other source from whence provision might come.

These requisites of friendliness might well be applied to our school life; thus Mr. Barton's talk was doubly interesting.

Wednesday, February 9, 1927.

Milestone election.

Thursday, February 10, 1927.

Announcements.

Friday, February 11, 1927.

Senior meeting in chapel.

Saturday, February 12, 1927.

"Sincerity," said Mr. Barton, "was one of the outstanding traits of Lincoln's character." No man ever had a keener sense of humor, and yet insincerity did not appeal to him. He had his convictions and he was ready to die for them. Lincoln believed that everyone should try; if we never try we never succeed. Mr. Barton pointed out that it was a philosophy such as this that made a man of humble origin, one of America's three greatest men.

An announcement was made that the school would offer a trip to Muscle Shoals either February 28 or March 7. The party will leave Nashville at seven o'clock in the morning by special train and will return that evening.

Nominations were made and an election held for the selection of George and Martha Washington. Rose Morrison was chosen to represent George, and Myrtle Carter to represent Martha.

IN A SHOP

Hers were the kind of jolly traits
A person reads about,
The person with the friendly smile,
With eyes so blue and round and gay,
With joy just bursting out—
You'd love to have her 'round—
And arms so tender and appealing.
Her forehead never knew a frown—
I stopped and looked at her and wonder-

If she was as good all through,
And I wished I could have tied her
up

In a bundle to send to you.
She didn't see me I don't think,
Although I almost stared her through
She was buying toys for someone,
I wonder if they knew?

DE LUCA'S PUPILS AT CENTENNIAL CLUB

Mr. John Lewis, baritone, and Dr. A. W. Wright, tenor, pupils of Signor G. S. de Luca, will give a recital February 28, sponsored by the musical department of the Centennial Club. Mr. Lewis appeared this week in concert with Gagli.

A. K. ACTIVITIES

A regular club meeting was held Wednesday, February 9. Various committees met to discuss the dance while the other members-prepared decorations.

The entire session was devoted to business.

A TOUR OF THE CLUB HOUSES

Sunday evening, having nothing to do but study, and having no inclination in that direction, I decided to hunt up my side-kick and make a tour of the little village.

We went first to the Anti-Pandora house and, after playing all their records, consisting of "Farmers in the Dell" and "Bye, Bye, Blacksheep," we decided that this club was, indeed, too childish.

The T. C. house was decorated in a deep, warm red, emphasized by the thick, heavy rugs and the soft, rosy glow of the lamps. Several of the members were curled up reading.

Next to this we came to the Del Ver house where we stopped to hear their beautiful new radio. As we listened to Mary Lewis singing from New York, we admired the gay blue window drapes and the prettily furnished sun parlor.

Thence to the Tri K house where, after several timid knocks, the door was stealthily opened and we came upon what seemed to be a group of hushed members listening to Miss Morrison tell ghost stories. It was cozy and home-like and, with a hasty look at the big, comfy furniture and the soft, shaded lamps, we left the happy family.

The Penta Tau house was welcomingly locked to all comers—we learned from a member, later the doors stick—but as we peered in the windows we noticed that the members had procured many candles as a first aid to our erratic lighting system.

The X. L. house could be heard all over the campus. The usual crowd sat on the floor, chairs and window-sills around the piano, singing. We scarcely noticed the furnishings but we were made to feel much at home and knew we would enjoy going back again.

Next on our tour was the Osiron house, where much battering on doors stopped the musical attempts inside. We were ushered in and, after curious inspection of the saxophone, xylophone, and other musical instruments, we talked for awhile to the wise little owl on the mantel. Chintz was used very effectively in this house.

The Agora house was splendid but deserted. Handsome rugs and draperies, beautiful chandeliers, and a large gold mirror were rather offset by the prevalent odor of doughnuts. After I had made an unsuccessful raid on the pantry and kitchen and my chum had struggled with "You Gotta See Mama Every Night," on the piano, we left to continue our journey.

The A. K. house was also deserted. As we strolled into the living room we nearly hung—I mean hanged—ourselves on the clotheslines. Intrigued by this trap, we set about to see what valuables were so well protected. All we found was some good new books, a Cosmopolitan, College Humor, and Sun-

day Scandal Sheet. We are going down to indulge some night soon, but we will beware of pitfalls next time we enter.

Speaking of literature, the F. F. house has quite the interesting bookshelf. It consists of three copies of "Hymns of Worship and Service." As we were now at the last stop on our journey we spent the rest of the evening playing "Drifting and Dreaming" on the F. F. phonograph.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON

"Oh, wasn't that the best dinner! I don't care if my hips are getting to look like hoop skirts. I ate two pieces of cake. Gee, I wish it would clear up and be nice for once. LOOK! Quick! C'mere! Did you see that CAR? The sweetest boy was driving. Oh, look what's coming! Oh h h! Did you ever see such a precious—My dear! The best looking mauve roadster! Here comes the special man! D'you think John sent me one? Well, he just better! If I don't hear from him today I won't write for weeks and weeks and—How many days till we go home? I haven't marked off today yet. I guess I'll mark tomorrow too 'cause Monday I'm always busy. Ho! Hum! What time is it? Oh, I'm just starved and an hour till tea. Guess I'll study. No, I guess I'll write to the family. Where's my pen? Well, why haven't you seen it?"

"Oh, I'm so hungry. Haven't we anything to eat? Hey! haven't we got a thing to eat? Did I wake you up? So sorry! Well, you don't think I did it on purpose do you, and I wish you would stop talking so I can finish this letter."

"Come in! Why, Ellen, where'd you come from? Haven't you got anything to eat? No, we haven't or we'd be eating. I guess you'd better get in the closet. Oh, don't go! Well, come back again when—Did she see you? Get behind the trunk! Remember we told you to leave and you wouldn't. Oh, well, I meant to. Whew! She's gone back to her room again. My dear! I never was so scared! One more minor and I go to counsel. You'd better go now while she's at the other end of the hall. Wait—if you find any FOOD remember me. Now I ask you, roommate, if you'd wear a basque waist like that with a figger like hers? What shall I wear to tea? I think that boy is going to sing and I must look nice. I'm not silly but he is cute. Oh, stop talking! You make me sick; you said he was PRECIOUS last time. Yes, you did!"

And such and thus continues the roommate till tea.

CURRENT EVENT CLUB

Mr. Dodd and the Economics Students met Saturday afternoon, February 12, to organize a current events club. The plans for the discussion of world interest topics once a week were talked over, and the following officers were elected: President, Jessamine Daggett; vice-president, Julia Smithers; secretary, Margaret Brad-

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Application for second-class entry pending.

EDITORIAL

If one goes along playing the game of life squarely, she acquires friendships which she cherishes always, and leaves behind her a trail of happiness and appreciation of a well-spent life. If she is constantly "bullying" her way through to gain all possible of this world's goods, her life is sordid and inconsequential and people look upon her with scorn and contempt.

Or, drawing our comparison upon a smaller scale, the basketball or football team that wins a hard-fought battle is not always the one with whom the admiration of the onlookers rests, for a person or team that has played a game squarely and lost is far more worthy of commendation than the one that has won by unfair means.

One of the hardest positions in life to hold is that of a good loser, for she must hold up her head and smile in the face of defeat while the laurels and compliments are being heaped upon her vanquisher.

Jesus tells us that we may not take with us any of this world's goods, but are we not credited, in the final reckoning for every act of kindness performed, every word of solace and comfort spoken in this life's journey? And so does it not seem that it is the way we play the game—however insignificant that game may be—and not the final score, that counts?

JUST LISTEN TO THIS

I don't know whether I'm supposed to "die-vulge" the names of the Benevolent Ladies or not, but I heard that Miss Crossgrove and Miss Rhea are each offering \$5 for the best contribution for the Milestone this year. Ten whole dollars, just think of it! Now that they were good and generous, everyone of you Hyphen readers get busy and write or draw—anything to win that prize.

The contribution may be an essay, a short story, a piece of art, or any idea you have if you work it out cleverly. Don't have an inferiority complex; get busy now; take your time, and work when the mind is ready and the flesh is willing.

THE OBSERVER

There are more ways than one of ending a dance. Ellen proved that when she slid down the stairs while practicing her dance for the tea.

Miss Hollinger told of having once hired a boy to catch 100 butterflies for her for 10 cents. Something tells us we shouldn't like to work for her.

Sunday night wild sounds cut the stillness. And some of us thought it was a cat fight. There must still be some pep in Founders in spite of everything.

Some of us had plenty of thrills over Valentine telegrams until we found that some others were just like ours. Positively unkind of the Western Union to send out prepared messages, say we.

Someone wants to know if you get soap in your eyes would you weep soap bubbles?

Fritzie is becoming the proverbial evil spirit in middle March. In no so long her rule will be over. We sigh in relief.

We didn't realize what bipeds Beeby Sachet possessed until Janet Carter put on Beeby's oxforas. There's more than one way of showing people up, isn't there, Janet?

The location of the chemistry room might be improved. The fragrant odors that are wafted up to 207 are sometimes a bit too strong, aren't they, Virginia?

Miss Hollinger, elucidating on modern "miracles," "Why before long we may all be carrying little pairs of wings with us. Then we can just take to flight any time we want to." That'd be a grand way of finding out angel's tactics for some of us who will never know otherwise.

At the Del Vus party, Nancy evidently forgot she wasn't in the frozen north. Those snowballs weren't to be thrown, Nancy. And speaking of the party, Naomi surely did deceive us for a while. We never would have thought it.

ADVICE UPON HOW TO GET ALONG IN SCHOOL

1. First of all make the acquaintance of Miss Hawks and Mrs. Armstrong. Being tardy a few times will bring you into contact with Mrs. Armstrong. If that doesn't work though, just try skipping a few classes. Changing your schedule of your own accord will undoubtedly lead to a conference with Miss Hawks.
2. Run or slide down the stairs—that's what they're there for—besides their purpose in aiding clothing merchants. And be sure to patronize our advertisers.
3. Be sure to wander around other halls during study hours. It marks your individuality as well as acquainting you with all monitors and hostesses.
4. Always carry a pack of books with you and feign that thoughtful, dreamy expression so impressive to teachers.
5. Always say, "I don't know" when called upon to recite. The instructors like short, concise statements.

6. Write and carve your name and those of your club and state on everything available, especially furniture. It's one way of securing publicity.

7. Walk through Red Hall every night about nine o'clock. There's nothing quite like enjoying other people's dates.

LIZA WRITES HOME

Mother, dearest:

Did you think that your onliest *cheid* had left this weary world of 'we thought of no one word to her mother?'

I've thought of you 'most every minute but new schedules, Valen-time, and spring fever seem to take up every bit of time.

Now, to business. Do you think that you could gently break some news to father for me? But first, let me break it to you, darling. Now sit down, take a nice long breath and proceed—I just *must* go to Europe this summer! I can't sleep at night for the thrill at the thought of it.

No, mumsy, I'm not sailing away by my lonesome. There is the loveliest Ward-Belmont party going. I just can't miss it, and remember I've been promised a European trip. I'm sure you'll understand, mother, and want to send your Innocence abroad.

Prepare for another shock. I have a *crash* on education (especially when combined with pleasure, and this trip will be the essence of them both). Just think how much I will know and how proud you will be when I get home. Of course, I could wait and go with friends as we had planned. That would be fun—but you know me. Why, I wouldn't even know what country we were in unless we had spaghetti!

My sweet Dad is going to get a similar epistle soon. Use your own judgment as to how and when to break the news, but please remember that I just *must* go. Miss Ross is so wonderful, and Mrs. Byran—the sweet one that I wrote you about—will make it perfect. Now, let's have silent prayer for a good old cotton crop, and leave the rest to

Your loving
Liza

COUNCIL ELECTIONS

During the hours from 2:30 to 5:30 p.m., on February 4, the students of Ward-Belmont cast their votes for the election of members to Student Council. Caroline Cosgrove, of Muskogee, Okla., was elected president; Katherine McKee, of Oconomowoc, Wis., first vice-president, and Mabel West, of Uvalde, Texas, second vice-president. These three girls served on council last term and have shown that they have the ability to fill the positions to which they have been elected. Dorothy Brain, of Tiffney, Ohio, was chosen secretary; Claire Packard, of Chicago, Ill., treasurer; Georgia Charles, of Knoxville, Ill., chapel proctor, and Katherine Amos, of Charleston, W. Va., general proctor. All of these girls are representative girls of the school. Only girls who are alert, who have keenness and fairness of judgment are suitable for such offices and are able to make stu-

dent government a success. In the past, Ward-Belmont has found student government most effective and the school expects a successful year from the new council, having so many gifted girls on it.

SENIOR TEA DANCE

Dangling hearts, ribbon streamers, and soft laughter mingled with music made the setting for a tea dance given by the second year college class for the seniors, Monday afternoon from four to six.

The guests gained admittance through either of the two hearts which were the doors to this scene of merriment, and were received by Miss Norris and Margaret Ellen Douty.

The special number must have been originated by Cupid himself, for stepping from the large lady Valentine at the top of the stairs a real lover-began to serenade the daintiest, quaintest little lady, who suddenly left him to dance with an elf—only to dash back to the protection of the Valentine. Eleanor Gray took the part of the lover; Ellen Robinson was the petite lady; Jan Emerson took the part of the elf.

Music for both the special number and dancing was furnished by Vito's orchestra.

The refreshments were delightful and suggested St. Valentine's Day.

THE DEL VER DANCE

The gym last Saturday evening was so beautifully clothed in shades of blue that one would scarcely have guessed it to be the barren, undecorated room that it is in every day dress. The decorations for the dance, which took place Saturday evening, were like exquisite shades of blue, graduating from the lightest to the deepest, almost mid-night blue shades. From the balcony were hung long streamers of crepe paper carrying out these shades. At the far end of the room was suspended a delicate silver new-moon on a field of mid-night blue. Over the whole scene was shed the soft shaded light of side lamps.

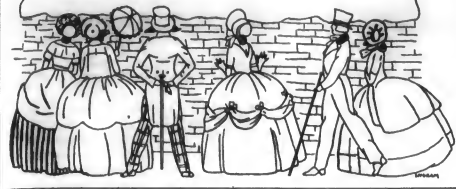
The guests were received by the officers and sponsors of the club and dancing went gaily on for an hour or more.

The special feature of the evening was very lovely and in keeping with the whole idea of a moonlight dance. Utter darkness was cast over all for a moment, then the moon, seeming to come from under the clouds, showed to the spectators that she held in her crescent shape a charming girl in robes of variegated shades of blue. Hopping down from the moon, she was led in a gay dance by "the man in the moon." At last, as they finished the dance, they led off in a grand march which all the guests joined in and received slender little hammered-silver bud vases, bearing the club insignia, D. V.

The refreshments carried out also the color scheme.

Every guest hated to hear the strains of *Home Sweet Home*, for it meant that their happy evening at this truly lovely dance must end.

The Diary of Mistress Belle Ward.



Wednesday, February 8.

Well—started the day all wrong by getting up at six A. M. to study my psych. and then I didn't learn anything—at least I wasn't mentally or physically able to write anything on the little exam we had.

Went to sleep in chapel but woke up in plenty of time to be dismissed. Went to sleep again third hour though.

Minut-ed for at least two hours in gym this P.M. The partner and I were doing it a-la-jazz—that is until Miss Morrison saw us—then we rivaled George and Martha themselves.

Tea roomed to recover and became so fearfully refreshed I broke down and read Pepsy's Diary by way of letting off steam.

Tripped the light fantastic in the gym after dinner—like I hadn't seen enough of that place for one day—and was so worn out I couldn't study one speck during study hour. Played three games of Solitaire, but luck was against me, so guess I'll go to bed now.

Good night, dear diary—Pleasant dreams.

Wednesday, February 9.

Went to Bible but didn't make such a big hit since I hadn't read the lesson and made the fatal mistake of admitting it. Never again!

Recited with gusto in all my other classes, which more than made up for my one blunder.

Got *weighed* today! And the blow nearly proved fatal! Really must start dieting tomorrow—and this time honest-to-goodness diet! Say I cut out spinach, and baked apples, and celery just to start out, and then I'll add something more each day!

Club *ce soir* and I never laughed so in all my life! I'm firmly convinced that I must needs have a jazz wedding—at least there'll be no danger of any one's breaking it up by laughing—so I spent all study hour sending Bill the plans.

Haven't done a speck of studying, but what's that in my young life? Nothing!!

Thursday, February 10.

Didn't know my history lesson, so about the time Miss Rhea was ready to call on me I pulled the old trusty nose bleed and left the class. Stayed out till two seconds before the bell so there'd be no danger of her calling on me. Now how's that for brains! Didn't know my psych either so I looked awfully interested and ready to recite—and for a wonder it worked!

Dusted out my mail box in hopes of finding something caught somewhere in it—but was foiled as usual—Poor neglected che-ild—that's me! Friday, February 11.

Recited at great length in all my classes—hence worked up a huge appetite—hence guzzled to an unladylike extent—hence was scarcely able to walk unsupported from the dining room.

Hygiene has started. Went today just to see what it was all about, but gave Miss Sison the roommate's number so she couldn't track me!

I sure am a bright girl!

Was much too late to study by the time I had cold-creamed my nose and braided my hair—so guess I'll just go to bed and forget my troubles.

Saturday, February 12.

Broke down and studied French first hour, and consequently shocked Madame Besiat nearly into spasms when I actually recited. Otherwise *no soap* as far as classes were concerned.

The social peanut rated the dance—and did she ever have a grand time!! Wheel! Who says you can't have fun at these strictly female dances! Sunday, February 13.

Well—it lived up to its name! Wish congress would pass an act either striking thirteenth of the calendar or giving us permission to sleep all day.

Every thing went wrong! Monday, February 14.

Had a filling time at the college special tea. Ate everything I could catch—and all the roomie could, too. Sure is awful to have such an appetite! 'Twas a fine tea—and a good time it was had by all!

Wish Valentine Day came more often. I got the world's loveliest flowers, and candy, and everything. Guess life is worth living after all!

ALUMNAE NOTES

Glady's Brown who was here last year is attending Junior College in her home, Weatherford, Texas. She is editor of the "Coyote," the school paper; also she is assistant editor of the "Oak Leaves" school annual.

MOVIE

"The Blonde Saint," with Doris Kenyon and Lewis Stone. It sounded thrilling and it was thrilling! In fact, breath-taking thrills, once started, came in such rapid succession that the audience was almost swept off its feet by the excitement. A ruffian, murder-seeking trio on a Mediterranean island, a plague, a temple which devoured its victims by a huge revolving trap floor all helped to give high-strung interest in the picture. Doris Kenyon and Lewis Stone easily lived up to their reputations as fine actors, making the picture dramatic as well as merely thrilling.

KILTIE BAND TO COME HERE

Any girls with a leaning toward Scotch plaid will be delighted to know that the Kiltie Band will be here on next Friday, and will give a real Scotch program. The occasion for the plaid invasion is that the Border Chamber of Commerce, composed of business men from Canadian cities along the border of the United States and Canada, are coming to Nashville. The headquarters of the organization are at Windsor, Ontario, just across from Detroit. All reports say that the band is as "snappy" when it comes to playing as it is with its costumes.

Why in the world
Are some people always
Ready to be discouraged and
Downhearted, and trying to
Borrow trouble?
Everybody should just
Love to live, and
Make the most of their
Opportunities, because
Not everybody can boast
To the world, "I'm from
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PERSONALS

Novice Graves spent the afternoon with her brother on Saturday, February 12.

Virginia Donaldson and Ines Barnes had dinner Saturday evening with Mrs. H. J. Grimes.

Helen Johnson was the guest of Miss Brazley on Saturday afternoon.

Alice Rodes spent the week-end at her home in Bowling Green, Ky.

Virginia Farmer, Elizabeth Goode, and Nell House spent the week-end at Nell's home in Gallatin, Tenn.

Catherine Blackman spent the day Saturday, with her mother.

Margaret Standford spent the week-end with her father.

Shirley Hardaway was the guest of Mrs. Marelli, Saturday afternoon.

Dorothy Townsend spent the week-end with her aunt.

Martha Laurent spent the day and had tea with her parents Sunday, February 13.

Edna Loughridge spent Sunday afternoon with her brother.

Catherine Francez had tea with her sister, Sunday, February 13.

Lavinia Rose and June Edgar were the guests of Mrs. Goodlett on Sunday afternoon.

Virginia Hood, Marietta Duncan and Irene Patterson were entertained Sunday by Mr. and Mrs. Tyson.

Mildred Threat and Beth Christian spent the day with Mrs. Harrington on Sunday.

June Miller was entertained by Mrs. Herrin on Sunday.

Harriett Coudit had tea with Mrs. Marelli, Sunday.

Mary Dunn and June Miller spent Sunday afternoon with Mrs. Barthell and Elizabeth.

Margaret Dixon was entertained by her uncle, Mr. Knight, on Sunday afternoon.

Julia Stiles had tea Sunday with her uncle, Mr. Reynolds.

Edna Johnson spent Sunday with her uncle, Mr. J. N. Jones.

Rose Morrison spent Sunday night with her sister.

Margaret Cobb spent Monday afternoon with Mrs. Murray.

ALUMNAE NOTES

Mr. and Mrs. Lon Dickey of Fitzgerald, Ga., have announced the marriage of their daughter, Athleen, to Mr. Kenneth Curtis Crouse of Jersey City, N. J. The marriage took place in Old Trinity Church in New York City in October. Mr. and Mrs. Crouse are now making their home in Fitzgerald.

Athleen Dickey will be remembered as the popular president of the Tri-K Club, and as being the girl who was chosen the most popular of all the student body. She took her physical education diploma here in 1923.

TRI-K KUMBACKS

Can you imagine Kitty Steger as a preacher? or Sally Swain as the bride of Catherine Blackman? Well, we couldn't either until we saw them in the flesh at the jazz wedding we had in club last Wednesday. Joe Strain, dressed in a little yellow chiffon frock with a big pink bow in her hair, made a perfectly charming flower girl. Among the guests were Mrs. Dorothy Lowther with her three dear little girls, Katherine Whiteley, Elizabeth Browne and Doria Yochum; old Miss Martha Proctor, who seemed to be suffering with a bad cold and Dorothy Stover who was dressed as an old-fashioned girl. After the wedding the bride and groom gave an informal reception and dance. A good time was had by all.

BOWLING

The bowling tournament concluded with the individual bowling match, for the individual championship and varsity. The four high scores were, Mary Dorothea Walker, 169; Edith Jones, 141; Mary Pearl Moores, 131; and Carolyn Smith, 130.

Mary Dorothea Walker, by scoring the highest number of points, has won for herself the bowling championship. The four are the varsity team and will be awarded varsity bowling letters.

"STYLE CENTER OF THE SOUTH"

THE NEW VARSITY GIRL
OXFORDS and Snappy Ties
Just Received for Spring

Priced \$8.50 . . . \$9.00 . . . \$10.50

BELL'S BOOTERIES

FEMININE FOOTWEAR
504 Church Street Nashville, Tenn.

AT MRS. BRYAN'S

Mrs. Claiborne N. Bryan was hostess at four o'clock tea on Saturday afternoon, to about twenty-five Ward-Belmont girls, at her home, 2015 15th Ave.

Mrs. J. D. Blanton poured tea, and was assisted by Mary Elizabeth Cayce and Sarah Bryan. The color scheme was yellow, and carried out the suggestion of spring.

The guests were Marietta Duncan, Carol Joerns, Blanche Motley, Alice Norrdewitz, Ines Scruggs, Ruth Hamerly, Edna Loubridge, Marian Sherman, Dorothy Duncan, Irene Patterson, Eleanor Gray, Ruth Rathell, Margaret Witherspoon, Lila Phelps, Jean Haynes, Sarah Hilton, Myrtle Carter, Grace Burney, Nell Hoge, Catherine Whitley, Estelle Megge, Mary Elizabeth Casey and Miss Rosa.

WEDDINGS

Annie Louise Fuller ('24), to Mr. Charles Frederick Gaven on Saturday evening, February 19, 1927, at eight-thirty o'clock. The ceremony will be performed at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Morgan Fuller, of 5223 Vernon Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

MR. GOODMAN PLAYS AT CLUB MEETING

One of the most interesting programs of the year was given at the monthly meeting of the local chapter of American Association of University Women. Monday at the Centennial Club, when Lawrence Goodman, director of the piano department at Ward-Belmont, played. Mr. Goodman, who is a noted pianist, is in much demand and members of the club were enthusiastic over the privilege of having an entire program by him.

THE GOLDEN DANCER

This is Cyril Hume's newest book. Some say his best; certainly it is a departure from "The Wife of the Centaur" and "Crusoe Fellowship." There is more of story, of plot, perhaps, in "The Golden Dancer" but there is little of that quality peculiar to Mr. Hume of translation of emotion into exquisite speech.

The story is of a young millhand who wants to get away before the stupidity of his daily life enslaves him. So one day he did something that is the heart's desire of many persons; he dropped everything and walked away—where? anywhere—just away. You see he had been reading of ineffable things foreign to his daily life. And it is very bad for one's self-satisfaction and placid contentment to read of ineffable things foreign to one's life. Things such as green forests and wood nymphs and joyous living; things a young millhand need never know. But having heard of them he needs must find them. And most of all, he wanted to find a girl, who, he was positive, waited somewhere; a girl like Daphne. Daphne, you know, is a wood nymph, young and sweet and quite lovely. And his ideal girl is like Daphne. We

are led to expect great things from this poetic, half-mystic beginning.

But what happens is this: Albert—that's his name—gets a ride on a truck and goes to a town far away and starts working at the drug store as a "soda-jerker." He meets Ellie, who is little and brown-haired and has big, soft eyes; Ellie, who recalls the old dreams of Daphne. But he doesn't get to see Ellie much, because she lives out in the country and doesn't come in the very often. Albert is such an excellent soda-jerker that when he starts a little summer garden back of the drug store it becomes a very popular place. The people like him and all goes well; that is, until a rumor of boot-legging starts, a false rumor. Unhappily, the townspeople do not know it is false. They get suddenly virtuous, and boycott Albert's summer garden. Albert grows more and more discouraged, and finally leaves the town. But he finds Ellie again and, Ellie, it appears, is Daphne, personified.

This is, of course, only the bare outline of the plot, it takes no cognizance of the remarkable power of Mr. Hume of delineating emotion. You'll like this book because of its insight, through a shell of practicability and commonplaceness, into the heart of youth.

THE OLD HOUSE

Why not go on and tear it down?
The old house by the stream.
No one here knows its history
And no one knows its dream.

Of course, it's full of memories
Of dust and dirt and things—
And no one now lives in it
Or shares the joy it brings.

Suppose I take you there with me
And tell you things I know
That happened within its walls
So many years ago?

Upon this porch the old folks sat
And watched the twilight fall,
And many famous balls were held
In the old reception hall.

Think of the things these mirrors
have seen,
The stories they could tell
Of the merry white-haired gallants
And the quaint hoop-skirted belles.

While down this dear curved staircase
The Duchess herself once came,
And she slept at night in this high
bed,
And this room bears her name.

Look here from her own window
And see the things she saw—
The tower that concealed her husband
When he feared the red-coat law.

And in this garden she wandered,
She walked on this cobble-stone
path—
She loved each flower and grieved
When each bud bloomed its last.

Why not go on and tear it down,
Just an old house by the stream.
Perhaps it is weary of a lonely life
Peopled only with its dreams.

Peeping Ahead in the Fashion Calendar!

THAT'S the everlasting job of Lebeck Bros. Buyers—and their alertness is reflected in the intriguing styles, the clever accessories smart women will wear now, next month and the month after.

To the girls of Ward-Belmont we extend an invitation to make Lebeck's your style headquarters—and if there is any way we can assist you we stand ready to do so.

If you keep up with the traditions of your Alma Mater you'll be sure to be intimately acquainted with this big, friendly store.

Lebeck Bros.

Collegiate Footwear

Three Prices Only—

\$5.85 \$6.85 \$7.85

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Delicious Ices
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HATS—DRESSES—COATS
Attractively Grouped for
Women—Misses—Juniors

QUEST

The girl sat still, her body tense, listening. Her book lay open before her, but she was not reading. She nervously toyed with the large pin clasped at her throat; and ever her glances strayed to the hands of the small leather traveling clock on the table before her. The light from the shaded lamp fell glowingly upon the table, here making the bronze tiger book end glint and there casting a grotesque shadow behind the sturdy ink well. Had it not been for the restlessness of the girl, the scene would have been one of great peace, but without, the feeling of fear pene-

trated the whole room. The tiger book ends seemed to be watchful and ready to spring, and the little clock ticked nervously. Then somewhere far away a bell rang. The girl rose, tall and slender, a most commanding figure. She hastily threw a cloak about her and, opening the door, descended the long winding staircase. She then passed through a long dark hall and down another stairway. Faster and faster she went, heedless of other hurrying figures. Her heart pounded. Would it be there? At the end of the hall she stopped. Stooping she turned the handle of the small glass box, and with a sigh of relief, drew out a letter. Jim hadn't forgotten to write, after all.

STYLES IN HAIR

Woman's crowning glory seems to have become decidedly temperamental this year. As the keynote to developing one's personality it is invaluable and in its flexibility of character from one day to the next it proves that variety IS the spice of life.

For breakfast the coiffeur is quite *au naturel*. Sometimes it is enhanced by the once over of a comb, but usually it can merely be marked present.

For the morning classes wear it becomingly adorned by water-wave combs. A hat is usually worn over this either to keep inquisitive instructors from investigating—or to save one's voice.

At luncheon a boyish bob is most efficient. It does not interfere with the soup or detract your attention from Miss Morrison's announcements.

The next step in the development of one's flowing tresses is the peroxidizing of it for Chemist's Lab. Dr. Hollingshead will explain the reaction of this H₂O₂ as giving *staining* of the brain—either as a result or a cause.

After everyone has noted and commented on your goldlocks you must prepare for basketball. This treatment is successfully accomplished with dye, golden glint, or red ink. The ink is recommended as being the most ruddy and the least permanent. Apply diligently and unsparingly and you will be surprised to see how your BRILLIANT play will completely baffle your opponent and win the everlasting approval of Miss Jeter.

For dinner you will wear your hair up. By up we mean enticed behind the ears by means of wisp wave combs. To get the most upwash effect the combs should be long enough to give the appearance of horns.

For that date at 7:20, clear the track on one side and get it all in one little knot (we mean knot) on the other side. Be sure and maneuver yourself so that the knot is on the outside of the sofa. The chaperone will concentrate on the knot with admiration and, if it is big enough, the B. F. may demonstrate his admiration on the other side.

Saturday night, particularly if you rate a bid to the dance, is the time when special attention must be paid to the hair. It must be long by all means and by any means including wigs, switches, or mattress stuffing. It is a matter of earnings whether you wear your hair over both ears, over one, or over neither. If you have lost one erring or found one, as the case may be, and you wish to wear your hair behind one ear, a completely lop-sided effect may be gained by adopting the diagonal part. It begins on the forehead S. S. E. and continues without detour to the back of the head N. N. W. If you intend to let either or both ears show, please, PLEASE wash them unless you wish to be mistaken for a Senior.

We belies of Ward-Belmont are so chic that I'll bet you a major and a severe reprimand that the Medusa had nothing on us. Q. E. D.

(Editor's Note—Will the writer please call at the Hyphen office.)

THE SINGER

They call him the Singer of the Stillness
And he has no eyes to see—
He is bent and battered and old to them
But he is life itself to me.

His is the old, old story,
But he is too tired now to tell,
And his voice is lower than usual
Singing the song I know so well.

It's a queer, weird song he is singing,
Blended memories of his long-dead past.
In it is the murmur of gentle spring—
And the roar of the falls at the last.

It has all earth's heartbreak and sorrow,
Of all of its terrors he sings—
The tortured cries of fate's doomed ones—
Galley slaves—paupers—and kings.

But still there's a strain running through it,
Suggestions of love and of spring,
The songs of birds in the tree-tops,
The fragrance that warm breezes bring.

They call him the Singer of the Stillness,
And he has no eyes to see.
He is bent and tattered and old to them;
But he is life itself to me.

Miss Hawks—"That equals the sum of the angles."
Margaret—"Where are the rest of them?"

Schumacher

Portraits by Photography

An artist who will study your type, heighten your best points, the result is a picture which is artistically correct. (Prices exceedingly low.

One of the most delightful features of our winter season is our association with Ward-Belmont.

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Dear Cynthia

The real
big topic at
the Mothers
Club,
Tuesday,
was Youth-
ful
Women's
Dresses.
I wrote
was taken as to
where they could be
obtained. Everyone
voted for—

Bella!
—Bois

Bella's Booteries

READY-TO-WEAR
Second Floor 504 Church St

WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

Volume XVI

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Number 20

THE CHIME MOVEMENT

The Alumnae Association of Ward-Belmont has for several years dearly cherished the hope that some day they would be able to put chimes in the artistic and historic brick, ivy-clad tower of the campus.

This year sees the Alumnae Association launching a large campaign for funds to put the chimes in, if possible, by the last of May. The association has and is busily soliciting funds from its members and former Ward-Belmont girls. Besides their own interest, they have asked the Senior girls to solicit funds from all the girls who are now in school. These girls are gladly giving because they hope to hear the chimes ring the four years they are here.

The Seniors realize what a wonderful thing it would be to have theirs be the first graduation announced by the Ward-Belmont chimes.

Every one concerned is working hard and earnestly that the dream may be realized.

WASHINGTON DINNER-DANCE

Martha, with snowy, high-dressed hair and dainty colonial dresses—gallant Georges, with knee breeches and satin coats and buckled slippers, assembled Tuesday evening in celebration of George Washington's birthday.

The colonial dining room made a lovely setting for the dinner, which was the first part of the evening's entertainment. The sound of laughing voices was mixed with music by Vito, who played mostly national airs and Southern songs. The groups of Martha and Georges were allowed to sit anywhere they chose in the dining room.

The menu was:

Fruit Cocktail
Roast Turkey Oyster Dressing
Giblet Sauce
Sweet Potato Croquettes
Creamed Cauliflower
Celery Hearts
Cranberry Conserve
Rolls
Colonial Salad Wafers
Washington Pie
Bon Bons Salted Nuts
Demi Tasse.

No Washington celebration is complete without the minuet, so in the gymnasium after the dinner a group of seniors carried their audience in thought back to "days of long ago." Led by tall, stately George dressed in white satin and diminutive Martha arrayed in shimmering blue which set off her blonde loveliness, the dancers went through the slow, graceful steps of the minuet. George and Martha were respectively Rose Morrison and (Continued on page 8.)

Better English Week

"Better English Week" may have a dull sound to some people, but there has been no suggestion of dullness about it at Ward-Belmont.

In the first place, there were all sorts of amusing posters in the buildings and about the campus, urging the use of better English, some of them with Pandora's box filled with grammatical errors which one was warned not to unlock, others showing just what pitfalls lie in wait for the unwary tongues. Then there were chapel programs, par excellence.

Miss Ellene Ransom, on Tuesday, invited all Ward-Belmont to go on a week's cruise of the Steamship Good English, and the invitations distributed at breakfast, read:

A WEEK'S CRUISE!

Sailing: February 22, on the Steamship GOOD ENGLISH, Ward-Belmont Line.

Points of Interest: The Continent of Words, the Peninsula of Grammar, the Island of Articulation, the Land of Books.

Special Accommodations: Routes planned solely for the interest and profit of the traveler. Members of the cruise will be given all conveniences. Itineraries for individual travel at any time, embodying the traveler's own particular aims.

A series of escorted tours with a wide range of interests and of routes. Ward-Belmont exchange cheques good everywhere along the route. Consistent leadership and unique facilities.

Land accommodations at the best hotels, of which the DICTIONARY heads the list.

Chimes Campaign Opened

The Chimes Campaign has launched and every indication is that it will be highly successful.

The slogan is "A Thousand Ten Dollar Bills," and the goal is a contribution from every alumni. The chimes, which according to the hopes of the students, faculty and alumnae will be the first in Nashville, will be in the old tower, and will be known as the Alumnae Chimes.

Miss Linda Rhea, of the English department, is president of the alumnae council and had charge of the beginning of the campaign this week, through the seniors.

In Nashville, Miss Katherine Sloan, will head the movement, and an enthusiastic meeting was held Tuesday morning, consulting with Miss Mills about the best means to go about getting the chimes quickly.

Letters have been sent to the Ward-Belmont alumnae and it is thought that next week will see many responses. "The campaign has been delayed for some time, but now we are

EMBARCATION from CHAPEL PORT, 10 A.M., February 22.

Miss Mary Goodwin, of the Humefogg High School, was the Tuesday chapel speaker. An account of her speech is elsewhere in this issue.

Wednesday was Vocabulary Day and the breakfast alms were of words too little used, with a different word going to each girl. Miss Theo Scruggs, of the English department, was the chapel speaker that day.

Thursday morning's slip warned us of the common errors to watch. The students of Miss Anna Pugh's classes delighted the chapel-goers, which includes all the school, with a play at Thursday's chapel. Thursday was Grammar Day.

Miss Pugh's pupils showed that they excelled in other things as well as English in their play which was called "The Road of Life Through the Peninsula of Grammar." There was an exciting conflict of good and bad English.

A contest was begun on Thursday, too, which lasted until chapel Friday, which created much interest on the campus. Every girl was given five tags, with the goal being the secured whenever the owner was caught making an error.

Friday's slip at each place told of words commonly mispronounced, or poorly articulated and enunciated for Friday was Articulation, Pronunciation and Enunciation Day. At chapel, the play "The Magic Voice," was given by students of the School of Expression. Those taking part were

(Continued on page 8.)

W.-B. STUDENT WINS POSTER CONTEST

Another honor has come to Ward-Belmont, in addition to all the honors which have been arriving the past few weeks, for Hattie Craig Hitt was awarded the first prize in a poster contest which was open to all the schools in Nashville.

The contest was held on account of Better Speech Week, and Ward-Belmont received other honors, as Mildred Salter, Dixie Morris, and Evelyn Hitt's posters all received honorable mention.

The posters are on display at the Book Shop, on Church Street, and the showing made by the Art Department is one to make us justifiably proud of the poster class. Dixie Morris, who is from Fort Worth, Texas, was not long in winning distinction, for she only arrived in school after the Christmas holidays. All the first year students in Miss Gordon's class entered posters, and we congratulate them on their entries.

THE CURRENT EVENTS CLUB

The Current Events Club held its second meeting in room 207 of Academic building last Friday, between the hours of five and six o'clock.

The speaker of the day was Mr. Zia, who recently came to America from his home in China. He was procured for the club by Mr. Dodd, who sponsors this organization. At the first meeting it had been decided by the members to have the Chinese situation discussed by as able a person as possible, thus Mr. Zia who has recently come from China was the right person. He is a student at the Vanderbilt Theological College and a student of no mean ability. He is very well versed in the problems of many countries and especially in the way in which they influence China. He sketched and discussed the United States' attitude toward his country, being very fair to both sides. Another very interesting question he explained was the war between the war lords and Nationalist party of China. He prophesied a little as to how China and the world would be affected in case of which should win.

Every person present was strongly struck by the speaker's beautiful English, his fairness to the questions at hand and to his truly interesting delivery.

This club takes its membership from Mr. Dodd's classes in the Social Science and Psychology departments. The meeting place is room 207, Academic Building, at five to six o'clock every Friday evening. Miss Jessamine Daggert, president, presides in the meetings and strict parliamentary procedure is observed.



Who has a Birthday This Month?

Are you like the girl who forgets her girl-friend's birthday until she scarcely has time to select a gift? Of course it is never satisfactory when selected in such haste.

Look at the calendar today - - you'll find Mother, Father and others, who have always remembered you, have birthdays soon.

Come to Castner's for the right gift
BALCONY, MAIN FLOOR.

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We have many attractive gift novelties on display, as well as stationery, fountain pens, greeting cards for all occasions, pictures, current magazines and BOOKS, of course!



Joy's

Ward-Belmont Special Shoulder
Bouquet \$2.50

"Always Lovely"

Y. W. C. A. TEA ROOM

Special Menu on Mondays for
WARD-BELMONT GIRLS



The "Y" is going to have its regular monthly meeting Sunday morning, February 27, from 9:00 to 9:30 in the chapel. Don't be surprised if you get a surprise! You are going to hear all about what your Y. W. has been doing and what it is going to do. All "Y" members are urged to be there.

Marjorie Moss and Jessamine Daggett, delegates of the Ward-Belmont Y. W. C. A. attended the Student Christian Conference that was held at Scarritt College, February 18 to 20. The conference was composed of representatives of the different colleges in Tennessee. It was held to consider campus and world problems and try to find a Christian solution for each of them. Student representatives of foreign countries who told of their own problems were also there. Sunday morning twelve of the "Y" cabinet members and students attended the conference.

"People everywhere are trying to find happiness in material things, but real happiness must be gotten from within." That was what Glenn Harding told the regular Sunday school group last Sunday. Mr. Harding is a leader of the Student Fellowship Movement, and was attending the Student Christian Conference that was held in Nashville. He spoke to the Sunday school before Christmas, and everyone was glad to hear him again.

At Vespers Sunday evening the speaker was Mrs. Mott Martin, who has for some years been a missionary to Africa.

While in the Belgian Congo Mrs. Martin had been particularly interested in a village where the chief of the tribe lived. Unable to return to Africa at present, a nurse was sent there through her efforts. A recent letter from this nurse tells of working in this very village, and of treating the king of the tribe himself. Mrs. Martin painted a vivid picture of the conditions and needs of the natives of Africa.

GOOD ENGLISH WEEK

A trip on board the steamship Good English, all the more fascinating because of the mixture of reality with imagination, was conducted this last week with all Ward-Belmont students as hearty sailor lads.

Tuesday, the sailing date, started with a chapel talk by Miss Goodwin, head of the English department of Hume-Fogg High School. Miss Goodwin praised the Southern cadence of

voice and pronunciation of words, but urged better enunciation of accents.

The continent of Words was reached on the next day's journey. On the breakfast plate of each sailor Wednesday morning was a printed word which should be well-known but isn't. Voyagers, after looking up the meaning, then used the word at lunch and dinner. As entertainment for the day, Miss Theodora Scruggs spoke on "Words," urging a larger and more specific vocabulary, especially in nouns and verbs.

All was fair sailing weather, so the following morning the Peninsula of Grammar was reached. Common mistakes concerned with grammar confronted the travelers, who set their vocabularies to rights before the day was over. A pantomime on grammar, sponsored by Mrs. Pugh, was given during the morning part of the voyage.

"Good English" hove into sight of the Island of Articulation early Friday morning, and the hungry adventurers found at their plates words often mispronounced. A rather rocky and tempestuous journey was encountered during the morning; all tourists who used a word or sentence incorrectly were immediately relieved of one of five tags by the one who discovered the error. However, a play coached by Miss Pauline Townsend sent the ship through smooth waters again.

The Land of Books was searched the next day by a happy group of pirates who, under the guidance of Donald Davidson, editor of the Tennessean's book page, discovered many new treasures.

Posters announcing pitfalls along the journey were posted each day, so with no mishaps the sailors arrived at the port of Good Speech, where they resolved on staying.

SWIMMING MEET HELD FRIDAY

Of interest to many, yet causing real excitement to only a select few who were participants, the swimming meet took place Friday afternoon at two o'clock.

Each club entered into the various events. The girls have put a concentrated effort on their individual entries for the last month, and more especially for the last week. The events were as follows:

1. Plunge—for distance.
2. 50-foot front dash.
3. Plain dives—standing and running.
4. 100-foot front dash.
5. 50-foot back dash.
6. 100-foot underwater—for time.
7. Fancy dives.
8. 100-foot back dash.
9. 50-foot underwater—for time.
10. Relay—four swimmers from each club.

Kirtley—"A certain young man sent me some flowers this morning."

Mabel—"Don't say, 'a certain young man,' my dear. There are none of them certain until you've got them."

LIZA WRITES HOME

Wednesday,

Nine (Hundred) Bells

Daddy, darling:

The idea of not answering your daughter's last letter! To think that business is more important than I'm is quite a come down of your spoiled child. I had intended to write you about my secret surprise, but something has turned up and I must take care of the present and let the future take care of itself (you told me that once.) I guess this sounds awfully mysterious, unless mother has divulged (if I may use a Ward-Belmont term) my secret. Anyway, it all comes to the same end. Three guesses and the first two don't count. . . . Correct! Your daughter needs some silver shekels—not many—just one, two, three, four, five, six and a half. Now, aren't you glad your little gold digger didn't ask for more?

Course, I feel terribly nervy writing home for more money, but it all happened this way. Dr. Barton made an announcement about the most heavenly (it would be if it's a Ward-Belmont made-to-order excursion) trip to Muscle Shoals either next Monday or the Monday following. It's really a trip that you ought not to miss. Of course, you wouldn't have the privileges we are going to have in going through the plant with special permission from the government, and going on a special train; but you can tell everybody that your daughter did. It's all in the family, you know. It would be questioning your intelligence to try and explain what a wonderfully interesting and important place Muscle Shoals is. They tell me that I'll see nitrate made out of air, and all my life I've been trying to see just plain old air without the nitrate. You see it will really be worth the trip.

Now, back to my story. The room-mate—beg your pardon—my roommate casually asked me yesterday if I were going. She knew very well that I'd spent every cent of my allowance on a new spring hat (true confessions are good for the soul and bank account, too, I hope.) Before I could answer she said, "My father would be positively furious if I missed an opportunity like this, whether I wanted to go or not." "Well, so would mine. He'd never forgive me," I answered with emphasis and effect. Daddy, dear, I didn't mean to misrepresent you and I know I didn't. My roommate acts just like her father hung the moon, but if she does not think you placed the sun and stars it isn't my fault. Consequently, it is up to you to uphold the family name.

Now, father, if you feel like I don't deserve this on account of the new hat—well, of course I'll understand—but remember I passed everything and I love you,

Liza.

THE SELECT GIFT SHOP

of Nashville is on the balcony in
R. M. Mills' Bookstore
623 CHURCH STREET

CHAPEL NOTES

Tuesday—February 15, 1927

Miss Townsend gave a short, but most interesting talk on National Drama Week which is being observed all over the United States from February 13-19. Fifteen years ago the Drama League started, and, we see as the outcome, the little theatre. Today there are two thousand little theatres. The movement is steadily progressing because the little theatre has been found to be a fine thing for a community—if it is made a community affair. Miss Townsend announced that the drama workshop, as the Expression B class is called, would present a series of four one-act plays in observance of National Drama Week, on Tuesday evening. Rose Morrison and Blanche Motley, both expression students, then assured us in short speeches that the plays would be worth our while.

Wednesday—February 16, 1927

Announcements by Miss Morrison.

Thursday—February 17, 1927

The Athletic Association had charge of chapel. Letters were awarded to those who made varsity teams; and cups were given to the winning clubs.

Friday—February 18, 1927

A clever program, in which every-day life in Ward-Belmont, and the faculty were taken off, was the means by which the drive for the chimes was introduced.

Saturday—February 19, 1927

We had as our speaker this morning Mr. Harry Rogers, international president of Rotary. Energy and enthusiasm, said Mr. Rogers, is the thing that will carry us to success—not only in school life, but in later years when we are facing life and its problems.

Tuesday—February 22, 1927

Miss Ransom outlined for us the program of the coming five days for the observance of Better English Week. She asked us to embark with her for a cruise on the Ocean of Good English, for upon us depends the success of the movement. Miss Mary Louise Goodwin, instructor in the Hume-Fogg High School, made a short talk in which she pointed out the beauty and richness of the English language. The same natural law that demands that we defend our flag demands that we defend the dignity of our tongue. So interested have the people in the United States become in this question that they are making it a national movement.

DIETICIAN AD-
DRESSES CLASS

A most interesting talk was given to members of the Home Economics Classes on "Dietetics" on Thursday, by Mrs. K. L. Conforth, from Battle Creek Sanitarium, Battle Creek, Michigan, and is a research dietitian. She outlined the work she does and discussed in a comprehensive way the subject of dietetics.

Edythe Dixon: "I wish I went to a barber's college."

Squeak Jones: "Why?"
Edythe: "Then I could cut all my classes."

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WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

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Application for second-class entry pending.

EDITORIAL

The art of speaking fluently and correctly is one which we may cultivate. Just as notes may be so arranged as to produce a beautiful melody, so may words be woven into wondrous patterns, delightful to the ear. One false note may create a discord that will spoil the harmony of an otherwise perfectly played selection, and one small grammatical error may ruin an impressive oration.

As in every other pursuit, practice is the vital factor in obtaining success. Only through perseverance and diligent study may we attain faultless speech. We must choose our words as we choose our clothes—using those which are best suited to the occasion.

Ended, as we are, with the richest language in the world, it is our duty to ourselves and our associates to use that language in the best possible way.

Throughout this week these facts have been constantly before us, but let us remember that they are just as important during other weeks when reminders are fewer.

Let us pledge ourselves to do our best in aiding nation-wide English improvement, and may we use well our country's language, and not its "slanguage."

GOOD ENGLISH CREED

ARTICLE I:

I pledge myself to use my country's language beautifully for the sake of others.

ARTICLE II:

I pledge myself to learn one new word each week for the rest of the school year.

ARTICLE III:

I pledge myself not to dishonor my native speech by using incorrect expressions.

ARTICLE IV:

I pledge myself to improve American speech by enunciating distinctly and by speaking pleasantly and sincerely.

ARTICLE V:

I pledge myself to improve my English by reading good books.

DRIVE FOR CHIMES OPENS AT CHAPEL

Bells! Bells! Bells! The bells of Ward-Belmont were given in review Friday morning at chapel time.

That dashing, unique personality, which we know as Marion Sherman, started to tell of a most peculiar dream that she'd had, and then—she was unfolding all the secrets to be found in a Ward-Belmont girl's existence—the key word was *bells*.

"Whitaker's setting-up exercises," mistaken for the fire alarm in Marion's dream (poor Sherman suffocating but not from smoke), was followed by a dash to breakfast.

Then Marion swept to the gym, not forgetting the bell-like sweetness of Miss Morrison's whistle.

In picturing chapel exercises Catherine Clark took the role of Miss Morrison, Mary Rhoda Jones impersonated Miss Ross, and Marguerite Glidden acted as Miss Haykes.

Marion told of a vision: It was June, graduation time, and the sound of chimes was in the air—the very chimes which made this graduation stand out above all others.

Preceding this pantomime, Helen Holt gave a short talk, giving reasons why Ward-Belmont should have chimes.

The campaign for raising money is being conducted this week.

RECENT GUESTS AT SCHOOL

Washington's birthday observance was made an even more happy occasion than usual to those girls whose mothers or mothers and fathers came to see them then. The visitors were: Mrs. L. O. Blanton, Dallas, Texas; Mrs. C. E. Boyd, West Baden, Ind.; Mrs. N. J. Frost, Bad Axe, Mich.; Mrs. H. P. Hughes, Columbia, Ind.; Mrs. A. O'Donnell, Ellsworth, Kansas; Mrs. H. A. Smith, Madison, Wis.; Mrs. M. Wright, Rome, Ga.; Mrs. A. McPhail, Geneva, Ohio; Mrs. S. T. Rathell, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma; Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Roberts, Sabetha, Kansas; Mr. Phillip Silberman, Stamford, Conn.; Mrs. J. A. Wetzack, Nowata, Oklahoma; and Mrs. C. N. Winship, Milroy, Ind.

X. L. DANCE

Transported to the land of the Orient, amid myriads of delicate-hued blossoms, with the faint fragrance of incense, and as a final touch of "atmosphere" a huge Buddha with gleaming red eyes and glittering head gear solemnly presiding over the performance before him—who could help having an all-too-short evening at the X. L. Dance with such exotic surroundings?

First hints of the nature of the dance came with the invitations, which had small Buddhas adorning each. When guests arrived, they found a similar but greatly enlarged Buddha at the opposite side of the room, seemingly oblivious to the merriment before him. They found also a crescent moon glowing from our corner of the fascinating room. And if they were able to take their attention away from the low drop ceiling,

composed of thousands of pink and white blossoms, they would have discovered two Oriental-looking arched bridges placed picturesquely at one end of the room near the Buddha. Favors of colorful lacquered boxes, and refreshments of fan-shaped ice cream and flower mints carried out the oriental scheme.

The special dance was particularly lovely. To the strains of Oriental music and with changing colored lights making the costumes glitter and shine, six Japanese-clad figures gave an Oriental dance. They vanished, only to bring back in triumph their princess seated in a golden chair. Glory Davis, for she was the princess, displayed a talent both in singing and dancing which was unusually fine. Other dancers were Ellen Yohe, Anne Johnston, Frances Harstan, Mildred Threat, Helen Hutchinson, and Edith Jones.

The Oriental dance is now a traditional one with the X. L's.

THE W.-B. DRAMA WORKSHOP

A dream workshop! What an alluring sound that has! And few of us know that we actually have one here at Ward-Belmont. But it thrives under Miss Townsend's direction. And it is a very interesting place.

For the last two years, this workshop has been taking on much larger aspects, and has been becoming more and more complete. Miss Townsend, always full of enthusiasm for her work, has collected, (and is still collecting) a great number of costumes with which to aid the girls in their work.

In the A expression classes, the girls begin by learning the fundamentals of stage-building and costume making. They have, through research work, constructed models of earlier theaters, and peopled the small stages with tiny doll actors, dressed in period costumes. These models are of great value, both as objects of study, and as objects of fine craftsmanship.

In the B classes, the work goes on with more detail and elaboration. The girls produce real plays, and learn how to arrange settings, and make costumes. It is a fascinating work, this. Not only to be able to present a play well, but also to have "a finger in the pie" of the stage settings, the arrangement of the furniture, and also the costumes.

The girls spend many happy hours in this work, and we feel sure that Ward-Belmont's drama workshop is the best, and the most thorough to be found.

I'M THE NIT-WIT

I'm the Nit-Wit that takes no responsibility. If people dislike what I do, or don't do, I declare that I can't help what God made me. I believe absolutely in fate. If something is going to happen it will; if not, it won't. I'm never worried, for nothing is my fault. It's either someone else's—or just fate. When I make low grades, I am certain that the teacher was unjust, and then I wasn't made for study, anyway.

OUR COVERED WALK

Our covered walk is no more! The cover, which had almost become another tradition at Ward-Belmont, has vanished. No longer will it benignly lean over to shelter the ranks of Ward-Belmont from the harsh elements. No longer will it watch in amazement the late rush to breakfast, the eager rush for mail, or the stately promenade to dinner! Gone, gone, but not forgotten!

Even the walk looks a bit bereft. It lies staring at the sky with an odd, open-faced expression, as though it said, "Well, well, how do you do, and who are you, pray tell!"

But "it's an ill wind that blows nobody good." From the corner near Pembroke, one has a lovely and an interrupted view of the long, gracious sweep of our beautiful South front. And when the sun shines, and the sky is deep blue, the old home seems to brood softly, there, and smile over its memories.

ACADEMIC NOTES

The History of Education class is busy with the interesting study of the propaganda used in the United States to secure taxes for the support of public schools, and to arouse public interest at the time when private schools were the principle institutions of learning.

The students of Mr. Dodd's Social Science classes heard a most interesting talk Friday evening by Mr. Zia. Mr. Zia is a student at Vanderbilt University and has been in this country only since last September. He gave a most enlightening account of Chinese conditions and the attitude of the Chinese toward the American people.

TRI-K KUMBACKS

Florence Abel had charge of our program in club last Wednesday night. Dorothy Collett sang two very pretty selections, accompanied by Betty Martin. Dorothy has a sweet voice and, according to the girls, her songs were enjoyed greatly. Then Frances Lou Vinson sang several popular songs, accompanying herself on her ukelele. Frances Lou sang several newer fraternity songs, including "Violeta" and "The Sweetheart of Sigma Chi," which were enthusiastically received by the club members. She made an especial hit though with her touching rendition of the Phi Psi Sweetheart Song.

ANTI PAN KID PARTY

"Backward, turn backward, O time in thy flight, Make me a child again just for tonight."

And this is just what happened at our last meeting. Boys and girls of all sizes and ages met at the Anti Pan house at 6:50 and what a party we had! Hop scotch, leap frog, jumping rope, hide and seek, and London bridge reigned throughout the evening. Many were the sighs when the time to leave bell rang and we, one and all, noted it the best time we had had in years.

**Tuesday—February 15**

The morning after the night before—strange how one has an awful "after the ball" feeling even after a mere tea. I tell you, this boarding school life sure does wreck one for social functions.

Well, spring has come, sure enough! Would have worn my green or orange if I'd had one, but as it was, had to compromise and wear my pink gingham. Cut my third-hour class and sat on the campus to imbibe the beauties of nature—crocuses and everything, plus two Hersheys and a Goo Goo.

Seriously considered wearing my flowers to gym class just to let Miss Sisson know that even if she didn't love me someone else did. But the girl friend caught me in the act and thwarted all my plans. Oh, well, such is life!

Considered dancing in the gym after dinner but 'twas too hot! Also considered studying but 'twas too hot for that also—so guess I'll just drop a line to the family letting them know their One and Only is still kicking on—and then to bed—to dream of what was—and is to come.

Wednesday—February 16

Still eating Valentine candy—came near turning into a chocolate cream, but Liz saved the day and brought in some lemon drops.

The bells got a trifle mixed this morning so I just pretended I didn't know what it was all about and didn't go to French class 'till five minutes before it was over. Thank all my lucky stars I had sense enough to read the last two inches of the lesson, because I was able to rise and shine with great brilliance, thereby forcing Mademoiselle to forget the fact that I was a little late. Sure is a good thing, too, because Mrs. Armstrong is getting a bit too chummy about sending little love notes.

Cinnamon rolls for lunch! Laterely I haven't been able to reach my last year's standard. Possibly I'm becoming more of a lady, and my appetite is decreasing proportionately, who knows!

Hygiene—learned all about everything. Fatigue lowers one's vitality, says Miss Sisson—hence I shall drop gym and not run any chances of getting too worn out to attend any of my very interesting classes.

Thursday—February 17

Who ever said spring was anywhere near Nashville? One thing certain, and two things sure—if it ever was

it's about as far away as China now. Got out my heaviest clothes and shivered and shivered. And then besides being colder than the North Pole it rained and rained—and then kept on raining. Consequently, my spirits were down in the gutter and didn't come up till Miss Rhea forgot to give us a lesson for Saturday. It's a great world, after all!

Minut-ed again this P.M., and Miss Morrison fails to show any ability whatever in picking out talented ones to frolic on February 22. She passed me by completely—and I wept and wept.

Studied most all study hour—guess I must have sprained something—so I will cease this idle chatter and hie me to bed.

Friday—February 18

Well, it wasn't as hot as the Fourth of July, but I managed to get to breakfast without freezing solid.

Nearly scared Miss Scrogge to death when I recited this morning. Next time I shall be more considerate of the poor woman's feelings, and warn her when I'm about to recite.

"See yourself as others see you." That's what our fond faculty did this morning. Guess every one will appreciate the Bells of Ward-Belmont for now and ever more!

The whole school trolleyed down to the Ryman to hear Gigli scream. Did right well! They have a new curtain at the good old Ryman now. Hurray for the Irish! Also three cheers for the lovely greener—sure does add to the entertainment.

Saturday—February 19

Didn't know any of my lessons but went to classes anyway; my presence always adds so much to the class! Ben Lyon in the movie. He was grand—as usual. Am a social peanut, so rated only a balcony bid to the dance. However, a fine time was had by all!

Sunday—February 20

Prayed lustily for rain—but it didn't come, so had to pile into the cattle car with the rest of the common herd, and trolley to church.

Heard all about Africa at Vespers tonight.

No mail, hence the day was lost for me, but I spent all evening answering the letters I'll more than likely get tomorrow.

Monday—February 21

These Monday morning classes get me down. I've never been known to recite in one, but that's not unusual considering that my I. Q. is around the twenties—maybe below.

The usual toasted chicken sandwich and shrimp salad, et cetera at Kleeman's—I'm a pauper, but I can always manage to borrow enough to eat on!

Spent study hour wondering what to do. Haven't decided yet, so I guess I'll just go to bed.

Good night. Pleasant dreams!

EXCHANGES

The Salina High School News, Salina, Kansas—Your front page is well arranged.

The Sandstonian, Sand Springs, Okla.—Your front page cut is original.

Mount Berry News, Mount Berry, Ga.—Your jokes are good.

Jonesboro High Times, Jonesboro, Ark.—Your page of sports is interesting.

The Coyote, Weatherford, Texas—"The Code of a Good Sport" is good.

The News, Buffalo, N. Y.—Your advertisements are good.

The Vanderbilt Hustler, Nashville, Tenn.—Your article on "The Campus Dog" is well written.

The Bugle Call, Columbia, Tenn.—Your paper is organized very well.

The Kangaroo, Austin College, Sherman, Texas—We like your "Hop, Skip and Jump" column.

The Gopher's Whistle, Benson High School, Benson, Minn.—Your magazine is well gotten together.

The Student Lantern, Saginaw, Mich.—A very good high school publication. Your front page could be improved.

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AT THE MOVIE

Is this row saved? Are you saving all this row? Is this row saved, too? Oh, can I have these? Thanks. Mary, Mary Graham! Why does everyone yell so! Mary Graham!! Here I am down here. No you come down here. I can't see so far back. Helen! Here we are. Hurry!! I thought you'd never come. Oh, I know, you have to eat so much at that table. Let me sit in the middle. Now, Mary, you always do. Oh, it's going to begin. Down in front. Down in front! Ohhhh!—Ben Lyon! I love him with a passion of — Mary Brian! Oh, she's such a mess. If I had a nose like hers, I'd go in for sumpin' besides the movies. Why, no one could act with a thing like that stuck on the front of her face. Focus the picture. Focus the picture! Ohhh! Isn't he heaven-ly, just de-vine. His eyes are just like Bob's. Helen, did I ever tell you about when Bob — Look, he saw him do it and he's going to tell on him. Why I believe I've seen this before! I thought it had an old familiar ring. Yes, she thinks all the time he is in love with this other girl and she's just ready to — Well, all right if you don't want to hear you don't need to. Look at that evening wrap! My dear, wouldn't I look stunning in that! I'm going to write home about it. Ohhh—the reel always ends at the wrong time. Moonlight on the Ganges
My little Hindoo—
I can sing if I want to. Look at that man! He looks as if he'd just come down from the infirmary. Did you ever see such a sad physiognomy? And those whickers! Somebody play the piano. Please somebody play! Oh my soul and conscience! They're taking the papers and now she'll be caught. Oh, no, I remember now. They aren't really the papers, they're only put there. Why don't someone play the piano? We want Mary Black, Mary, please play! Well, honestly, did you ever see such a figger as that on any one? And a face like a horse and buggy! She is a sad sight all right! Hello there, useless, lost your mamma? What are you here for anyway? A dog barks in the distance or a shot fired without? Look at his walk! Ladies and gentlemen, look at his walk. He musta taken gym from Miss Morrison. Focus the picture! Focus the picture. Oh,

Mary, they're going to get him! Why doesn't someone come! Oh, don't go in there, don't go in there! E-e-eeek! I'm weak! I'm a nervous wreck! They are all ready to get him. The shock was too great and she peacefully passed away in the arms of her friends—oh! I wasn't lying all over you. Stop fusing!

Let us part friends! Why, she's going to marry the old dupper! How can she! They ought to tell her that he really loved her and then she'll go to him and not marry him and tell him she loves him and he'll say he'll shoot him and — Oh somebody stop the marriage! Somebody, quick! Mary! he's coming now. Oh hurry, man, hurry, hurry. Oh, if you only get there on time! Hurry! Mary, you choking me! Don't you dare stop him! Oh, they're going to catch him. Oh! Oh! Oh! Ohhh! he got there! Oh. Look at them together. I'm so homesick. Wasn't that the darlingest thing you ever saw. Wasn't it good! Helen, I'm going in the movies.

GIGLI GIVES BEAUTIFUL CONCERT

Beniamino Gigli, leading tenor of the Metropolitan Opera Company made his first appearance in Nashville Friday night at the Ryman Auditorium under the auspices of the Vanderbilt Alumnae Council.

The Italian singer, who is said to be the outstanding tenor of the world at the present time, has a voice of extraordinary beauty. It is like velvet—a soft golden deep warmth. His high notes were full and vibrant; his low notes were soft and flowing.

Gigli has a pleasing personality, and may be described as jolly, or good natured. He rose to the informality of the South in his stage bearing—arousing applause, if surprise.

Mr. Gigli met an appreciative audience, if not one as large as the occasion demanded.

He was ably assisted by John Lewis, who is a pupil of Signor G. S. de Luca, director of school of voice of Ward-Belmont conservatory of music. Mr. Lewis' task—co-operation with a world-renowned artist—is a difficult one, and his success is a credit to Nashville.

Mr. Lewis has a fine baritone of beautiful and sympathetic quality, which has been excellently trained.

Miss Marguerite Shannon accompanied Mr. Lewis; Vito Carnevoli, a composer of note, played splendidly for Gigli.

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MOVIE A LA W.-B.

"Didn't eat a bite, just broke my neck to save those seats. Look at that darling formal—it's going to start—whew—! Down in front, please. And have you read the book? Don't you just love him? She is gorgeous, 'member "Three Weeks" Oh look—ah! Those eyes!" Silence. "The Great Deception" with Ben Lyon and Allison Frangible had started. Since Miss Morrison's announcement at noon, we had eagerly awaited the new picture with Ben Lyon, who holds his own place in the hearts of Ward-Belmont. To make this picture even more interesting a great many girls had just finished reading "The Yellow Dane," from which the story is adapted. It is a thrilling war story with airships, Germans, spies, 'n everything. The audience could not be silenced for long.

"Music! Music! We want Natilie! Somebody play! We want Elizabeth Hoover! Where's June Miller?" Silence(?) again then. "That's not a thing like the book, why did they change it? How dumb of her—even I would have known better. Look! I'm petrified! Please hold my hand. Gee! 'Tis noble to die thus. Shut up! Please don't tell me any more of the story. Remember I have not read the book—oh!!! I can't look—tell me what happens. Will he die? Isn't this glorious—why it's falling—oh!!! Do you g-guess they are d-d-d-d? Look! I'm so relieved! How sweet! Honestly, I couldn't live through so much excitement again. See you at the dance! Bye."

'Tis ever thus.

PERSONALS

Ted Boyd spent the week-end with her mother.

Harriet Condit had lunch with Mrs. Morelli on Saturday, Feb. 19.

Elaine Frost spent the week-end with her mother.

Dorothy Miller was out over the week-end with her aunt, Mrs. Parker.

Margaret Dixon went to her home for the week-end.

Catherine Blanton spent the week-end with her mother.

Caroline Smith spent the week-end with her parents.

Dorothy Veasey spent the week-end in Paducah with Mr. and Mrs. DuBois.

Mary Pearl Moores and Ruth Moore were entertained over the week-end in Lewisburg, Tenn.

Isabel Heflin had lunch with Miss Burke on Saturday.

Martha Wright spent the week-end with her mother.

Margaret White had dinner Saturday evening with Dr. and Mrs. R. Cunningham.

Catherine McKnight spent Sunday with Mrs. Webb.

Kate Parker was entertained on Sunday by Mrs. Neil and Argie.

Susanne Lewis and Margaret Carthen spent the day with Mrs. Brown.

Ruth Hughes had tea Sunday with her mother.

Marjorie Wright was entertained by Mrs. A. J. Hood on Sunday afternoon.

Novice Graves was out with her mother Sunday afternoon.

Martha Lindsey spent Monday afternoon with Miss Throne.

Charlotte Welch spent Monday night with her mother.

THE OBSERVER

We wonder in what style Jo Strain intends to comb her hair when it is long. She vows the back must grow out first. She better consider the opinion of the general public, say we.

From all the screams in fidelity, one might have thought something awful had happened. But it was only Fannie going into her weekly ecstasies over Jerry's special.

We marvel at Virginia Farmer's generous servings of plum pudding. We envy the people at her table.

Miss Leavell recently informed us that she had a very bad epidemic of history and didn't see why more of us haven't caught it.

Mary Virginia came to breakfast one day a whole second before the blessing. Congratulations upon your celerity, Mary Virginia.

Isn't it true that when you don't want a thing, you're sure to get it; and when you do want it you never can have it.

Why there's Margie who's been trying to get another minor so as to work off her campus this week and she just can't do it. There isn't any justice.

Woody's developing quite a whistle. You're getting pretty good when by ordinary whistling you can make the girls think Miss Morrison's calling 'em to attention.

Pretty bad, Becky—being called down twice on your first night as a monitor.

Miriam thought she saw a big, bad man on the fire escape. 'Twas not long before the entire hall heard about it. Such lungsl!

Miss Ross (discussing Restoration Period in English B): "Who was the best representative of the Baptists at this time?"
Valda (glibly): "John the Baptist."

Peeping Ahead in the Fashion Calendar!

THAT'S the everlasting job of Lebeck Bros. Buyers—and their alertness is reflected in the intriguing styles, the clever accessories smart women will wear now, next month and the month after.

To the girls of Ward-Belmont we extend an invitation to make Lebeck's your style headquarters—and if there is any way we can assist you we stand ready to do so.

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WHY DID I?

Whew! I just got past Mrs. Charlton and maybe I didn't look at her sideways to see if she saw me. Do I look funny? Well, my dear, I set the alarm this morning and it rang—oh, but it rang and rang but I was so sleepy I just lay there and let 'er go and guess what time I woke up? My dear (?) roommate pulled me out of my dreamy trundle bed pleasantly at 7:16, believe it or not. Here I am, people.

Three coffees, two teas, a milk, and what have you? I'm not taking drinks this morning, thanks, I'm dieting. Bran isn't fattening is it? With

water on it instead of cream it tastes like father's old gray whiskers.

Speaking of milk, though, look at Jane Bull's hair! She looks like the House of David! Bring on the grits. I wonder if all the grits eaten by Ward-Belmont would go 'round the world three times or stand as high as the Woolworth building.

Has anybody marked the card? Betty said to mark her present. She's sleeping in this morning. I wish I could, but I always get too hungry before lunch. Here comes the toast! Come to my arms my darling toast! I forgot, I'm dieting. To diet or not to diet, that is the question. Bet thee to a nunnery, oh toast. You know I heard of a girl who dieted and it

killed her. Maybe I'd better eat that toast. I have an English quin and I need strength. Come hither, toast.

What? Leaving so soon? Goodbye. Not going, Martha! So early! It could not wait! Mary, do stay. Etri, Brute! Alone! I will not give up the ship. Here goes another piece of toast.

planned the observance of the week has undoubtedly made a great success of it, for every girl on the campus has enjoyed the heated discussions about just which expressions are correct and just how to pronounce certain disputed words.

WASHINGTON
DINNER-DANCE

(Continued from page 1.)

Myrtle Carter, who were elected by the student body.

At the close of the minut, Vito's orchestra began more modern music, and the dance floor was open for general gaiety, whereupon gallant Georges and old-fashioned Marthas discarded all sedateness for the latest dance steps.

And—what, if there was sleepy eyes the next morning? There had been a gloriously happy celebration.

The seniors who took part in the minut were: Katherine Amos, Carolyn Brush, Lucille Canfield, Virginia Buston, Georgia Charles, Katherine Clark, Carol Cruse, Margaret Daggett, Jessamine Daggett, Dorothy Duncan, Virginia Farmer, Dorothy Ellington, Laura Forston, Elizabeth Goode, Jean Haynes, Margaret Inault, Edith Jones, Mary Rhoda Jones, Edan Loughridge, Edith Leavens, Katherine McKee, Elizabeth Martin, Dorothy Miller, Mary Pearl Moores, Ruth Moore, Blanche Motley, Alice Noorse-wee, Mary Jane Richards, Kathryn Rogers, Marian Sherman, Jeffe Swain, Dorothy Veasey, Frances Vinson, Mary D. Walker, Augusta William, Ruth Wingart, Mable West, Kirtly Choiser, Helen Moser, and Katherine McKnight.

LOST CAUSE

One day not long ago I gaily—should I say gaily?—entered the library seeking further enlightenment and an increased number of pages on the subject of the French Revolution. Quietly I tip-toed up to the last vacant table in the room and placed my history notebook thereon. Like a little Trojan, determined to fight it out against all odds (tea room, club house, et cetera), I selected Rose's "The Revolutionary and Napoleonic Era," and slumped back to my table to struggle through an hour's association with King Louis XVI and his court amid the extravagant splendor of old Versailles.

My once vacant and secluded spot was now partly occupied by two charming petite flappers each trying to outpop the other with chewing gum. I looked around the room for another seat—but in vain, the last one was filled. I sullenly resigned to the consequences. After a few moments' popping they struck up a mutual acquaintance and became very friendly. Each remark brought on another until poor, immortal Marie Antoinette on one side and a lengthy account of Bill's *ff/ff* proposal on the other all but completely extinguished my one brain.

My two or three pleading, then threatening glances in their direction, seemed to take no root whatsoever. Giving up in despair I resorted to licking cloth patches and reinforcing the perforation in my blank notebook paper.

BETTER ENGLISH
WEEK

(Continued from page 1.)

Katherine Ross, Dorothy Carlson, Ann Johnstone, Ruth Ederle, Frances O'Donnell, Carol Hutchinson, Mary Grady Parks, Mary Esther Johnstone, Laila Phelps, and the helpers to speech and the slovenly language, Misses Jones, Whitehead, Turner, Campen, Lamb, Goad, Goldberg, Dye, Duncan, Robbins, Hynds and Johnson. The play was one of good speech in which Uncle Sam sent his Marines to fight all crooked "ings" and slovenly language, and has been printed under the auspices of the English journal.

Good books as a source of good English were talked of on Saturday, and each girl found the name of a good book at her place.

Donald Davidson, of the English Department at Vanderbilt University and editor of the Book Page of the Nashville Tennessean, besides being a well-known poet, who has published recently a successful book of poems, was the chapel speaker. The girls certainly enjoyed his talk which dealt with books which would prove of great aid in improving their English.

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WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

Volume XVI

NASHVILLE, TENN., SATURDAY, MARCH 5, 1927

Number 25

A WARD-BELMONT GIRL ON HER ARRIVAL IN HAMBURG

Hurry up, Fran! We're keeping the whole party waiting. What's the matter? Look your landing card! Well, of all the brilliant acts! I've often wondered if you had any sense, but now I don't believe you are even smart. (Both girls begin hunting frantically.) Here it is, Fran. You should put it in your over-night case. All right, Miss Rose, we're coming. (Both girls rush down two flights of stairs, clutching in one hand their over-night cases and in the other their landing cards.) Don't fall down the gang plank, Fran; there are better ways of disembarking; besides, a perfect lady always takes her time and we do want to make a good impression on those Europeans. (They fly down the gang plank with the other members of their party and boarded the waiting tender.) Oh! Look at this funny boat with the queer people on it. What? Uh uh. It's called a tender and is going to carry us to the wharf. Doesn't it chug though! Don't you know what those things

(Continued on page 7)

WHAT DO WARD-BELMONT GIRLS WANT TO HEAR?

We laugh when a speaker begins by flattering us ("The garden of roses" is a good example.) We don't want to be flattered. On the other hand, we don't want to hear unflattering things. We aren't interested when a speaker tells us that the younger generation is terrible, or that the world is growing worse, for we do not believe it. We recognize the bad things, but we know that there are good—it is the good which is of interest to us.

We want speakers that will pull us up to our best; we need something to inspire us. We like that which can be of use to us, things relating to our

(Continued on page 7)

MISS PITTMAN GIVES PROGRAM

Miss Marie Louise Pittman, a Ward-Belmont graduate and the supervisor of practice for the School of Expression, recently gave a delightful program for the Kate Litton Hickman Chapter, U. D. C. She chose three character sketches, the first, "Hot Waffles, Strap Hangers and A Picture Exhibition"; the second, group of Italian sketches, "Between Two Loves" and "The Laggard Love"; and the last a costume number, "Penelope's Ball, 1776 and 1926." Miss Pittman's ability drew much applause and unstinted praise from her audience.

Good English Week Awards

One time words were not idle was during Better English Week, and the girls who excelled won prizes for being careful of the words they used.

Dorothy Valentine was the Grand Champion, as she committed fewer errors and caught more people making them than any one else did—consequently, Dorothy is the proud possessor of a lovely volume of "The Oxford Book of English Verse."

Anna White won the Poster Prize, which was "Come Hither," by that delightful Walter de La Mare.

The Tri K's won John Masefeldt's poems in two volumes; while the Di

Gamma, who took the day students' club prize, got a check to buy something to be used in the day student sitting-room. Rose Morrison is president of the Tri K's and Grace Cavert of the Di Gamma.

The girls winning honorable mention in the poster contest, which was judged on the basis of originality, were, Pauline Holladay, Anna Elizabeth Hales, Katherine Dudney and Virginia Neal of the high school girls, and Mary Louise Wilcox, Blanche Smith, and Betty Jane McNutt of the college students.

CANADIAN VISITORS

On last Friday evening, there came to Ward-Belmont, visitors from Canada. These visitors were delegates of the Border Cities' Chamber of Commerce, travelling through the South on an advertising campaign.

These Border Cities are called "The Key to Canada's Southern Entrance," and are very near Detroit. The principal city is Windsor, Ontario, and most of the men were natives of Windsor.

The guests were conducted to the chapel, and seated with the seniors and second-year girls. With the visitors came a Kiltie Band, in full costume, with bagpipes and drums. They gave a program of Scotch music. We were told that many of the men in the band are World War veterans.

After the program, several of the men spoke, and finally we were shown a moving picture of the scenic delights of Canada. Many of the pictures centered around Toronto, and were really very beautiful. Some of the wide sweeps of landscape were also quite lovely.

BIRTHDAY DINNER

A sunshine dinner, the birthday dinner last Friday evening, might have been called, for a color scheme of yellow was used in both decorations and courses.

Tall, yellow taper candles gave a mellow glow to the daintily decorated table, which was massed with jonquils. Place cards of nymph-like maids with jaunty jonquil caps stood by each plate, and shoulder bouquets of jonquils and freesias tied with yellow ribbons added to the colorful note. Sconces around the wall gave a sunny effect.

Mrs. Rose, Miss Mills and Mrs. Blanton were honor guests. Birthday guests were: Louise Burgess, Maxine Lightfoot, Lillian Ashley, Mary Esther Johnston, Mary Louise Phelps, Catherine Blanton, Elizabeth Franklin, Frances O'Donnell, Verna Featheringill, Lucille Taliaferro, Agnes Bickley, Georgia Charles, Madeline Smith, Ruth Rathell, Mary Maffett, Margaret White, Elizabeth Carr, Corina Dagan and Kirtlye Choisser.

The A. K. Dance

Golden peacock programs first revealed to the guests the nature of the dance on Saturday night. The gymnasium had been transformed into a place of veritable loveliness for the occasion. Heavy fringed draperies of golden crepe paper were festooned along the sides and draped into a low ceiling from the center of which hung a huge light covered with peacocks.

The special number was particularly lovely. Six girls, costumed as peacocks, gave a dance under the changing colored lights. Suddenly among them appeared a charming toe-dancer, Margaret Carthew, dressed in a glit-

tering ballet costume. She twirled and pirouetted lightly and artistically—then vanished.

Other dancers were: Katherine Amos, Maxine Irwin, Dorothy Townsend, Bernice Lee, Margaret Tilford, and Virginia Wells.

The dancing was resumed for a short time. Later the refreshments of chicken sandwiches, punch, and candy were served.

The attractive favors which were then given were tiny perfume bottles in the shape of peacocks. A few dances followed, but the strains of a waltz told everyone that the dance and an enjoyable evening had ended.

PUPIL OF MISS TOWNSEND SENDS SCORES METROPOLITAN SUCCESS

Another pupil of Miss Townsend's is showing just what it means to have training in the School of Expression, for Catherine Capel, a graduate of the school in 1923, is receiving very favorable notice in the New York dramatic papers.

Of her performance in "The Intimate Stranger," it is said, "There has been no performer, male or female, who has shown the charm, poise and personality of Catherine Capel. This young actress captivates by her mere appearance, besides having a smooth well-modulated voice and a sense of facial expression which is bewildering."

Miss Townsend is very proud of Miss Capel's success and the entire expression department wishes her further success, for she was a fine student for two years in Ward-Belmont, and held the same record for two years in the University of Wisconsin. She was also graduated from the American Academy of Dramatic Art.

MAGAZINE WORLD PUBLISHES STUDENT'S POEM

"Souls of the Dead," a poem by Hortense Ambrose, has been accepted and published by the *Magazine World*, according to a notice received by Miss Anna Pugh. The poem appears in the March number, which is recently off the press. Hortense is a student of the fourth year English class and has done practically all her high school work at Ward-Belmont.

This is the third contribution from the fourth year English class to the *Magazine World*, and the acceptance of the articles is no small honor. "Desire," an essay by Catherine Leigh, was published last May; and "Fools Who Came to Scoff," another essay by Emily Folk, was in the October number of the magazine.

ENGLISH COUNCIL MET HERE

The Nashville Council of English, which is composed of the teachers of English in the schools and colleges of Nashville, met in the drawing-rooms on Thursday afternoon. Miss Mary Louise Goodwin, of the Hume-Fogg High School, spoke on "More Purpose in Reading," stressing the importance of having a definite aim in the reading of good literature. Reports of the observation of Better English Week in the different institutions were made. Miss Linda Rhea, of the English department, is secretary of the Council. John C. Ransom, of Vanderbilt University, is president. After the program, tea was served.

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WARD-BELMONT GIRLS



New students: you are cordially invited to join the "Y." A member of cabinet will extend the invitation to you in person some time this week.

From the lively conversation heard after Sunday school Sunday morning on the campus and in the halls, one could judge how interesting the group discussions had been to those who had taken part. An unusually large number of girls were present and thoroughly enjoyed the opening song service, which is ably accompanied by Miss Lydarene Major. We are discussing the problems that every modern girl must face in her social-and religious life. Come next Sunday and help us find a solution for them.

Even though the fascination of having tea in the club house awaited us, no lack of interest was shown in the Vesper service last Sunday. Dr. Roger T. Nooe, of the Vine Street Christian Church, adopting the words of Paul, asked, "For me to live is—what?" He suggested that the full answer consists in seeing the beauty and purity of life and in giving service. He says that it is summed up in the words of the great Apostle—"For me to live is Christ."

Miss Florence Ables sang a beautiful vocal solo. She is a pupil of Miss Boyer, who accompanied her.

Instead of the regular general meeting of the "Y" last Sunday, as it was announced, it was decided to report the activities of the organization during January and February at chapel time one day this week.

The Laymen's League of Nashville has arranged an excellent series of noon-day talks, to take place during Lent.

Dr. Barton is hoping to secure some of these speakers for chapel. It is his plan to have one of them for one chapel talk a week, throughout Lent.

Ward-Belmont girls, who were here last year, will be glad to know that Bishop James Maxon, of Chattanooga, Bishop James Wise, of Topeka, Kansas, and Bishop Thomas F. Gailor, of Memphis, will again be here.

LIZA'S LETTERS

Darlings.
Bon soir! My room mate and suite mates have all gone to the library and left me alone with my Trig book. I'm too frightened for words, and would much prefer the company of a bull dog! While I am trying to get up courage enough to open it, I'll write to my dearest parents.

I never can thank you enough for the check—and so much, too. You are too sweet to me. I had enough left to go to "Blossom Time." It was lovely, but has made me a perfect tragedy

in one act. I just floated home and cried like a baby half of the night. Could I be getting over-tenderhearted?

Sunday we had tea at the club house. It is so much fun. I would give anything if you could see our new silver and dishes and furniture—oh, everything! We feel so Ritz! After tea we made roses for our club dance until I actually felt like a little bud, but some one remarked that I looked more like an over grown cabbage. Of course, I hope that's a bit exaggerated, but my clothes are fitting all too snugly. How about mailing me a few of those calorie books I bought last summer? I promise not to diet at all strenuously; but a pound in time saves nine, so on with the literature!

Muscle Shoals is next week. I simply can't wait. You'd think I was going to a Yale prom or on a private yachting party the way I've been gushing over it. (I'm getting so childish, but I suppose I really enjoy myself more than if I were sophisticated.)

I had my picture taken for the Milestones. I am praying that no one will recognize me. Whatever the case may be, this year's book will not be without humor if my picture graces a page. Why doesn't some one invent flattering pictures for my sake? My map never showed up at an advantage in its truth-that-hurts farm.

This Trig book is fairly screaming at me, so I'll have to tackle it just to show I'm not (?) afraid.

Affectionately,
Liza.

TRI-K KUMBACKS

Candlelight! Soft music! White-clad girls sitting about the room! This was the setting for our mid-year initiation which was held last Wednesday night. The old members were almost as excited as the ones who were being initiated when they remembered how thrilled they were on the occasion of their own initiation. After the ceremony was over, the new Tri-K's, Mickey Chandler, Catherine Standifer, Maxine Bartlett and Mary Frances Marxson, were informally, but heartily, welcomed into the club by the old members.

EXCHANGES

The Megaphone, Georgetown, Texas.—Your front page should be improved.

The Semi-Weekly Campus, Southern Methodist University, Dallas, Texas.—Your paper is well got together.

The Harbinger, Bryant High School, Bryant, S. D.—Your front page is well-balanced.

The Blue and Gray, Harrogate, Tenn.—We like your paper.

The Mercer Cluster, Mercer University, Macon, Ga.—Your front page cut was attractive.

Dixie Portland Memorial School News, Richard City, Tenn.—Your booklet contains a large amount of news.

The High Times, Senior High School, Springfield, Mo.—Your advertisements are arranged correctly.

ALUMNAE NOTES

Mildred Benton resumed her Bachelor of Arts Degree from Colorado State Teachers' College last year and last winter took more work in Home Economics at the University of Southern California. She substituted a few days in a high school as instructor of cooking and sewing and says that she surely would like to be a teacher in that line of work for she likes it so much. Mildred began her Home Economics work here at Ward-Belmont under Mrs. Lowry.

Geraldine Massie and Etna Stas have pledged Alpha Delta Pi at the University of Texas.

Jacquelin Hill has been visiting Ward-Belmont from Columbus, Ohio for several days. She took a short vacation from her kindergarten work to run down and visit her old school.

Maxine Murry, enroute to Florida with her mother, has stopped by Ward-Belmont for a short visit.

Mrs. Paul Brazelton (Hope Emerson) has been visiting Ward-Belmont while enroute with her husband to Chattanooga and Florida. She is making her home in Owensville, Indiana.

Mrs. Ruby Foggy Morrison, of Pembroke, Kentucky, has been back here visiting.

Margaret Meyer, Eleanor Phelps and Janet Symonds are practicing every day on the Junior play to be presented March 15-21 at the University of Michigan.

MARRIAGES

The marriage of Annie Claire Johnson, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. James Clyde Johnson, at Richmond, Texas, to Mr. Edward Foster Baldwin on Saturday, Feb. 19, is announced. They will make their home at Baton Rouge, La.

SWIMMING MEET

"Are the judges ready?" "One, two, three—go!" Thus was the signal to begin the annual swimming exhibition of Ward-Belmont, which took place on Saturday afternoon, February 28th. The dangling legs and the dull rumblings of voices from the balcony, with an occasional, "All right, Margie," or "Come on, Jo," assured the contestants their friends were backing them and victory could be their only goal.

The events were as follows:

I. Plunge for distance.

First place—Strain plunging, 50 ft.

Second place—Wherry plunging, 45-10 1-2 ft.

Third place—Gove plunging, 44-3 3-4 ft.

II. 50 Ft. Front Dash.
First place—Burkhard in 10.3 sec.
Second place—Morelock in 10.8 sec.
Third place—Yochum in 11 sec.

III. Plain Dives.

First place—Yochum.

Second place—Neil.

Third place—Gary.

IV. 100 Ft. Front Dash.

First place—Northrup in 22.5 sec.

Second place—O'Connor and Simmons in 22.8 sec.

V. 50 Ft. Back Dash.

First place—Morelock in 12.1 sec.

Second place—Yochum in 12.4 sec.

Third place—Neil in 13.3 sec.

VI. 100 Ft. Under Water for Time.

First place—Morrison in 31.1 sec.

Second place—Wherry in 34.2 sec.

VII. Fancy Dives.

First place—Neil.

Second place—Yochum.

Third place—Gary.

VIII. 100 Ft. Back Dash.

First place—O'Connor in 28.9 sec.

Second place—Simmons in 30 sec.

IX. 50 Ft. Under Water.

First place—Ravn, V., in 12.6 sec.

Second place—O'Connor in 14.2 sec.

Third place—Simmons in 16.4 sec.

X. Relay.

First place—Di Gammas in 42.4 sec.

Second place—Betas in 43.4 sec.

Third place—Osirons in 44.4 sec.

The scores of the individuals were averaged and the results were:

First place—Virginia Neil, scoring 30 1-4 points.

Second place—O'Connor, scoring 25 3-4 points.

Third place—Yochum, scoring 23 points.

The clubs placed in the following order:

First place—Di Gamma, scoring 78 points.

Second place—Tri K, scoring 58 points.

Third place—Beta, scoring 56 points.

Fourth place—Osirons, scoring 48 points.

Fifth place—X. L., scoring 10 points.

Sixth place—T. C., scoring 4 points.

Seventh place—F. F., scoring 2 points.

It is the custom to award a medal to the individual scoring the highest number of points. This honor was won by Virginia Neil of the Di Gamma Club.

I.

From where do falling snow flakes come!

Why do they leave their heav'nly home!

God sends them here to us in white
As holy angels of the night.

II.

They bring a message sweet and clear,
One of Love and Faith and Fear
Of God, almighty in His power
To guard the earth at every hour.

III.

Falling gently one by one
Until on earth their task is done,
They clothe the world in purity
And leave the rest to you and me.

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Application for second-class entry pending.

EDITORIAL

"Laziness grows on people; it begins in cobwebs and ends in iron chains."

When first we form the habit of postponing or omitting tasks because they cause us some slight inconvenience, the results are scarcely perceptible. The end seems to justify the means, and to obtain a little more time in which to loaf, we are often prone to do things in a slipshod manner. By so doing, however, we rob ourselves of any satisfaction which might have been gained through doing the thing well.

Laziness becomes more or less of a disease, creeping upon one gradually, and sapping out very energy and vitality. We lose our alertness, our keenness, our enthusiasm, and become mere humdrum sort of persons, devoid of initiative and dependability.

We lose not only the respect of our friends, but, most important of all, our self-respect. We know that we are lazy, but being so we fail to resist the strength of our handicap.

Nothing can prove more of a detriment to success than can laziness, loathsome in its very lack of stamina. Once acquired, the habit of shirking responsibility is a hard one to rid ourselves of. Yet it is very easy to steer clear of slovenliness, and to continually make ourselves more, and not less, dependable and energetic.

So let us beware of that gossamer veil of laziness whose meshes, dazzling alluringly in the sunlight, prove to be cold steel when once we are entrapped in them.

THE OBSERVER

The Washington's birthday dinner was a grand success but some of us would appreciate it if Mr. Vito should condescend to play "Yankee Doodle" first at our next celebration. And speaking of costumes, some of our fingers are still sore from sewing ruffles. Well, one just must have pantaloons on occasions, and we're nothing if not ingenious.

"That man, Thos, surely made a wreck of me," says Louise. Some of

the rest of us are very apt to agree with her.

We're beginning to think we're being cheated. The movie Saturday night was suspiciously like the "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" type. If it hadn't been for Edler, we shouldn't have been entertained at all.

Miss Meroney must be seriously affected in the vicinity of the seat of affections. One would think so from the glowing examples she has been giving in her classes.

We wonder how many people haven't read the letter Ruth received the other day. Poor Helena threatens to leave if she has to listen to it again. Betty almost floated away one day. The water wouldn't turn off and of course she didn't think to pull the plug out. Who could expect that?

PROGRAM BY DE LUCA PUPILS

A very successful program was given by two of Signor G. S. de Luca's pupils on Monday night at the Centennial Club, when Dr. A. W. Wright and John Lewis sang a number of songs. Particularly pleasing to the large audience was the duet which they rendered. John Lewis, who sang with Gigli last week, repeated his triumph of that evening, and the songs which Dr. Wright sang were equally well received.

Another pupil of Signor de Luca who has been receiving much praise lately is the tenor, James Melton, who has recently had successful concerts before the Women's Club in Murfreesboro and a similar organization in Pulaski.

THE OLD ACADEMY ESTATE

Mrs. Blanton has in her possession an interesting picture sent her by Mrs. Pauline Acklen Lockett, the daughter of the famous Mrs. Acklen, who was the original owner of the estate on which Ward-Belmont is founded.

The picture shows the old mansion, and part of the grounds, as they appeared in 1867, and when we see the picture, we feel that modern times and surroundings have almost cruelly dealt with the beauty of the place.

The view of the old mansion is taken evidently from the tower, and gives us the same scope as a picture would, taken from the roof of the academic building. Only a few things now remain as they were.

Take, for instance, the main building. In the picture it is not subdued between two dormitories. It stands forth, and dominates, as a queen dominates. Then, instead of dormitories, there stretched gracefully to the right and to the left of the building two balconies, with six arches each. Now, two of those arches remain, their beautiful iron-work a mute reminder of past glories.

There were no driveways, then, for in front of the house, the lawns were beautifully laid out in graceful circles, interwoven with gravel paths and flower-beds. What is now our campus, used to look like a "storybook garden."

The fountain formed the center of

one pretty circle, the summer-house of another. Both fountain and summer-house were flanked by statues.

The third circle, immediately in the foreground of the picture, contained more flower beds, and must have charmed the eyes of Mrs. Acklen's guests. In the center of this circle stood one of the urns which now stand on the side of the campus near Heron Hall.

The whole mansion was framed in trees and appeared to be gleaming white. What a picture of luxury! No wonder it was one of the show places of the entire South. The daughters of Ward-Belmont should be proud of their heritage.

THE CURRENT EVENTS CLUB

The members of the Current Events Club met last Friday at 5 o'clock. The speaker of the day, Dr. Winton, was obtained because of his thorough knowledge of Mexico and its problems.

Dr. Winton has been in Mexico many years of his life and thus has a first-hand understanding of the people. He said that the Mexican people as a whole, were not sneaking as so many foreigners consider them. The struggle of these people may be blamed, not on the character of the people, but on the conflict of church and state.

Under President Diaz the country made its greatest advance for he encouraged the development of natural resources and education to a fine degree. The country is particularly endowed by nature with many resources and a climate which is conducive to health.

There has been for years a land-working class which made progress hard for the multitudes. The King of Spain for years gave grants of land to favorite subjects and thus there was not enough land for all people. Until these estates were divided there was sore need for land. Agriculture has become an important item to Mexicans and when this interest is awakened in any people they are on the high road to peace and civilization, Dr. Winton thinks.

These and many other interesting points were discussed and when Dr. Winton concluded he offered to answer any questions asked, if possible. When all questions had been answered the meeting was adjourned. It had surely been an interesting discussion and gave all those present a different idea and better understanding of the neighboring republic than they had ever had before.

I'M THE NIT-WIT

I'm the nit-wit that ruses. I know that my love affairs, my home town, my automobile, and my good times, aren't of interest to everyone, but what if they are bored! The minute anyone comes into speaking distance I yell, "I've heard from John every day." With such a beginning I can rave for hours, and I do talk until my audience leaves me. Of course, I know that I'm not popular, but I'd rather talk about myself than to be liked. Other people never have anything to say that is interesting to me.



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Tuesday, February 22.
Awoke this a.m. at the unheard of hour of six bells. Felt that something terrible must be going to happen, so I got up and flipped a coin—but it came out just grand, so I climbed back to bed and slept till my second hour class—that is—almost. I heard Mrs. Gaines' gentle tread down the hall and something told me I'd better not be caught—so I wasn't—but my eyes still a strange mixture of every known color where I ran into a coat hanger on my way into the closet.

Classes went along as usual—but chapel saved the day from being the usual Tuesday bore. We've started something new and different—Better English Week. I have a feeling that it's going to be the death of me—but why worry! A Miss Some-body-or-other from Hume-Fogg High School talked about beautiful speech—or something like that—and she certainly passed some highly insulting slams on my pure southern brogue. I still insist on saying "tea cake" and all the northerners in the world can't stop me! Just let them try!

Spent the entire afternoon powdering my curly locks and borrowing wearing apparel for the social event of the season—George Washington's dinner dance. My costume was most beautiful, and my stateliness was due, not to my nature, but to my fear of losing something—that is, according to my room mate. She never did appreciate me. Well, to continue, the food was grand, and aside from the crowd the dance was, too.

Good night, dear diary, I'm a total wreck!

Wednesday, February 23.

Well, since I'm not used to such unusual disappointments in the middle of the week my lessons suffered seriously. I shall suggest that Miss Wills send a letter to all our teachers here—after telling them the importance of the colonial dinners, so maybe—only maybe though—some of them will break down and give us A+'s for our mere attendances on "the morning after."

Miss Scruggs talked in chapel this morning and I felt guilty all the time because I wasn't taking notes—or even writing letters. Hearing one's own teacher perform in chapel is a strange feeling!

Club this evening; and we all answered roll by telling the new word we'd learned today. Well, mine was no long they didn't ask me what it meant—and for once luck was with

me—I hadn't even looked it up—but my guilty conscience got the best of me and I spent the rest of study hour hunting words for the whole suite.

Thursday, February 24.
This good English stuff is about to get me down. Today's tag day—and I'm scared to death to open my mouth—got up to fifteen tags, and then got mad at the playmate and lost them all in my fury!

No soap as far as classes are concerned. They're incidental, so why mention them when there's anything else to amuse me?

Friday, February 25.

Everything dragged along as usual 'till at dinner Miss Morrison said would all the Seniors please go up to wreck to escort the guests down to the chapel. Well, not being a Senior didn't cramp my style a hit—I just ran along with the rest and grabbed me a date and ran down to chapel. Well, all I can say is, if the date I had is a fair example of a Canadian, deliver me from them. Any way, we surely had a grand time!

Saturday, February 26.

Now if I were the mind to crawl from my downy cot at 5 a.m. I might have had my lessons today, but as it was, I just smiled sweetly at all my teachers and they didn't call me one. Praise Allah! Luck was with me.

We've gone back to the *Anne of Green Gables* type of movie, and personally and confidentially, I much prefer Ben. Why can't people behave so we can have him again!

Rated the dance again and had the world's best time—but I ate two many sandwiches and don't feel quite like I might.

Sunday, February 27.
Hurrah! No church in town. So in honor of the occasion I went to Sunday school, and why I haven't been before is beyond me. Next time I shall bring the whole suite if I have to drag them by their ears!

Tea in the club houses, and as luck would have it I had to serve. Well, at least I had plenty to eat.

Monday, February 28.

I sure do like these short months. Here it is the end of February and now there're only three more months.

Went to town as usual—so now I must rest up for the rest of the week.

THE MOVIE

It may have been a lily to its director, but in my opinion, Poppy rules the fillum. It was a touching tale of a shrinking violet whose cruel parent wouldn't let her go out without a chaperone. Amidst a big hat, a lot of tears and other scenery, she said good-bye to her one and only. The picture was full of heart throbs and emotion—deep dyed, flaming emotion and tender, weepy emotion and all the others. The heroine emitted with vim and vigor. She clasped her hands, she tore her hair, she heaved with sobs, she even hung on the drape-ries till at last she found real love and beamed into the camera saying, Praise Allah! My time has come!"

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TEA AT THE CLUB HOUSES

Time: Sunday, 6 P. M.

Place: Any one of the club houses.
Characters: The club members.

Scene I.

Say! Who wants to help? Come into the food factory and get to work. Start bringing the plates from the pantry, and for goodness sake! don't drop 'em.

Where'll I set these plates? Oh! They're heavy as regulation moccasins! Pardones-moi, I didn't mean to knock your arm. I repeat: where'll I put 'em. I may look as broad as a table, but that's no sign I am one.

Bring some forks. We can't eat chicken salad with our fingers. One marshmallow to a cup, please!

Anybody started the cocoa yet? Of course not. I knew all the time I'd have to do it. Croo-el, croo-el would! Think nothing of it.

Look out! I've got my arms full of cups. Yes, I know I said "I've got," but tag day's over now. Where'll I put 'em? SAY somebody! anybody! Where'll I set 'em? On the table. Hmph! I'd like to see somebody just TRY to put anything the size of one of MY IDEAS on THAT table.

Need any help out here! Mercy, no! We're entirely too crowded now. SAY! Do stop the tune. Spare us. All you ever work is your mouth, and even that runs over time.

That's it! Knock my arm so I can flood the kitchen. There's enough stuff on this floor now without irrigating it with hot chocolate.

Here, take these in, and see if all mouths have been fed.—May I have some more cocoa? I want some salad. Where are the marshmallows?

Here's two extras; where'll they rest? Set 'em down anywhere, on the floor if no place else.

Scene II.

Stack the dishes and put the scraps in the garbage can, not on the floor. Put the silver in one pile. Yes, it has to be washed tonight.

I'll help; where's a rag? Give me the soap. Bring on the silver! I'm ye old expert at dishwashing. I helped wash three cups and two saucers at camp last summer.

Aw! quit talking so much and watch out for that water; it's running over!

Any marshmallows left? Might know there wouldn't be! Well, hand me one of the proverbial "wafers." Guess it'll hold me up until breakfast. LOOK OUT!! I knew you'd do it. Couldn't you see that banana peeling. You almost broke your cup and saucer when you fell. Separate yourself from the rest of the trash and "arise

to the occasion" of wiping the forks. Say, May, do you think we could take some of this extra food to the room. Let's try it. It's only a minor, and the food's surely worth it. I get as hungry as a starved jelly fish before 10 o'clock. Just think! four long hours without food. It's too much for any human, much less me. Member what that man said at church this morning about people living to eat. Well, I guess I'm IT on that subject.

Pick up those papers! Look out for that banana skin, or thy fate may be that of Helen's.

Well, let's toddle up to the matresses and try 'em out. I'm completely fagged out! Good-bye. Sweet nightmares!

(Editor's Note: Will the writer please call at the Hyphen office.)

PERSONALS

Ruth Hughes spent the afternoon with her brother on Saturday, February 26.

Catherine Frances had dinner with her sister on Saturday evening.

Pauline Ney spent the week-end with her parents.

Gertrude Cameron spent the week-end with her parents. Florence Fernman was entertained by them on Saturday evening.

Emily Wright had dinner with her brother on Saturday evening.

Martha Proctor spent the week-end in Columbia, Tenn.

Catherine Blanton was out with her mother for the week-end.

Charlotte Wetack spent the week-end with her mother.

Elizabeth Goode, Nell House and Virginia Farmer spent Sunday afternoon with Mrs. Padgett.

Betty Marr was out with Mrs. Cates on Sunday afternoon.

Eleanor Durham spent Sunday afternoon with Mrs. Rope and Marion.

Suzanne Lewis and Margaret Carthew spent the day out on Sunday.

Agnes Bickley spent Sunday afternoon with Mrs. Harrington.

Rose Morrison was with her sister, Mrs. Blair, all day Sunday.

Alice Noedreiwier spent the week-end with her parents.

Virginia Bidwell spent Sunday afternoon with Dorothy Brain and her father.

Caroline Cosgrove, Frances Lou Vinson, Margaret Insull and Mary Rhoda Jones were entertained by Mrs. Wetack and Charlotte on Sunday afternoon.

Martha Lindsey spent Monday afternoon with her brother.

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MEADORS

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A WARD-BELMONT GIRL ON HER ARRIVAL IN HAMBURG

(Continued from page 1)

are? Why, floating docks, of course, (Uttered disgustedly.) Hamburg is one of the world's largest ship building ports. (They near the wharf and the station gate officials appear.) Would you gaze at the uniforms! They certainly have a lot of ankle-prim, judging from the half-mast trousers. And such hair-cuts—evidently want to eliminate the "capitoline" covering altogether, or at least achieve a military brush effect. (The party follows Miss Ross through the station to the street, where a sight-seeing bus awaits them.) Aren't these buildings just wonderful. But then I've always heard Hamburg was noted for its architecture. (She gazes around in awe. The bus nears Alder Lake.) UH! What'd'ya say? And here is the beautiful Alder Lake—imagine it, right in the middle of the city. No wonder these people have such remarkable complexions. All they do is spend their time swimming, or in rowboats or in the public parks. Just glance at that launch, Fran—a regular aqueous street car; makes a trip every half hour. UH! Here's where the people unload. (Points to a small wharf where the people are landing. The bus now enters a broad avenue, shaded on both sides by magnificent old trees. This is the beginning of the exclusive residential district.) Such divine houses, Fran. That massive stone structure there is just my ideal of a home—

broad steps and an iron fence. Just notice that grass—the greenest of the green! And that hedge—trimmed to the perfection. Those flowers have the most brilliant colors I've ever seen. Honestly, would you have thought such a paradise existed. (Gazes longingly at the residences.) Look at those formal gardens sloping down to the lake with their boat houses and all. Do you know you can buy one of these places for from \$7,000 to \$10,000 in our money. Feature such a thing in the States. If I didn't want an Italian shawl and a dozen other things, I'd certainly attempt to purchase one of those mansions on the installment plan. (The bus has now stopped before an establishment similar to an American country club.) What's this place? Fahr Gardens. Not the Fahr Gardens! I guess we don't rate, Fran. Listen, I want to tell you something—this is the most exclusive garden and restaurant in Hamburg. Think of having lunch here! (The party is conducted through a long lobby into a handsomely furnished lounge, thence into a dining-room built out over the lake.) Well, Fran, isn't this just too grand! I hear we are having a five-course luncheon. Goodness knows I'm hungry enough! (The luncheon, much more like a dinner, is served; in an adjoining ballroom an orchestra is playing.) What'd'ya say? How well they play Liebestraume? Yes, somehow these foreign orchestras do seem much more melodious than ours. You think they emphasize the violin more? Yes, but I'll bet they can't play jazz. (The dessert, ice cream molded in

the shape of a castle, is brought in.) Upon—my—word! This ice cream is certainly cleverly molded. Just like an old Rhinish castle. (Dinner over, the party prepares to leave to catch the 8:15 p.m. train to Berlin.) Say, Fran, did you see that big garden below us? Seats 600 people—and they sat at nights the boats just swarm this place for drinks and other refreshments. (They arrive at the station, passing through a waiting room where most of the people are seated at tables eating. Suddenly from around a curve the train whistles in.) Feature this, Fran! Just like you see in the movies. (They enter their compartments and are locked in.) Well, good-bye, Hamburg.

WHAT WARD-BELMONT GIRLS WANT TO HEAR

(Continued from page 1)

own lives. We are more enthusiastic over Do's than Dont's. The most important thing is that the subjects are vital to us, and that the speaker has either new ideas, or a new way of expressing old ones.

Dr. Holt is always welcomed at Ward-Belmont, because his talks are relative to things of the day.

The Rev. Roger T. Nooe, Rev. Prentice Fugh, and Dr. John A. Hill are greeted with enthusiasm, because each leaves us with a clean feeling; we want to do and be more, feeling that the world is better.

The president of Rotary International, Harry Rogers, carried the audience because he said, "Be Somebody," and acted as if he thought we would.

Dr. Pendleton, the head of the English department at Peabody was enthusiastically applauded, and has been the object of discussion since his talk, because he gave us something constructive; he told us "to keep growing," and how to do it.

WARD-BELMONT TEACHERS MAKE ADDRESSES

Ward-Belmont was well represented at the annual meeting of the Tennessee Philological Association, which met at Murfreesboro Friday and continued through Saturday, for two of the faculty gave addresses. The meeting is the 21st annual meeting of the society and attended by leaders in education from over the state.

Miss Martha Annette Cason, who teaches Latin at Ward-Belmont, gave what was pronounced a most scholarly and interesting paper by the other members of the society, on "Tesserae Gladiatoriae." Miss Elene Ransom, of the English department, had for the subject of the paper she gave, "The Dido Legend in Chaucer and in Virgil." She made a comprehensive comparison of the methods of treatment, showing a thorough knowledge of the subject.

Miss Theo Scruggs and Miss Linda Rhes, both of the English department, attended the conference.

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CHAPEL NOTES

Wednesday, February 23, 1927.

Had your word? What have you done with it? Do you know what words are? Where they came from? These are some of the questions Miss Scruggs asked this morning which marks our second day out on the Ocean of Good English. There are several different theories concerning the origin of words. Some people think that man first uttered just peculiar sounds which later developed into words—this is known as the Ejectatory theory. Others think that man in trying to imitate animals, the sound of the wind, of the waters and many other things developed a kind of jargon which finally became speech. Still others think that man received speech from God as a gift.

"Words," said Miss Scruggs, "are symbols of thought. They are necessary for free thinking. We should be able to use our words with exactness, suggestiveness and above all, with propriety—they should fit like a glove."

Milton had a vocabulary of 8,000 words; Shakespeare of 15,000. In the modern dictionary there are 450,000 words. Statistics show that the average individual has a vocabulary of about 3,000 words. There is only one thing that keeps us from having a Milton's or Shakespeare's vocabulary or an even greater one—and that one thing is inertia or just plain laziness.

We are living in a scientific age. Science always works along the line of cause and effect. What then are some of the causes of our limited vocabularies? Vulgarism. Slang. Why not speak correctly? It is just as easy—only a matter of habit. Why not form the habit!

Thursday, February 24, 1927.

The Fourth-year English class of the High School department presented a clever four-act play, "Children That Play." The first act showed a fair at which the owners of the different stands rivaled each other in selling their wares—Buy here, we sell all kinds of Good English! Buy here, we sell kinds of bad English! In the second act a beautiful young girl was unable to win the love of a handsome man until she had improved her speech. A country lass and a girl from Palm Beach cleverly contrast the effect of good and bad English both as a representative of breeding and of mode of life. In act four we saw the victory of good English over Satan and Carelessness.

Tags were also given out for the good English contest which will close at the chapel hour on Friday.

Friday, February 25, 1927.

The Expression A class presented the play, "The Magic Voice," in observance of a Good English week. Although poor speech tries to force himself upon young America he soon finds that he is powerless to thwart the materializing of the wish of the professor of good English. The American people must be bound together with one language—Good English. Saturday, February 26, 1927.

We had as our chapel speaker this morning, Mr. Davidson, professor of

English at Vanderbilt University. Mr. Davidson is also a poet of distinction and a literary critic of the Nashville Tennessean. According to Mr. Davidson, who calls himself a "word-feller," as Sherwood Anderson denotes writers, words have personalities. It is therefore necessary that we understand their personalities in order to use them correctly and in their finest meaning. Mr. Davidson talked to our attention the content of an Irish writer, who said that a man's name determines the type of literature which he will write. He also spoke of John Ransom who, as he put it, "has played a little with words." He mentioned particularly a short poem, "Survey of Literature," which shows how words have personalities of their own. Ransom has made his poem appealing by using queer, whimsical words.

Mr. Davidson also showed the trend of modern poetry by reading two versions of the same poem.

"Little Boy Blues" by John Ransom in his modern version of this old theme shows possibilities of word combinations. "These word-fellows," said Mr. Davidson, "compose a complete picture. They are not seeking to justify this man and condemn that one, but to put the whole plot before us that we may see the whole picture and form our own judgments. This is what these word-fellows can do for us."

The results of the Better English Tag contest were also announced. Of the day student clubs the Di Gamma holds first place with 515 tags. Of the Social Clubs the Tri K club holds first place with 318 tags. The individual winner or grand champion of the school is Dorothy Valentine, who has 31 tags.

Dear Cynthia

The real big topic at the Mothers Club. Tuesday was Youthful Women's Day. A note was taken as to where they could be obtained. Everyone voted for—

Bells!
—Doris

Bells Booteries

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WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

Volume XVI.

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Number 26

MR. BEN SCOVEL SPEAKS TO WARD-BELMONT

Ward-Belmont has been particularly fortunate in having as their visitor Mr. Ben Scovel. He is a nephew of the actor, Sir Henry Irving, and for many years has been known as a very great Shakespearian actor. In the recent war Mr. Scovel gave all of his time as a "Cheerio" to the men in France. Thursday morning in Chapel he gave a very amusing account of his life which served as a very opportune means of showing him in the role of a comedian. As the laughter subsided Mr. Scovel read Robert W. Service's "Carry On" and made us feel the power within the man that enables him to take his place in the ranks of outstanding dramatists. Sunday evening at Vespers Mr. Scovel read the "Way of the Cross." This word-picture of the time of Nero impressively emphasized the power that Christianity has always had on its believers. Nothing less than the fortitude and courage imparted by Christianity could have converted the rich and powerful Anthony and made him follow Mercia, the Christian, to death—and in the eyes of his country, to dishonor. As an epilogue Mr. Scovel gave a more modern example of a man carrying on when his most cherished possession, his son, had been killed in the war. This man, Harry Lauder, went on with his entertainment for the soldiers even when the news reached him of his son's death. Mr. Scovel left with us the idea of "carrying on" regardless of circumstances, for that is the true way both to happiness and success.

GOODMAN ACHIEVES GREAT HONOR

Another outstanding achievement has recently been added to the list of honors gained by the Ward-Belmont faculty, and by a man who has already made for himself a firm place in the musical world, Lawrence Goodman, director of the piano department of the Ward-Belmont Conservatory of Music.

Mr. Goodman was asked by the Aeolian Company, last summer, to come to New York to make records for the Duo-Art and on the first of this month, two of the records he made are being released. These two are "Ecstasy" by Alvin S. Wiggers, a Nashville composer, and "Humoresque" by Rachmaninoff.

Other pianists who have made these records are Paderewski, Josef Hofmann, Gabriowitz, Percy Grainger, Novacek, and Rachmaninoff, and it is not surprising that Mr. Goodman, who has long been noted as one of the country's foremost pianists, should

(Continued on page 8)



Climbing the Alps has always sounded most difficult but these girls, with the Ward-Belmont European party last summer, don't seem to be having a very hard time of it. Reading from left to right, going up the mountain are Mary Alice Bales, Charlotte Wetta, Mildred Pearson, Anne Fuller, and Ruth Barnard. The mountain which they are climbing is the Great Grindelwald Glacier, only a short way from the Jungfrau. They went up 400 feet, and declared that they had had enough and came down another and easier path.

The Muscle Shoals Trip

A large part of Ward-Belmont, about three hundred and thirty to be exact, was astir earlier than usual Monday morning. Of course, for this was the day of the much talked of trip to Muscle Shoals—and a very rainy day it began to be. The rising bell, or perhaps I should say buzzer, rang at 5:30 and breakfast was from six to six-thirty. Then everybody was conveyed to the station in the usual fashion and the special train pulled out for Sheffield at seven o'clock. All the girls seemed bent on thwarting any disappointment that may have been caused by the weather, for songs, jokes, and laughing could be heard all the way there. Good spirits were increased when in passing Columbia Military Academy, the girls saw the boys crowding in the windows and waving, and reflected that perhaps after all W.-B. was not the country's one and only strict institution.

Arrived at Sheffield, a grand reception awaited the party, for it seemed that the entire town had turned out to welcome them. The cars and buses were numbered and each girl was assigned to the car in which she was to ride at; any other time of the day when riding was necessary.

After "busing" quite extensively they found themselves at a government mess house where they prepared to disembark but were informed that they had come to the wrong place. So they again set out and this time came to the right house where they all enjoyed a barbecue dinner. After dinner as the rain had ceased, kodaks were much in prominence and many exclamations about wanting to snap this "cute little army car" or that "nice big officer" were heard.

The next stop was at the U. S. Nitrate Plant No. 2 through which the girls were conducted by a very interesting guide. This plant is equipped to produce 110,000 tons of ammonium nitrate per year and is the largest plant of its kind in the world. The reservation situated on the south bank of the Tennessee River covers 2,206 acres. The total cost was approximately \$70,000,000.

The girls now enjoyed a lovely drive through the city of Florence up to the Wilson Dam which, according to the amount of concrete contained, is absolutely the largest dam in the world. Through cheap power from the dam cheap manufacture of

(Continued on page 8)

WEDNESDAY WAS MILESTONES' DAY AT CHAPEL

No one knew what it was going to be like, when the first girl came out with huge cardboard 'sandwiches' of white, on each side, with a big black M. Next came the I, and so on until the letters spelled in enormous letters *Milestones*.

They stood there for a moment letting the spectators get the letters in their minds, then Margaret Inaui, who is editor-in-chief of the 1927 *Milestones*, came out and declared: "I am presenting to you the *Milestones'* staff of 1927

The happiest book this school ever put out

It will please you—it will cheer you. And you'll always want it near you. We'll verify this beyond a doubt."

Each girl wearing a letter then came forward and said the verses, which told what her letter meant. The verses were written by Alice Isabel Ingram, who can do 'most anything from drawing any sort of sketch to writing odes and humorous verse.'

M stood for memories, I for illustrations, L for laughter, E for enjoyment, S for school life, T for take-offs, O for the odes, N for the news, E to remind that is every one's book, and R for the secret that the 1927 *Milestones* will be "the best book ever published by dear old W.-B."

After the verses, Carol Cruse, assistant editor, announced the A B C contest, and the votes were then taken.

THE NEW GIRLS' PLEDGE

Every year after we return from the Christmas holidays we find among us new students who came to join the ranks and enjoy the pleasures of Ward-Belmont. This year as many as seventeen girls entered for the second semester. Like all Ward-Belmont girls they were "rushed" by the various social clubs wishing their membership, and it is of interest to all to know that they may be found in the following club.

- Elizabeth Hoover, Del. Ver.
- Aileen Rauch, F. F.
- Betty Hughes, Osiron.
- Mickey Chandler, Tri K.
- Katherine Stanifer, Tri K.
- Olga Dye, Penta Tau.
- Margaret Cobb, Anti Pandora.
- Isabel Flinn, Del Ver.
- Peggy McClary, Penta Tau.
- Dixie Morris, Penta Tau.
- Mildred Kilgore, Anti Pandora.
- Edna Johnson, Anti Pandora.
- Mary Gore, Osiron.
- Fritzie Broad, X. L.
- Naomi Kilgore, X. L.
- Cynthia Tanner, A. K.
- Mary Belle Duval, T. C.
- Mary Frances Marxon, Tri K.



IRRESISTIBLE SPRING MODES

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seen at the Paris Showing—
Note the lines of youth
displayed in this frock—

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WARD-BELMONT GIRLS



Every Ward-Belmont girl was deeply touched by the play, "The Sign of the Cross," given by Ben Scovel in Vespers last Sunday evening. Mr. Scovel is a nephew of the late Sir Henry Irving, famous Shakespearean actor, and himself played on the stage with Sir Henry many years.

The "Sign of the Cross" was written by Wilson Barrett. The plot centered around the devotion of a girl, Mercia, to the Christ; a devotion that led to her death, at the same time as that of her lover, Marcus, who had been influenced by her example and also became a Christian. Mr. Scovel gave as an epilogue an experience that he and Sir Harry Lauder had in Flanders field in France. There, surrounded by thousands of white crosses they, too, came to know more deeply the meaning of the cross.

Betty Martin, chairman of the social committee of the "Y" certainly knows how to keep secrets. I went to see her the other day about the "Y" party to be given Monday, March 14, from 4 to 6:30 for "Y" members. Girls, I really tried hard to find out what it was all about, but she was more indefinite than—I don't know what. There is only one way to find out and that is to wait and see. Betty, even though silent in details, does promise that it will be fun.

Mistress Belle Ward said in her diary last week that she had "discovered" Sunday school, and that from now on she was going to insist upon her sutenmates' going with her, even if she had to drag them there. Why not follow the example of this noted young lady and see what you discover? Ye scribe attended Miss North's group last Sunday and hereby states that she had a good time.

CHAPEL NOTES

Tuesday—March 1, 1927

It might almost be said that we are having an extension of the observance of National Drama Week. This morning we were delightfully surprised by having as our visitor, Baby Peggy, who entertained us for a few moments with some very amusing jokes.

Wednesday—March 2, 1927

Announcement.

Thursday—March 3, 1927

Ben Scovel, for the last ten years called a "Cherio" and especially in the recent war where he spent his time wholly in amusing the soldiers, certainly lived up to his name when he talked to us this morning. He showed us not only the "comedienne" side of his character through his wit, but also

the side of a great actor in his reading of "Carry On."

Friday—March 4, 1927

Class meetings.

Saturday—March 5, 1927

The regular chapel exercises took place this morning after which Dr. Blanton gave a short talk relative to the signing up for rooms by those wishing to return next year.

TRI-K KUMBACKS

Elizabeth Browne had charge of our program last Wednesday and she divided the entertainment into two parts. First, she and Catherine Blackman sang a song about a sailor and his sweetheart, accompanying their singing with appropriate actions. Catherine, who was dressed in a sailor suit played the ukulele and Elizabeth was the sweetheart. The second part of the evening was spent in playing "Consequences." Some of the funnier papers were read and were much enjoyed by the club members.

ALUMNAE NOTES

Bertie Jean Davis Hall (Mrs. Conway Hall) writes that she notes with interest the plan to place chimes in the Old Tower and that she feels that any alumnae should be glad of the chance to contribute to these chimes.

Jane Ludington Davis contributed to the chimes fund in a most interesting way. The Alumnae Association suggested that the members might make the money they contributed so Jane Davis solicited subscriptions for the Harpers Bazaar Magazine through the Debutantes' Bureau.

Gladys I. Patterson, who attends school in Chicago, writes that she is so glad to do her part towards chime. She says, "I am sure we will be the first to have chimes in Nashville for Ward-Belmont is always in the lead and our girls are all so anxious to do anything for our dear Alma Mater."

Jean McKnight (Mrs. Raymond Finnie) says that though she has attended two other schools since leaving Ward-Belmont neither of them can claim the place in her heart that Ward-Belmont holds. She is very glad of the chance to contribute to the "Thousand Ten Dollar Bills," to raise the chimes.

Will anyone who knows the addresses of the following girls please send them to Box 600, Ward-Belmont. This will be appreciated very much:

Alfreda Jenkins.
Grace Brown.
Charlotte Ellen O'Flaherty.
Dorothy Morrow.
Leslie E. Davis.
Mary Feebe.
Gladys Grider.
Elizabeth Walton Vaught.

Jane Reed, a 1926 Ward-Belmont graduate, whose home is in Anderson, Indiana, has recently gone to Portland, Oregon, where she will continue her library work.

News comes of the marriage of Jean McKnight to Dr. Raymond Finnie on last New Year's Day. They are at home in Woodland, Michigan.

FRENCH TRANSLATION CONTEST

The Ward-Belmont French Department has entered an interesting contest, which is being taken up by many schools and colleges all over the United States. It is the translation of Premier Briand's speech before the League of Nations, on the occasion of Germany's entrance into that body.

Several hundred versions of the speech were made for public use directly after it was delivered, in September. But interested American citizens felt that since this speech marked the beginning of another era in Franco-German relations, that a study of it would be beneficial to students of French, not only in learning the voicing of sentiments felt by many French people, but also in learning what efforts are being made in Europe toward adjustment of differences.

So, a committee headed by Henry Gratian Doyle, Professor of Romance Languages, George Washington University, Washington, D. C., has launched this contest. It is well worth any French student's time and work, for the first prize is one hundred dollars, the second is fifty dollars, and the third, twenty-five. There are also a number of smaller prizes.

The object, in translating the speech, is not a veritable literal translation, but one, which, while being measurably true to the original language of the speech, will give its striving spirit in the best possible English. For it is said that Premier Briand's speech was one of the most thrilling ever given before the League.

The judges in the contest are well-known professors and authors from all over our country. It is to be hoped that many students of Ward-Belmont will enter the competition.

CURRENT EVENTS CLUB

Dr. A. E. Parkins, Professor of Geography at Peabody College, was the speaker at last Friday's meeting of the Current Events Club. The meeting has held from 7 to 8 p. m. rather than at the usual hour of 5 to 6 p. m. in order that any girls going to Muscle Shoals and interested in a preparatory talk on the great

project in operation near Florence, Alabama, could be present.

The lectures began by showing slides to illustrate the history of water power being harnessed and forced to run great machines. Dr. Parkins explained the rude over-shot and water-shot water wheels used in old grist mills up to the very intricate ultra modern turbine systems employed in great projects like those at Niagara Falls and Muscle Shoals, Ala., to generate electricity for hundreds of miles. It was most interesting to have pointed out how really much water power is still wasted.

This interesting lecture made the trip to Muscle Shoals much more interesting and the gigantic project much easier to understand.

VERBATIM

It's a shame that Miss Rucker must parole third-floor founders when our summer-house patroness comes in late at night. Eh, what, Lamille?

Nathalie couldn't see for looking when Blanche yelled, "Deah, don't be athletic! We must stick together and preserve our *avor du poise*."

"Love is blind," they say, but we know better, don't we, Sherman?

Under the auspices of Mrs. Charlie, Eleanor, Jeanie and Margie have learned that this is a school of culture and refinement—and not loud talking; maybe a few more better apply.

Crushes are "passe," girls and fellow-women; we are now pestered with "Tangos"! Shame Rudy left one evil behind him; however, the world has always been the same, except we are looking through rose-colored glasses.

"To be or not to be, that is the question"; so-on and so-forth, Mary Jane; we'll leave it up to you.

Margaret Nowell, hereafter file for permission to have enlargements made, the owner might object—you can never tell!

No doubt, the boarders would prefer our day students and their gentlemen friends to appear in formal dress; for really, the boarders want to make as much of their formal dances as possible.

I'M THE NIT WIT

I'm the nit-wit that puts everything off until the last minute. I know that it doesn't gain me anything, and it often inconveniences other people. If I'm going to a party, I start dressing at the time that I should be going. If I'm going to class I always leave the room five or ten minutes after the bell—what difference if I do interrupt the teacher! If I have lessons to prepare, I madly begin studying just before class. Of course, I have time to do it earlier, but I just never get to it—and I can say that I've studied! If I'm going to town, I wait until the bank closes, and then asks one of the girls to cash my check. Putting things off until the last minute makes me unpopular, and irritates my friends. My present way of doing takes just as much energy, but I have the habit. I could change, by planning ahead, but this suits me!

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Application for second-class entry pending.

EDITORIAL

"A sort of melancholy settles over youth."

A wave of despondency seizes us all at one time or another and wells up in a mist of diabolical, utter hopelessness, a sense of futility, and the eternal question as to the character of the Great Beyond.

Some youths, with not enough faith to cope with this period of stress and storm, penetrate the veil and go in quest of the unknown—only to lose their lives in trying to find them.

When we feel that life is no longer worth living, let us turn to the Bible and to English poets, those songsters of faith and belief, for comfort and solace. In Tennyson we find this same struggle through which we all at some time pass—the poet, saddened by the death of his best friend, striving to go on, strengthened by his belief that love and life are immortal.

Life, it you know, what we ourselves make it. When first we start out on the wide highway we are pure, unused to deceit and the wiles of man, surrounded by bits of the heaven from which we came, patches not yet dispelled by knowledge, wisdom, and sophistication. The molding of our character is largely within our own sphere, our souls guided by the Master Hand.

Tiny, fragile ships are we, blown this way and that, but trying always to keep our true course. Browning tells us that there is some salvation for every human soul—that there is no good thing lost.

As the child, crying in the dark, outgrows his fear with the acquisition of reasoning power, so may we become wiser and our fear of life be replaced by a love of humanity, too full and rich to leave room for any doubt or fear. Let us "Carry on," and trust in:

"That God, which ever lives and loves, One God, one law, one element, And one far-off divine event, To which the whole creation moves."

ACADEMIC NOTES

The gymnasium classes from the first grade through college are preparing for an exhibition to be given about

the 25th of this month. The performance will include a variety of things such as exercises with wands, Indian clubs, marching, folk dances and all kinds of apparatus work. "Time for all girls," remarked one of the "gym" instructors, "to make their white tennis shoes white and to eliminate hose with runs in them."

"The English D. class," says Miss Rosa, "is so old-fashioned as to enjoy the mid-victorian post, Tennyson. Is literary taste evening back?"

In the Art classes the students are competing in the presentation of two designs each on any one of the following topics for the Milestones—organization, classes, social clubs, the end, athletics, departments, music, art, domestic arts, expression, physical education, literary, humor, cover design, cover lining and bank plate. The History of Art Classes are beginning the study of the High Renaissance.

MISS BLYTHE CALLED HOME

Miss Venable Blythe of the department of piano, was called home this week to Dallas, Texas, by the death of her father. Miss Blythe, who is expected to return the last of the week, has the sympathy of the student body and the faculty.

GOODMAN TO BE SOLOIST AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

Lawrence Goodman, director of the department of piano of the Ward-Belmont Conservatory of Music, will be the soloist at the concert of the Nashville Symphony Orchestra on March 13. He will play as solos, Chopin's Nocture d'flat; Valse, a flat, and Etude, c minor. He will play Tschalkowsky's Concerto in b flat minor (first movement) to be played by piano and orchestra.

RECENT GUESTS AT SCHOOL

Recent guests have been Mrs. L. O. Blanton, Dallas, Texas, mother of Catherine Blanton; Dorothy Dewey's parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Dewey of Toledo, Ohio; Josephine Gale's mother, Mrs. O. H. Gale of Albion, Mich.; Mary Jane McPhail's mother, Mrs. A. McPhail of Geneva, Ohio; Betty Stone's mother, Mrs. A. R. Stone of Chicago; Ruth Silverstein's mother, Mrs. I. Silverstein of Terre Haute, Ind.; Pauline Ney's mother, Mrs. A. H. Ney of Harrisonburg, Va.; Evelyn Dobbs' father, Mr. J. V. Dobbs of Oklahoma City; and Claire Packard's sister, Mrs. J. G. Moe of Oak Park, Ill.

FRENCH PLAY

Several French students of Ward-Belmont were given the privilege of enjoying, last Friday evening, a delightful French play.

This play, entitled "by free translation" "A Game of Bluff," was presented by members of the French Alliance, assisted by the Vanderbilt

French Department. It was given at the Neely Auditorium, Vanderbilt, and was enjoyed by a large audience.

The story is quite charming, and very true to French life. It tells us of two families, one of which has a son, and the other a daughter. These families are very anxious for a marriage between the boy and girl, so they set about accomplishing it, by "A Game of Bluff." Each one "puts on airs," exaggerates, and makes use of all sorts of tricks to make it appear that their position is much higher than it really is. The two fathers finally exceed all bounds in trying to see which will give the largest dowry, when neither has more than a comfortable living. At last, the honest old uncle of one of the men denounces their foolish vanity and gives the dowry himself, and then there is happiness.

The play was presented with fine ability, and each of the players was splendidly suited to his part. Monsieur Rochdeu gave an especially apt and humorous characterization as the heroine's father.

X. L. LIGHTS

For the benefit of the members who have been unable to keep themselves "posted" on daily occurrences of national interest, several current topics were explained and discussed Wednesday evening. Apropos of the trip to Muscle Shoals, Olive Logan read an interesting paper on the history and importance of the Shoals. Eleanor Wilson explained the present situation in China, while Carol Hutchinson told of the unfortunate mishaps and misadventures of the U. S.-Pan-American good-will flight which culminated in the death of two prominent aviators. This new employment of the social hour was found very successful and will be repeated later.

FIRST STUDENTS' RECITAL OF YEAR

The first students' recital of the year was given Friday, March 4th, in the auditorium, before an interested audience. Piano selections were played by Miss Whitfield Morell, pupil of Miss Amelia Thron; Miss Ruby Briggs Sprouse, and Miss Dorothy Brain, pupils of Lawrence Goodman; and Miss Vivian Slagle, Miss Margaret Daggett, pupils of Miss Alice Lutfwick.

Miss Carolyn Braub, pupil of Kenneth Rose, played a violin solo. Miss Mary Dunn, pupil of Miss Florence Boyer, and Miss Nancy Baskerville, pupil of Miss Helen Todd Sloan, each sang two songs.

This recital was the first of a series to be held every Friday at five in the auditorium.

OSIRON DANCE

An orchid room, shaded lights, individual tables for refreshments, a tremendously successful cabaret special—of such was the Osiron dance.

Strips of orchid-tinted paper radiated from the center to form a low drop ceiling and hung from the sides to meet a flower-entwined lattice fence. From the center of a large delicately-

colored-orchid suspended from the ceiling hung a brilliant reflector which cast darts of light around the room.

The novel features of the dance came with the special and the serving of refreshments. Individual tables, each brightened with green covers and a natural-looking orchid, were placed around the sides of the room, so that guests might enjoy the cabaret entertainment as refreshments of salad, wafers, and tea were served by Osiron girls dressed in orchid-colored costumes.

What was probably the most effective and striking specialty program of any dance this year was composed of five acts, marvellously chosen for variety and directed to perfection. Special mention should be given to the final act, a Sea-Saw scene. The four participants, dressed in white satin and high powdered wig, made a beautiful contrast against the black crepe background of the stage.

The program was as follows: "Introduction."

Ruth Johnson and chorus, Billie Roberts, Mary Louise Burkhard, Helen Rommussen, Shirley Agram, Betty Marr, Alberta-Stols, Meiba Johnson.

"The Girl is You, and The Boy is Me," from George White's Scandals, sung by June Miller and Mary Dunn. III Xylophone solo by Helen Bagley.

IV Selections by Osiron Orchestra, Margaret Stanford, pianist, Louise Smith, saxophone, and Helen Bagley, violin and xylophone.

V A sea-saw, Betty Stone and June Miller, assisted by Carolyn Dodge and Helen Cody. Curtain faces, Corinne Weiblen and Frances Gary.

Favors were brown leather card cases with gilt letters "Osiron" printed on them.

WARD-BELMONT

From out of the night there came a sound
Of patterling feet in the hall.
A moment passed—a transom closed,
Then—no sound at all.
A flash of a light—then no light at all,
A door is softly closed,
A stifled giggle—an emphatic ah!
What IT is must be supposed.
A crackling of paper—a pounding of tin,
A warning for all not to talk!
A moment's pause—a sound outside
Which resembled the hostess' walk!
On came the sound down the steps
Steps fairy-like and the hall not lit.
She opened the door—their hearts stood still—
For IT was a midnight feast!

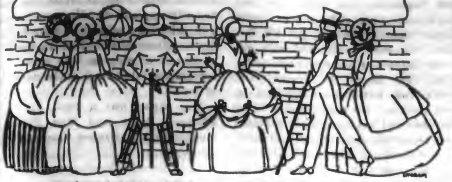
WATER POLO

A most fascinating sport now being practiced at W.-B. is water polo. All the clubs have participated in the sport. Practice began last Thursday afternoon when the rules and technique of the game were emphasized.

Girls never having played this game before find it extremely thrilling.

Practice is being held every day.

The Diary of Mistress Belle Ward



Tuesday—March 1.

Whew! Did March ever come in like a lion? Nearly froze solid on the way to breakfast and snow! Well, I've always thought this Sunny South stuff was all bunk, and now I'm sure of it. Was completely snowed under in the way to first hour class and my chapel time could scarcely plough through. Was tempted to wire home for some snow shoes—but since I lacked the wherewithal I didn't.

Big surprise—Baby Peggy favored as with her company and her Irish stories in chapel this morning—true so the fact that I sit directly behind a post in the third row from the back failed to enjoy it as I might otherwise have. Frenched a bit—but that wasn't enough to please mademoiselle, he all but slaughtered me because I couldn't tell her who did what, why, and where. But what's a little French in my young life.

Danced in the gym after dinner—and then wished all study hour that I hadn't; it got me all out of the mood to study. But I did accomplish something—washed twelve pairs of socks—and incidentally rubbed all the kink of my knuckles.

To bed to recover from such strenuous activities.

Wednesday—March 2.

Well—in all my long, long life I've never seen as much snow before. Got to cold looking at it that I went up to the infirmary and slept all morning. Then by noon when the snow was all gone and I was sure I wouldn't catch pneumonia or whooping cough or the like—Miss Rucker wouldn't let me go down! But I got even with her and screamed lustily at every passerby, so she let me out "because was disturbing the peace and quiet"—feature that! Guess I didn't miss anything though, except a psych test, which according to the girl friend, was a prize. It's well that I missed it for things like that worry me—and I'm not to be worried.

Thursday—March 3.

Ate so much at breakfast that I didn't feel so very much like going to first-hour class. But I went, I always hate to deprive my teachers of my company—they always seem to appreciate it so!

Miss Rhea, spring—sprang—sprung—which is it? Anyway we had a little test in history—one of the kind that might as well have only one question "rewrite the book using the correct words possible." But I fooled her and didn't hand in a paper at all, would have signed my name in my book and handed it in, but since the book belongs to the room mate,

I thought better of it.

Mr. Scovel talked in chapel—and I laughed 'till I wept briny tears at the "Kan-ka-kee and the Ko-ko-mo." Wish he'd come out every morning—the dear teachers were in a much pleasanter frame of mind.

Lent started yesterday—but I'm just getting around to think of it now. Never mind—"slow and steady wins the race." Well—I've decided to make a huge sacrifice—dates, watermelon, writing letters and walking tight rope.

Friday—March 4.

Well—school is limping along as usual.

Sold some of my old books and went to the Tea Room on the strength of it.

Dropped into hygiene just by mistake and for some unaccountable reason I remembered my own number. Was too busy catching up on my back correspondence to learn anything.

Saturday—March 5.

History, psych, French, English! Life is just too complex here in W.-B. And besides that I went out for water polo and came so near being drowned it wasn't funny!

Rated a balcony bid to the dance—and had a fine time!

Sunday—March 6.

Prayer with all might and main for rain but it didn't rain a speck and we were forced to go to church. Went to the Advent and would have taken communion if it hadn't been that I had a hole in my shoe—and I didn't want people to see how poor I was when I knelt.

Considered studying this p.m. but changed my mind when some one mentioned fudge at the club house.

Mr. Scovel read *The Sign of the Cross* in Vespers tonight, and it was wonderful!

Monday—March 7.

Muncie Shoals! And I'm six weeks! But I surely had the world's best time!

Got up at five-thirty a.m. if you can believe it—and woke up most of the hall trying to keep quiet!

The usual riot on the train—and when we passed Columbia and I saw Bob hanging out of the window—well—I considered the day well spent, then.

Got to Sheffield about noon and then we rode in buses to some place where we had lunch. Then we went through the nitrate plant. I didn't know what it was all about—but I looked intelligent and it went over big! Next we squeezed ourselves into buses and rode over to Florence and went through the power plant. I wasn't so

very anxious to go through after I'd signed my name on the dotted line, but it seemed to be the thing to do, so I went along. Didn't know anything about this either, but that's a small matter. Then we drove back to Sheffield and ate—and or how we did eat! Never in all my life, have I seen so much food—but that was nothing to the supply Mr. Barton had concealed in the baggage car, and passed around as soon as the train started.

Oh, I'm too weary to write more—good night—dear diary. Pleasant dreams!

PERSONALS

Evelyn Dobbs spent the week-end with her father.

Catherine Blanton was out for the week-end with her mother.

Mary Jane McPhall spent the week-end with her mother.

Mary Bell Duvall spent the week-end at her home.

Lily Jackson was in Louisville, Kentucky for the week-end.

Ruth Hughes was with her mother on Saturday afternoon.

Lillian Ashley was at her home for the week-end.

Evelyn Dobbs, Verna Featheringill and Phyllis Chandler had dinner on Saturday evening with Evelyn's father.

Gertrude Way spent the week-end with her father.

Emily Wright and Eleanor Robbins spent Saturday afternoon with Dr. Wright.

Annie May McCauley and Betty Martin were entertained Saturday afternoon by Mrs. J. W. Gillespie.

Caroline Cosgrove and Frances Lou Vinson spent Sunday afternoon with Mrs. Hinson.

Elizabeth and Martha Edith Rogers spent Sunday with Mrs. R. Nooe.

Jim Brister Currie spent the day Sunday with her aunt, Mrs. Byrd.

Audrey Lane was entertained on Sunday by Mrs. Pearson.

Nancy Rabenau and Dorothy McIntyre spent Sunday with Mrs. G. Hammond.

Jeffie Swain was with Mr. Webb on Sunday afternoon.

Nell House went home for the day, Sunday.

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THE VISITOR

Well, look who's here! Come right in, stranger; this sudden honor has taken all my breath—nearly. It was last September you first said that you'd come over and see me—you're slower than Christmas, but I'll forgive. Sit here on the bed with me. I am fixing my memory book and—who? The one on the dresser? Oh, that's Ted, but don't judge him by that picture. He really isn't a thing like that and has an entirely different look out of his eyes. He is "my man" as you Northern girls would say—but I'm not really in love with him although he is the sweetest thing in the world to me and—oh, that's Jimmy, isn't he adorable? You'd just love him, and if you visit me I'll fix you up, honest, you two would—but look here at this picture of Conrad. I like him best of all 'cause he is so different. Always keeps you guessing. I would like him best, but his eyes and manly manner just thrill me to a peanut!

Just a minute 'til I get some paste. Those candle sticks? My dear, do you mean you've never been to Kress'? I painted the supposed-to-be-flowers on them for effect. Thanks, you're the only one who ever appreciated my artistic temperament. I cannot tell a lie—the vase came from McClellan's and I bought the flowers. I'd peffify if I sat long enough waiting for someone to send me a bouquet! Here are my sweet dad and mother. Aren't they dears? You'd adore them and they would adopt you on sight. What are you squealing about? Oh—that's my brother. Thanks. I think so, too, and I like him better than all the other boys in the world put together—nearly. No, you can't have him. I'd be too jealous to live. Besides he doesn't care much for girls as a rule. He and Conrad are S. A. E.'s. Don't you love S. A. E.'s and Phi Delta's?

Don't go, that was just another boll. Council offense? Heavily wild cats! The only rules I can remember are those I've been up for. I wonder how I missed out on that one! Come back soon and I'll have my dance program and Hyphen clippings in my book so you can see it. What—I Chimes? Are you a collector? All the time I thought it was a social visit, and I've told you all the family history and secrets of my heart! You'll have to come back to get anything out of me. I really shall (notice my better English, please) give you a nice check from my allowance next week. Even this Dumb Dora herself could appreciate chimes to replace a few hundred bells. "Good-bye. Please make a civilized call soon."

MISS BOYER'S PUPILS SUCCESSFUL

A recent issue of the Benton Harbor, Michigan, "News-Palladium" carries a glowing account of the musical triumph of two former Ward-Belmont girls, Miss Nola Arter and Miss Marion Parkard.

"Endowed with that delightful combination, art and personality, Miss Nola Arter, Chicago mezzo-soprano, like a magnet drew the instant ap-

praisal and attention of her audience at the annual Musical Club meeting; the article says, "Miss Arter, who is as pleasing to the eye as her songs are pleasing to the ear, sang three groups, after each of which she was heartily applauded. Her tones were well achieved and well sustained, and her technique good." Miss Packard is spoken of as playing with grace and remarkable skill and understanding of music.

Miss Arter was a pupil of Miss Florence Boyer and Miss Packard studied with Lawrence Goodman two years ago.

WARD-BELMONT DAY BY DAY

Thursday, Feb. 24.—Have fled to go to town Monday. For why? Reason 'nuff. I got my picture proofs and now I know the cruel, bitter truth. Even my friends would not tell me. I am not a ravishing beauty; therefore—wait a minute! Major Premis, pictures are likens; Minor Premis, this ugliness is my picture; conclusion, therefore I am ugly. Ah me! And so decided to get beautiful and so decided to invest in beauty aids and so decided to file to go to town.

Friday, Feb. 25.—Am all heart-broken! After getting C on a test that I did consider among my best works I nearly licked the proverbial bucket when I discovered my package slip was naught but \$0.07 due on laundry. However, brightened perceptibly at lunch when cheese balls and cinnamon rolls were ushered in. Gained two pounds. Methinks 'twas ever thus!

The Kiltie band came out and exerted itself to such an extent that my little head rocked to and fro with the music as it were. They did not look Kiltie but there seemed to be quite a bit of Scotch in them, after all.

Saturday, Feb. 26.—The dance—egad, and what a dance! I have never seen a golden peacock, but they must be nice fellows in their way. "Would seem the first dance did be a bit long, but the others were most short and snappy. So much so that I was forced to sit out one dance because I could not find my partner. And, oh! the punch! It seemed that after drinking well-nigh six cups I should have had enough, but no! I did find myself still wishing for more. Here, my perfume bottle came to my rescue and so did carry some home with me.

Sunday, Feb. 27.—To the mall box ten times and no soap. Why does one have friends if one's friend will not write! Considered seriously sending myself a letter, but was too busy having the blues and did weep all over every one.

To the clubs for tea and did have a right good time among the food. Did most get hysterical when a young club member vowed she liked to be on the kitchen committee; she got in on all the inside stuff.

Monday, Feb. 28.—Why are a room mate! Also why are said person's clothes much too small while yours fit her like last year's bathing suit. She went out in my dress and my hat (and later I found her with my compact and lipstick) and so on coming back she brought me a devil's

ed cake when she knows I cannot stand them. She writes and stamps letters to Phil, Bob, Jerry, Dick, John and Fred, and then in most loving and pleasing tones tells you your hair looks darling and may she pull—lees on a stamp. She diets sufficiently enough that she never gets you anything at the tea room but eats a most modest plenty when my box comes from home. Why, oh why, was there ever made a room mate?

Tuesday, March 1.—This is my best heavy day and so betook myself to the infirmary with a headache. I believe it was this time. Not abashed by the skeptic eyes of Miss Rucker I set myself to moaning with such vim and vigor that I well near had to have the doctor. Just before chapel the roommate and several others of my acquaintance applied for entrance. 'Twas an English quiz, methinks, which gave them all such a sickish feeling. After the first half-hour of misery we brightened and drowned our various mortal agonies in bridge, as I had had the foresight, myself, to bring my cards. 'Bout 12:30 I did feel myself so on the road to recovery that I convinced the lady of my health and so departed to better lands.

Wednesday, March 2.—Gym today and how I shone. Egrad, I did fairly set the place all afire with my brilliance. Two were injured and one well-nigh killed in my unusual display of Indian clubs. X marks the place where the body was found.

Thursday, March 3.—At two a.m. a broody company of us met together for to indulge in cold biscuits, cheese, pickles, and sardines. I was never known to be so quiet and every monitor of us kept a-hing just to show our ability. When we were done eating, it being late, we did retire and in my drowsy cot I dreamt great dreams and awoke once or twice feeling I was about to drown.

Friday, March 4.—Water polo is a sport in which I do indulge right heartily. To those of you who have never tasted, ay, tasted is the word—of its joys I will explain. When the whistle blows, you jump in and get your first dose of water. Then you start swimming until you bump into someone. If you are not ducked at once, it is a severe reprimand and warning for the other side. Next you strike out toward the ball, but with its soaplike agility it evades you. 'Tis most fascinating to go floundering across the pool after the meandering little ball. And what when the ball is at last in your grasp? Like all great prizes to gain is but to lose and you must throw it away as soon as you have obtained it.

Saturday, March 5.—Did actually rate the dance and after a heated consultation over which of my two evening dresses showed the fewest spots, I did betake myself to the Orchid room with great swishing of skirts. The dance was most successful as anything pertaining to a tea room would seem to be. But, alas and alack, I was doomed to make a break—such as it was. When I had just inquired as to the effect that water had on my partner's dress I obtained the desired effect by most drowning her in a very confidential and yet thorough sneeze.

Ah, well, 'tis an ill wind that blows no one good as that good fellow anonymous has said and so she was too weak a partner after her sudden shock to step on my pumps and incidentally my feet with the same vim and vigor she had hitherto shown.

Sunday, March 6.—What ho! A call! And so 'twould seem. I did well night bust a rib sliding down the banister after Wanita when I got word and did not know who it was from. Aunt Sadie, driving from Columbia for the week-end, to Little Betty Graham who used to be in my Sunday school class at home and has since moved here. But for once fortune was with me and I discovered Freddie, the friend from Vanderbilt, who is most good to look at and good to be seen with. If you don't have to talk to him, that is, and so I did be very haughty to everyone that passed and didn't let a one at him.

BABY PEGGY AND HER WARD- BELMONT VISIT

Do you really mean it? How do you know? No, not really! Not out here! Such questions and comments as these were heard as the students came into chapel Tuesday morning. For a few minutes after they had assembled there was a buzzy undercurrent, and when after a few more minutes no one appeared, everyone began to think that maybe she had been fooled after all, and that it was only a rumor that Baby Peggy would visit us. Mr. Barton soon calmed our fears, however, by the announcement that the movie star would soon be with us, having only finished her breakfast a little while before. In a few moments our distinguished visitor, accompanied by her father and mother and older sister, entered and took her place on the stage. She was a dainty little girl, with dark eyes and hair, and a slightly turned-up nose. She smiled pleasingly from beneath her dark hat while removing her heavy fur coat. Her father spoke for a brief time and then his little daughter told us several very amusing stories. Baby Peggy is a success not because she is a child of super-intelligence, but because she has learned the value of paying strict attention to everything that is said to her. She is just an alert, attentive child, very natural, but with perhaps more poise than the average child of her age.

"HOGAN'S ALLEY"

"C'mon, see the 'reglar two-fisted guy knock 'em cold!" Three cheers for "Lefty" the champion of the East Side and a rah! rah! for his tomato-smashing, eye-blacking girl. When his little girl seemed to have "been unfair to him" he did all the Tom Mix, Doug Fairbanks serial stunts in the movie rip-off. Yes sir, ladies and gents, right this way! For twenty-cents, the fifth part of a dollar, you see a vegetable fight, a championship prize fight, a policeman's chase, an auto accident, a runaway train, a landaisle, an aeroplane race, and what have you?

Peeping Ahead in the Fashion Calendar!

THAT'S the everlasting job of Lebeck Bros. Buyers—and their alertness is reflected in the intriguing styles, the clever accessories smart women will wear now, next month and the month after.

To the girls of Ward-Belmont we extend an invitation to make Lebeck's your style headquarters—and if there is any way we can assist you we stand ready to do so.

If you keep up with the traditions of your Alma Mater you'll be sure to be intimately acquainted with this big, friendly store.

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6-1171

GOODMAN ACHIEVES GREAT HONOR

(Continued from page 1)
be included in so distinguished a company.

The Duo-Art Monthly, which goes all over the world, for March carries a photograph of Mr. Goodman and a sketch of his life, with the comment that his concert appearances in many leading American cities have been highly successful. On every record is a photograph of him and his autograph.

He has been with Ward-Belmont for the past eight years, and came here from one of the leading schools of music in New York, where he was a teacher. He was born in Baltimore and received much of his musical education at the Peabody Conservatory in that city, where he won a three-year scholarship in music and harmony. Later he spent two years studying with Josef Lhevinne, the great Russian, and was a student at the Master School for Pianists, conducted by Busoni at Basle, Switzerland.

He recently made a tour of the larger cities of Texas where he played before the Texas Teachers' Association, meeting at El Paso.

MUSCLE SHOALS TRIP

(Continued from page 1)

fertilizer is made possible. And aside from initial saving by the farmer in the purchase price of fertilizer, there must be considered the difference between the maximum food crops that the farmer will be able to produce, and the minimum one that otherwise would be produced without this cheap fertilizer. In view of this the dam is a benefit to everyone in the United States and even to other countries.

On the south side of the river the Power House is located. After registering, or sitting as Mr. Barton said, the girls went down ten stories in an elevator and were then conducted through various parts of the building, at one time being fifty-seven feet under ground. After that some of the more energetic members of the crowd walked up the ten flights of stairs—though it was probably more from hopes of reducing than for anything else.

Then began the return drive to Sheffield during which much excitement was caused by the sight of an overturned and much damaged Ford. Upon arrival in Sheffield, one and all descended upon "Phil's Place" which, though it may not have had an elegant name, still was able to supply the hungry crowd with delicious hamburgers, red hots, peanuts and—Ellen could tell the rest. The girls now boarded the train and consumed much too much food. The return trip began about 6:30 and its good time almost surpassed that of the morning. Once more songs, jokes, and the lights of Columbia were enjoyed and the train pulled into Nashville at about ten-thirty.

The trip was surely a grand success, and everyone who went enjoyed every minute of the day. The sentiment of the party was best summed up by one girl upon arrival here when she said, "Come on—I'm ready to go again."

IN PASSING

The administration either doesn't believe that music hath charms, or it doesn't consider us savages, for the radio ruling is "Keep off the air!"

In the epidemic of trying to acquire long tresses, the way to become popular (if you have good control over facial expressions) is to announce in tones of envy "How long your hair has grown! I do believe that it's grown fully an inch since last week!" Judgment and powers of observation must be exercised however. If you have noticed certain optimists dashing into breakfast in time to sign Mrs. Plasket's tardy book every morning, you may have reason to believe that said person has not been allowed to go to town and receive the benefit of a haircut.

Participants in the water polo games seem to be staging little contests as to how many times per minute it is possible to get ducked.

Correct this sentence: Everyone loves to leisure at dinner Saturday evening before the movie.

T. C. CHATTER

On Wednesday, February 23, initiation was held, and T. C. is very happy to have as a new member, Mary Belle Duval. Following the ceremony was a business meeting at which Frances O'Donnell was elected to the office of vice-president. As there was no more business, the meeting was adjourned, and the rest of the time was spent in dancing.

Dear Cynthia

The real big topic at the Mothers Club, Tuesday, was Youthful Women of Dress. A note was taken as to where they could be obtained. Everyone voted for—

Belle's!
—Bois

Belle's Booteries

READY-TO-WEAR
Second Floor 504 Church St.

WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

Volume XVI

NASHVILLE, TENN., SATURDAY, MARCH 19, 1927

Number 27

SENIOR HALL

We know you are the most beloved and awe-inspiring edifice upon our campus, but now we say it. Senior Hall, "How do we love thee? Let us count the ways."

First, we love you because of Mrs. Charlie, who is the guardian of your ideals. We do not feel at home unless she is there to smile upon us as we go in and out.

We love you for your memories. You are not ancient, if we reckon the age of your brick and mortar. But how many ghosts of former seniors shadow your corridors. You are doubly dear because of those before us.

We love you for what you are to us now. You are our sanctuary. You are the keeper of all our secrets, and we love you from your study hall to our new mascot on the third floor.

We love you for what you will be. When we think how many more seniors you will shelter as you shelter us, how many more plans you will foster, as you foster ours, we are happy though sad, when we must leave and pass your traditions on.

PENTA TAU DANCE

Guests of the Penta Tau Club Saturday evening found themselves received in the stately ball room of Emperor Napoleon and Empress Josephine.

Wall drapes of delicate pink were set off by tall wicker baskets of spring flowers and by portraits of Napoleon and Josephine on either side of French doors. At the far end of the room, above the throne, the Penta Tau crest was illuminated with rose and silver-colored lights. The drop ceiling was of rose and silver crepe paper.

The emperor and empress, Rebecca Sackett and Virginia Hood, respectively, presided from the throne at the special number of the dance, when six couples in medieval French costume danced the slow, graceful steps of olden days. Girls were dressed in flowing rose satin gowns, and their partners were arrayed in contrasting silver-gray suits. Those who took part were Josephine Holden, Olga Dye, Martha Lindsey, Ann Earle French, Mary Talbert, Edith Leavens, Pauline Roundtree, Mary Gibson, Laura Fortson, Clydis Aikens, Katherine Parker, and Doris Tatum. The dance was directed by Ellen Robinson and was accompanied on the piano by Margaret Daggett. Pages at the throne were Audrey Lane and Martha Laurent.

Rose mounds of ice cream, salted almonds, and angel food cake were served as refreshments. The rose idea was also carried out in the favors, when mosaic pins in the center of artificial roses were presented.

The Penta Tau Dance was the last of the club dances for this year.

Chimes' Campaign Progressing Nicely

The Chimes campaign is meeting not only with generous responses but with enthusiastic responses from many "old girls."

"Let me know if the campaign is not as successful as you had hoped, and I will send more," writes Mrs. George D. Self from Crowell, Texas, who was Beryle Dodson, when she was in school here.

"The idea is a good one, I think," says Betty Capron, of Evanston, Ill., who adds, "The Chimes will mean so much to those in school and to those in Nashville, as well. My only hope is that I may be able to help them

myself, in the near future."

Virginia L. Watts, of Waycross, Georgia, who was here last year says, "How I wish I could be there when the Chimes play 'The Bells of Ward-Belmont' for the first time! I have missed Ward-Belmont so much this winter. May the campaign be a wonderful success and the Chimes soon ring out from the tower."

Mrs. J. U. Overall, Jr., of Dyersburg, Tenn., who was Cora Palmer before her marriage, sends her check "in remembrance of the good old days at Ward-Belmont and my many good friends there."

The Current Events Club

The speaker at the last Current Events Club meeting was Dr. O. C. Ault, professor of Economics at Peabody College.

Economic conditions and their probable effect on politics in the next presidential election, was the theme of Dr. Ault's talk. It was an interesting one, too, since interested in this subject has recently been aroused by the President's veto of the McNary-Haugen bill.

Relative economic conditions of farmers and other classes in the United States with regard to their income is an interesting question. Dr. Ault stated "that farmers, though they are 30 per cent of the population received but one-twelfth of the nation's annual income last year. The unequal distribution of national income is the cause of unrest and discontent among the farmers. This is the result, the McNary-Haugen bill outlined a program of governmental aid for the remedying of these conditions. The speaker thought the

President of the United States vetoed the bill because of political affiliations.

Dr. Ault maintained that he was not speaking as a politician but that Mr. Coolidge's affiliation with protectionists of the country made necessary his upholding his position. The President's veto was not due to his approval of class legislation, as is sometimes claimed, because about the time the veto was given duty on pig iron was raised 50 per cent.

Dr. Ault showed that such legislation as the McNary-Haugen bill and protective tariffs is due to the interests of particular groups in the nation.

The opinion of Dr. Ault is that although the farmers of the grain-growing states are dissatisfied with the attitude of the government aid toward agriculture that they would not do anything about it but continue to vote as in the past.

This was a very interesting prophecy of the conditions in the future election.

Spring

Somebody made a great mistake! The alarm clock went off too soon. It whirred persistently, however, so Mademoiselle Spring opened a sleepy eye and regarded it. She must have made the mistake! For she started to rise and go about her work. Thought she, "I may as well get it over."

Monsieur Weather thought something must be amiss. So he gently tipped to his superior's door. Said he, "Spring is up too early. You must call her for this."

Someone, perhaps Mother Goose, or, oh, just anyone like that, said to Spring, "Sh-h-h!" And Spring saw the mistake. She promptly retired

under a cover which should have been white, if it wasn't, and after a shiver or two, went to sleep. She did not want to get up, anyway, whoever thought so.

But she did not succeed in sleeping long. Everything was stirring, and who can sleep with a sound of the whole world racing outside one's door? Though she, "I will get it over, this time."

She did. First she yawned, then she rolled up the cover, to be sent to the laundry. After that, she climbed out, washed her face rather more than was necessary, and tripped off, deliberately walking across the turf, leaving footprints.

ALUMNAE WEDDINGS

Eugenia Henderson Hale, formerly of Osceola, Ark., was married to Charles Lawrence Shonts at Hot Springs National Park, Ariz., last month. They are now living at 2043 Douglas Boulevard, Louisville, Ky. Eugenia was a student here 1917-18, and 1918-19.

Announcement has come of the wedding of Sarah Elizabeth White, who was here in 1922-23 and 1923-24, when she was a senior, to Mr. N. Bernard Gunsett, at Fort Worth, Texas.

Anna Louise Fuller, who was here for three years, was married to Mr. Charles Frederick Gauen last month in St. Louis. Anna Louise received her high school diploma here in 1922, and was in Ward-Belmont in 1922-23, and 1923-24.

Gertrude Eleanor Leavengood was married to Mr. Edwin Oliver Letson, at Liberty, Missouri, last month. They are now at home at 4140 Cambridge Street, Kansas City, Mo. Gertrude was here in 1924-25.

CHAPEL NOTES

Tuesday—March 8, 1927

After the regular chapel service this morning Mr. Barton gave us a most interesting account of the Chinese situation. At present the factional wars in China are creating very distressing conditions which are making the establishment of a stable government exceedingly difficult.

Wednesday—March 9, 1927

Vanish doubt! You no longer have a place here. Everyone knows with certainty now for what the Milestones staff stand. But how could anyone do otherwise after the clever skit this morning in chapel when the staff explained to us in catchy verses the meaning of each letter of the milestone on the posters that they made.

Thursday—March 10, 1927

Unfortunately, Bishop Maxon of Chattanooga, formerly of Nashville, was unable to be here for the chapel service as had been planned. It was reported, however, that he had seven-teen speaking engagements, a number which is indeed hard to fill in a few days' time. After the usual exercises the assembly was dismissed.

Friday—March 11, 1927

"Minutes" read the programs handed to each girl as she came into chapel. In a few moments the curtain raised and before us appeared a scene from a room in Senior Hall. One by one the "Y" cabinet came in to discuss with their president their troubles and their woes and their work for the past two months.

Saturday—March 12, 1927

Usual chapel exercises after which a few announcements were made and then assembly was dismissed.



IRRESISTIBLE SPRING MODES

Suggestive of the frocks
seen at the Paris Showings—
Note the lines of youth
displayed in this frock—
—Second Floor—



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DRY GOODS CO.
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This ad drawn by Miss Helen Nina Scott, Ward-Belmont.



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for all occasions, pictures, current maga-
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Ward-Belmont Special Shoulder
Bouquet \$2.50

"Always Lovely"

Y. W. C. A. TEA ROOM

Special Menu on Mondays for
WARD-BELMONT GIRLS



Sing a song of ten pence,
Shelf full of books
Come to the "Y" library
Costs nothing just to look.
We see a book we think we'd like,
Ten cents for seven days.
Just pay the dime and read the book
And you'll find out that it pays.
C. C.

The "Y" welcomes its new members, Fritzie Broad, Mary Belle DuVall, Katherine Standifer, and Phyrne Tanner. Mary Lindsey, representing the association, visited all new girls last week, and those who were out at the time will still be given an opportunity to join.

The "Minutes" of the "Y" for the past two months were presented in chapel last Friday, and now everyone knows at least something of what we have been trying to do. The stage representing a room in Senior Hall was arranged in true collegiate fashion by Virginia Bidwell and Valborg Ravn. The "Y" wishes to express its gratitude to these girls for their work.

The Bishop couldn't get to Vespers after all, so Dr. Pugh appeared in his place and gave us a very helpful talk on how to observe Lent. He made three appeals: one to our conscience, one to our ambition, to do the things we can do and do best; and one to our will, to make us make up our minds to accomplish things. Dr. Pugh said that Lent should mean three things to all of us, rest, refreshment and growth. The first, rest, is gotten by a change of occupation and a confidential talk with God. Refreshment is received from fasting, that is, doing without something that you feel is overpowering you. The last, growth, is made by thinking more about others and doing more for them. In that way Lent will mean a great deal to us.

Eleanor Gray, a pupil of Miss Boyer, sang a lovely arrangement of "The Lord is My Shepherd." The "Y" is most grateful to the Penta Taus for the use of the beautiful baskets of spring flowers for the stage.

Evidently some other girls besides Mistress Belle Ward brought their suitmates to Sunday school last Sunday as there was a good crowd there. The wielder of this quill visited Miss Sell's group, and listened to some very lively discussions of modern problems. From now on until the close of Lent all the groups will study the problems which Jesus faced during the closing weeks of his life, and will try to dis-

cover in just what way they bear upon our lives today. Do not miss the next four Sundays!

Here are some books that are suggested for reading during Lent: Drummonds' "The Changed Life"; Fosdick's "Meaning of Prayer"; and "Manhood of the Master"; "The Girl's Year Book." These are all on sale in the book store.

"KID PARTY" GIVEN BY THE "Y"

"I'm so glad you came. Go right out in the back yard and play with the other children." Such was the greeting extended at the "Y" "Kid's Party" last Monday afternoon. And the "greeter," (?) she was none other than our dignified sponsor, Miss Van Hooser. But what a change! We scarcely recognized her in her short dress, hair box and hair ribbon. Turning to look for the aforementioned back yard, I perceived that a green fence was enclosing a large part of the gym and within were dozens of rollicking children—in dress and actions if not in actual years. Here, a group was playing Ring Around the Rosy; there, another crowd was much occupied with London Bridge. An attempt was made at Three Deed but this was somewhat unsuccessful as two very rough little boys, whose names were Dixon and Sherman, persisted in staging a grand fight. The main argument seemed to be concerned with who struck the first blow. After several tugs of war and much dancing, everyone was requested to sit down on the floor and see what the stage had to offer by way of extra entertainment. As the curtains swung back, Sally Swain was seen leaning on a cradle and apparently dreaming. The program consisted in the presentation of her dreams.

First came Old King Cole and he surely lived up to his reputation for jollity for he fairly rolled in fun and chuckles. It was not very hard to distinguish Blanche Motley in this guise. Then came Ellen as Georgie Porgie and a becomingly bashful one, she made. Viola Jay was Humpty Dumpty and she achieved the great fall with much gusto. Little Mable West was appropriately cast as Little Jack Horner; Mary Dunn was Contrary Mary; Dorothy Stover, Little Bo-Peep; Margaret Dagget and Lavinia Rose, Jack and Jill, and Margaret Nowell, Knave of Hearts. When the last of these Mother Goose characters had performed, Sally Swain awoke and sang a Little Mother Goose song which concluded the program. Everyone joined in the grand march then, and enjoyed the refreshments which consisted of Eskimo pies and wafers. Altogether the "Y" party was a jolly recess and we're all hoping for another one sometime.

ALUMNAE NOTES

Virginia Vernon has pledged Delta Gamma at Washburn College, Topeka, Kansas.

Mary Frances Joyce has pledged Kappa Kappa Gamma at Missouri University.

RECENT GUESTS AT SCHOOL

Guests at Ward-Belmont last week, who came to see their daughters were: Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Hutchinson, Maryville, Kansas; Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Wilcox, Atlanta, Ga.; Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Robbins, Horace, Ind.; Mr. H. Roediger, Danville, Va.; Dr. and Mrs. B. F. Bellack, Columbus, Wisconsin; Mrs. J. E. Christian, Vicksburg, Miss.; Mrs. C. E. Trees, Indianapolis, Ind.; Mrs. O. H. Gale, Albion, Michigan; Mrs. J. F. Palmer, Milwaukee, Wis.; Mr. and Mrs. M. O. Bridges, Miami, Fla.; Mrs. A. C. Thompson, Chicago; Mr. B. M. Kent, Cleveland, Ohio; Mrs. I. E. Smith, Richmond, Ind.; Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Jacobson, Des Moines, Iowa; Mrs. I. Silverstein, Terre Haute, Ind., and Mrs. A. R. Stone, Chicago, Ill.

THE OBSERVER

Dieting improves the mind as well as the figure as Gertrude Cameron has found. She just discovered that ham is pork and does not come from our old friend, the cow.

Zoology looks promising—you ought to see all the fearless students handling the flatworm. One consolation is that it looks like macaroni.

Miss Hollinger does have her troubles. She just can't understand why we won't eat upside down cake. Sh-h—it's a dead secret.

Martha Edith's usual of a hard time was somewhat unusual. Do they always use toothpaste as cold cream?

"But no injuries resulted!" This might be said of the Harriet Condit after her tumble from the horse last Saturday. That doesn't mean that she wasn't plentifully bespattered with mud, though.

We're still wondering how Becky managed to conceal all the rolls and curves when she dressed as Napoleon. Anyway, we give her credit for doing it.

Janet's still raving about how thrilling it was to get out last Sunday. That's what W.-B.'s doing for her.

Ann Murtagh's chief occupation is either raving about reducing or writing free-verse. We can't say which is worse.

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Rosanne thought the ceiling had fallen the other day in dancing class. But it was only Mary Louise.

The seniors are once more enjoying quiet nights since "Lassie" has gone to Maine.

Something tells us that Winsella has enlarged slightly since she purchased her green dress.

Some of the girls of Fidelity must have heard the story about the man who offered moonshine to a policeman. Anyway, they tried to beg some food from the Proctor.

We like Dr. Johnson's description of macaroni. He says, "It's a long slim hole with dough wrapped around it."

Janet Sage would undoubtedly say Mrs. Gaines hadn't the proper appreciation of beauty. At least she didn't appreciate Janet's touching interpretation of a melody from "Faust."

IN PASSING

Two third-floor members of Pembroke have learned to their sorrow that words may have more than one meaning. On an evening after lights bell not long ago, they were gleefully and gustily popping large wads of gum when Miss Ashburner, aroused by the machine-gun-like disturbance, appeared. After surveying the culprits, she drily remarked, "Hm, you might try popping that gum into the waste basket."

Strange, isn't it, how all of us faithfully and punctually appear at evening chapel meeting when our presence is only "requested?"

The Seniors celebrate with "Free Day," a campus tradition. But the Freshmen's day is internationally known: St. Patrick's Day.

Correct this sentence: Now that spring is here, we are all getting enthusiastic about studying.

AGORETTES

Jane Everson and Margaret Insull were the chief entertainers of the Agora Club Wednesday evening. A lovely dance in costume was given by Jane Everson, who has shown her ability on previous occasions at club meetings. Margaret Insull gave a charming reading, "The Silver Lining," which depicted the popular attitude toward the first women who began to write novels. All club members were participants in the last feature: a forfeit game. Mother Goose and all her characters in rhyme came to life when old nursery jingles were recalled from childhood days and recited by each member. Antics of Tom Tom, the Piper's Son, Jack Horner and Mistress Mary Quite Contrary were so well-remembered that no forfeits were given.

Miss Morris: "Have you read today's lesson, Kathryn?"

"Rogers": "No, mam."

Miss Morris: "Have you read anything in this book so far?"

"Rogers": "No, mam."

Miss Morris: "What have you read?"

"Rogers": "I have red hair."

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Application for second-class entry pending.

EDITORIAL

Duty, though sometimes a hard master, is an excellent shaper of character. To shirk duty is to reveal oneself as lazy and unreliable, and such procedure tends to develop an undesirable personality. We often become disgusted with a girl who, though perhaps one of our best friends, always manages to evade any responsibility. Such a girl, if unable to dodge a task, usually contrives to forget it, or at best to accomplish it very poorly.

The girl who is always dependable, and who can be relied upon to promptly perform any task assigned her, is the one to whom our admiration goes, and who is, in the long run, the most successful in life.

Life is more or less a series of duties, small and great, tempered with pleasures and happiness, and we know that interest on all our good deeds accrues throughout the years, making our life richer and more satisfying.

Closely allied to duty is obedience, an attribute which cannot be overrated. Just as the good soldier is the one who can obey his superior in carrying out the minutest order, so is the successful girl the one who obeys promptly and well.

"There's nothing on earth so lowly but duty gives it importance. No station so degrading but is ennobled by obedience."

T H E "Y's" CHAPEL PROGRAM

Excellent galore!—behind the scenes just before the "Y Minutes," there could have been very little more at a grand opera performance. Questions and exclamations clouded the air. "Who has a compact?" "What do I do?" "When do we start?" "I'm so scared!" A practically universal shaking of knees added to the clamor. All set!

The curtain rose—I mean parted—on a room in Senior Hall, gaily decked with pennants, dolls, dogs and pillows as well as its human occupants who were accompanied in, a song by a "uke." They had scarcely finished when Margaret Inault, the reporter,

burst in on them in her eternal quest for news. She learned much.

Girls rushed into the room with amazing rapidity all bursting with the accomplishments of their particular branch of the "Y." The minutes of cabinet meeting were disclosed: Sunday school, the gift to foreign missions and the Christmas gift were discussed. The mention of the doll festival in Japan instigated the surprise of the day. Miss Kiyo Makoyama entered, dressed in native costume, and told about the festival, then she sang a little Japanese song.

The library, Vespers—yes, girls, Lilly Jackson faithfully promised to get Dr. Pugh if the Bishop can't come. We will remember that. Then what should Margaret Inault do but willingly turn over her instruments of torture to a fellow "Y" member.

Betty Martin, you notice, is still not prone to divulge any details about the party; it sounds well, though. So when coaxing became boring, Motley suggested that we sing our good old W.-B. song. The curtains closed and great sighs of relief issued forth. The actors soon came back to earth when they found themselves in third-hour classes.

ALUMNAE NOTES

Dorothy Dahling is touring the world with her mother and father this winter. Word has been received from her at these places: Melbourne, Australia, Singapore and Ceylon. She describes Melbourne as so much like the United States that she can hardly believe herself away from home. She is surely enjoying every minute of her wonderful trip.

PRIZE TO BE GIVEN FOR BEST CONTRIBUTION TO MILESTONES

The ten dollars (\$10), offered as a prize by Miss Theo Scruggs and Miss Linda Rhea for the best contribution to the 1927 Milestones, may be won by two girls, it has been announced. The prize is offered for the best drawing, or poem or article, or an illustrated article, submitted. The time for the closing of the contest is drawing near, and it is hoped by the Milestones' Staff that many girls will compete.

I'M THE GOAT

You may have your nit-wits, dumb Doras, and so forth, but I'm the goat. I'm the poor fish who is always at a teacher's table. I'm the one who always gains the very most. I'm the social outcast who usually rates a balcony bid to the dance. I'm always the first one who is stopped to sign for being late to breakfast. I'm the criminal who is the only one caught with food and cans after a midnight feast. I'm the dunce who studies the most and learns least. I'm the one who rates the roommate who thinks she can sing. I'm the unfortunate whose nail takes four days to get here. I'm the lonesome soul who doesn't know anyone in Nashville outside of W.-

B. I'm the gal who always gets served last at a dance to find the nuts or cake missing from her plate. I am the chaperone's holy horror and council's chief business. I'm the fallure whose specials are always delivered in the P. O. box, and who gets all 'phone calls at least three days later. I'm the dumb bell who never fails to get called on in all classes. I'm the lucky (?) girl who finds Beauty all ways left for her to ride. I'm the odd one who perpetually gets left out from the shopping parties. I'm the unluckiest girl in the world whose one and only true love is loose at a co-ed school while she is cooped up in W.-B. Now, can you doubt that I am the goat of goats?

LIZA'S LETTERS

Tuesday Night, 10:30
 (Stuffy Cubby)

Dearest mother:

I did wait quite a long while to write, but your little lamb (?) has been sick. Food and Muscle Shoals started it. I had such a cold, headache, and sore throat for two days, but my room mate grew tired of hearing me complain and what did she do but put me to bed with an overdose of goodness-knows-what and four hot wet bottles. I escaped with a sore ear, blistered toe, and a weak constitution; but most of the germs in me died from the heat and the few remaining drowned in water polo. Now I am a well woman—thanks to Marian A. Perkins, my room mate!

Muscle Shoals is another misfitone in my life of good times. It was perfect! We were lucky enough to get in the very first bus with Mrs. Bryan and Dr. Barton. When one would stop the other one would start, so what we weren't told about Muscle Shoals isn't worth mentioning! I sent you a little booklet on the history of it with everything marked. I feel like education itself.

Horseback riding has started, too. Although I am not scared—of horses they do make me awfully—of nerves. Besides, one reason this letter is so funny looking is that I am writing standing up! I am sure I have double rheumatism but Marian A. Perkins declares it is only horses. I feel like job for not committing suicide and ending all the pain—it even hurts to smile. Between water polo and horses I am a nervous, physical, and mental wreck.

It will take me years to settle down after all the excitement, and it's half time for exams. Let me warn my dear parents now that, although my grades may be a disappointment to you, think what a tragedy they'll be to me! I may not sound like the cheerful cherub, but the shock (I have an idea there'll be one) may prove too much for you if it comes all at once. I'll do my best, though, so don't worry and remember your loving

Liza.

Precious Peg:

Don't shoot! I'll never wait so long to write again, honest. I went to a kid party yesterday—the very cutest thing in the world—and it made me think of you, infant. Anyway, next year you'll be in college and that is what I want to write you about.

You remember Christmas that I swore my shadow would never cross this fall again if I once left, and all that? Well, I've changed my woman's mind. All the old girls told me that I'd just love it after Christmas, but I just smiled a tragic smile and looked sad and wise. I thought Sing Sings would be a rest from bells, rules, smoke, chaperones and street cars, but now I'd almost enjoy hanging on a street car strap. It may be this glorious that makes you so glad to live, but time is flying so fast—only two and one-half months left—and already this changed heart grows sad.

Naturally, the times we have here are different from university life. Unless you are planning to go to a co-ed school (and I understand that you are not), what's the matter with Ward-Belmont? It offers an unexcelled course of study in your chosen work; it is recognized and well known—it rates. The little trials and hardships make you appreciate everything more. A diploma from here isn't just a scrap of paper either. I've signed up for the most gorgeous room in Senior Hall. Please you come and live next door in Pembroke and maybe when no one is around, we'll yell across at each other.

I wish you could have seen our dance! We were so proud and got 'most as excited over it as a prom. That's another thing I swore I'd never like—a girls' and girls' only dance, but I do now. You must come and see for yourself.

And if you're lucky and meet some Vandy boys—well, that's a long story. Write me quick, honey, and I'll tell you some more.

Lovingly,
 LIZA.

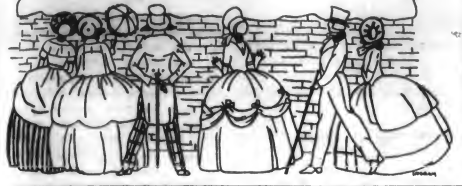
STUDIO RECITAL BY PUPILS OF MRS. ESTELLE ROY-SCHMITZ

A recital which delighted the audience was that given by pupils of Mrs. Estelle Roy-Schmitz in her studio, Wednesday afternoon. Those playing were Ruth Elizabeth Petty, Virginia Baird, Maxine Lightfoot, Frances Powell, Rosella Ehrenwald, Laura Smith, Sara Swain, Martha Stewart Laurent, Mary Elizabeth Smith, Helena Taylor, and Mildred Starnes.

CERTIFICATE CLASS GIVES RECITAL

A credit to the Expression Department was the recital given by the students from the certificate class, last Tuesday afternoon, at the Expression Studio. The program was, "The Nail Shop" by Margaret Inault; "Shoes" Sara Swain; "The Man Who Sat" by Hewell Givan; "The Confirmed Old Bach" by Rose Morrison; "Initiation of Mary Elizabeth" by Dorris Nathan; "A Sisterly Scheme" by Katherine McKee; "A Pair of Shoes" by Blanche Motley; "Thirty Pieces of Silver" by Lorene Banfield; "Tea and Light Refreshment" by Susan Vaughn; and "Who's Who and Why" by Marjorie Moss.

The Diary of Mistress Belle Ward



Tuesday—March 8.

Dragged myself to class with much difficulty. Didn't have a one of my lessons; so none of my dear teachers failed to call on me—and I was too weary to answer even "unprepared." Sad, but true.

Translated French prose all study hour, and then went down to compare notes with a fellow sufferer and found I'd done the wrong lesson! Well, such is life. I might have known I should have gone to the infirmary on the day after."

Wednesday—March 9.

Bright and fair! Woke up at five a.m. with an awful gnawing feeling, so went to breakfast for a change. Then I robbed the room-mate of two chocolate Easter rabbits—the latest contribution of her crush.

That started the day off just grand, and I recited with gusto in every one of my four classes.

Didn't have the least idea what the psych lesson was all about so enlarged at great length on my childhood experiences and Miss Norris forgot to call on me for the lesson part. Hurray!

Didn't have swimming today, for which I was deeply grateful. Some way I just can't seem to get enthusiastic over any game as rough as water polo. The aim, so far as I can see is who can duck which the most number of times in the shortest number of minutes. But I must be loyal to my club and turn out for it—regardless of personal comfort.

Had a party in club tonight—and it was more fun. I'm all for them, especially when we have food included.

'Twas much too late to study when I got back from club—so I washed six pairs of socks—and am about to hie me to my downy cot exhausted.

Thursday—March 10.

Fully intended to go to classes today—but decided to the contrary when I realized that as far as having my lessons was concerned, I just didn't care—so I informed all morning, and had a gay time discussing spring clothes with Miss Rucker.

Went to the tea room and ate everything I could catch. Sure am poverty stricken now—but it was well worth it.

Got a letter this p.m. and my mail box was rusted shut from lack of use. Spent twenty minutes hunting Mr. Berry so he could take the lock off—and then he discovered that there was nothing wrong with the lock, I'd just forgotten the combination. Well—did I ever feel good?

Librared the first half hour of study hour and guess I must have sprained something, anyway I'm awfully sleepy—and bed's the best place for a little girl like me. Good night!

Friday—March 11.

"Y" chapel this morning—and it was the world's cutest. Had a grand time sitting down in front laughing at all the little playmates. Even had programs, too—wish we'd have chapel like this more often.

Cut third hour class to study French, and then washed my curly tresses instead—and don't ever think we didn't have a French exam fourth hour. I nearly lost my feeble mind trying to make up things for the dear hero to do—but genius failed me—and I was forced to hand in a blank paper. But what's that in my young life?

Chimed-ed all p.m.—and I know people just hide under their beds when they hear me coming—only two girls were home—and they were both dead broke. Now I hate to doubt a lady's word—but I do wish some one would break down and give some money so we could have some chimes soon.

Hygiened today—and all I remember about it is the care of the tooth brush. I'm about to make out a shopping list which will include—

- 2 tooth brushes
- 1 keg salt
- 1 can sodium bicarbonate
- 1 tooth brush holder
- 1 bottle listerine
- 1 bottle lavender

and besides that—I'm seriously considering moving across the hall so my tooth brush can get the afternoon sunlight.

Saturday—March 12.

I just hate Saturday classes, nothing ever happens—and there are always six million things I'd rather do than attend. Wish some of my teachers felt that way—maybe we'd get out now and then.

Pool open again—so I drowned again playing water polo. More fun! more people killed!

Movie did right well—at least it was a vast improvement over last week's—and wouldn't you know it would pour Angoras and Pomeranians so we could all get soaked on the way to the dance. The dance was the season's prettiest—and I've never had such a grand time at one here!

Sunday—March 13.

Well—for once it rained and we didn't have to go to church. Allah be praised!

Just sat around all day, wishing for spring clothes—and if I still want

them on a day like this it proves my desire for them.

Monday—March 14.

I hate Monday classes worse than I do Saturday ones—but I managed to struggle through—and then to town. I just must have my weekly spree!

Came back just in time for the Kid Party the Y.W.C.A. gave—and it sure was heaps of fun. I nearly got killed playing leap frog, but aside from that it was grand.

GUEST FLIES TO DANCE

We no longer wonder why Mrs. Jeter was so excited the afternoon before the Osiron dance, for now we are sure that the sudden and unexpected arrival of her son, Lt. T. P. Jeter had much to do with it. Lt. Jeter, who is attending the Air Service Engineering School of the United States Navy, at Dayton, Ohio, where he will be stationed until July 1, flew down to spend a few hours with his mother and sister. He arrived just in time to be a highly honored guest at the Osiron dance. He returned to Dayton Sunday afternoon, making the trip in three hours and a quarter.

TRI-K KUMBACKS

Our program at the last club meeting was a clever vaudeville stunt in two acts presented by Mary Rhoda Jones. The first act was a Slavic Dance by Mary Hazel Benedict. Mary Hazel's performance was enjoyed greatly by the girls because of her technique as a dancer, her attractive costume and the pleasure which she seemed to take in dancing. The second act was the presentation of the grand mystic, Ann Eva Fay (Dorothy Stover) by her manager (Kitty Steger). This world renowned lady covered with a sheet, saw into the future and told the fates of several of our club sisters. Her predictions afforded much amusement to the girls.

RECITAL IN AUDITORIUM

Mr. Lawrence Goodman, assisted by Miss Mary Douthett gave an excellent recital in the Ward-Belmont auditorium on Tuesday night, March 15.

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PERSONALS

Nell House spent the week-end at her home in Gallatin, Tenn.

Betty Stone spent the week-end with her mother.

Charlotte Westack spent the week-end in Elizabethtown, Kentucky.

Sarah Tucker went home for the week-end.

Thelma Feck and Dorothy Duncan spent Saturday afternoon with Miss Athalie Hough.

Edith Jones was entertained Saturday afternoon by Miss Killebrew.

Virginia Bidwell had lunch on Saturday with Miss Hawkins.

Dorothy Brain spent the week-end with her mother.

Carol Hutchinson spent the week-end with her parents.

Margaret Inault had dinner on Saturday evening with Miss Townsend.

Ruth Hughes was out with her brother on Saturday afternoon.

Jim Brister Currie spent the week-end with Mrs. Byrd.

Jeffie Swain and Elizabeth Franklin were entertained Sunday afternoon by Mr. Killebrew.

Virginia Farmer, Elizabeth Goode and Katherine Standifer spent Sunday afternoon with Mrs. Barthell and Elizabeth.

Louise Rowland spent Monday afternoon with Miss Spailer.

Wenzella Witherspoon had lunch with Mrs. Ambrose on Monday.

Mary Dorothea Walker spent the day, Monday, with Mrs. Culbert.

Catherine Wood spent Monday night with her mother.

Louise Focke was entertained Monday by Mrs. Lytle Brown and Pauline.

Margaret Cobb was out Monday with Mrs. Murray and Dora.

Naomi McCauley spent the last week-end in Jackson, Tenn., with friends.

In her discussions, she wanders around in the vicinity of the lesson, touching home quite every once in a while with "Now where were we?" She forgets to give back exam papers and assigns the wrong lessons.

I hate the cute young teacher. She wears the sport dress you saw down town but couldn't get. She has a boyish bob, wears rubber-soled sport shoes and gives boys high grades. She comes to class reading Bob's letter and gives the class a written lesson so she can answer it. She is crazy about Richard Dix.

I hate the teacher with a Puritanical conscience. She gives her weekly exams with a this-hurts-more-than-it-does-you air. She feels that for the good of your souls she must give you twenty pages of outside reading.

I hate teachers with hobbies. There is the teacher who is crazy about Roosevelt; there is the teacher who believes in the League of Nations, who collects antique furniture, who is interested in Spiritualism.

I hate the moralizing teacher. She stops a discussion of molecular weights to talk about the injury reducing is doing to young women. She jumps from the causes of the French and Indian Wars to the causes and evils of divorce. She tells you of your purpose in life, of the degradation of modern drama, of the evils of smoking.

I hate the man teacher who tells funny stories. He is a very funny man who has memorized *Life* for July, 1902. He sometimes forgets and tells the same story twice. Before he begins each tale he chuckles and rubs his nose. He twists your statements for the amusement of the class. He is the merry sunshine of the school day.

I hate the precise teacher. The blind must be lowered and the window raised an inch. You must sit straight in your seat. Her glance as you drop a pencil sends you to everlasting perdition. If, a stir is made when the bell rings, the class stays in for five minutes.

I hate teachers!

ANNOUNCEMENTS

Monday, March 21, the water polo games start.

The annual gym exhibition is to be held Monday, March 25. All phases of work done in the gym department will be displayed by the girls themselves.

TEACHERS

I hate teachers.

I hate the nervous teacher. She paces up and down the room. She takes her glasses off and on. She fidgets with pens, rearranges her books, and taps with her foot. While you are reciting her eyes move quickly from you to the bust of Shakespeare, out the window, and back to you; then she bites off your recitation and calls on someone else.

I hate the absent-minded teacher. I hate the teacher who calls you Mildred when your name is Margaret.

ACADEMIC NOTES

No, Miss Norris is not giving a kindergarten course—her students are observing children and their responses to action and influences about them as illustrations for their text work on child psychology.

The history of art classes are still busy cultivating a friendship with Michael Angelo and other painters of the Renaissance.

The art classes are now at work on the annual to which every year they contribute the attractive drawings seen within its folders.

"THE MIDNIGHT LOVERS"

This is what is generally known as war picture. In it most unique way the story opened with a wedding—and then the war began! The childish squabble between the Germans and Allies took back seat to the Great Inevitable War of the Eternal Triangle. While hubby was overseas taking good dives through the clouds and into little Cuddlum, who was just the dear boy his mamma had made him, although he posed as one of these notorious interior decorators. When hubby came home the fun began and the cleverest part of the picture came when the slightly soused man came to see his ex-wife. However, after many trying circumstances the warrior takes command of the field and conquers his wife to love, honor and obey forever and ever. And then comes—little Bill!

I'M THE NIT-WIT

I'm the nit-wit that takes the line of least resistance. I drift. I am unhappy. But I do nothing to remedy it. I don't really mind doing things—I really like to study, to work and to play. But what do I do? I lounge about. I eat, if there's any food about. I read if something is handed to me. If the crowd comes in I do anything they decide upon. If they don't want to do anything, it's all right. If someone starts me studying, I study. Usually I seem pretty contented—at least I seem so to outsiders, but I, within myself, know that it gets me nowhere. I realize that I can't be happy, but I go on just as before, following the line of least resistance.

THE CAT'S MEOW

Friends, enemies and victims, this feeble column of sense and nonsense, criticisms and criticisms, both wise and otherwise, written on foolcap with a goose's quill, is hereby dedicated in general to the ancient and honorable Order of Nit-Wits and specifically to the Ward-Belmont chapter, to which the writer has the honor of belonging.

The following are the ones eligible to the Order of Nit-Wits:

An ignoramus: One who thinks feudalism is something that causes a lot of fights in Kentucky.

A dumbell: One who thinks Baton Rouge is something on the Ward-Belmont prohibition list.

An idiot: One who makes it a policy not to think at all.

How some girls can stand the "lines" that boys pull is too much for me. It seems that love of flattery is a native feminine trait—and men have been flatterers ever since Adam told Eve that Venus hadn't a thing on her.

Money talks more languages than Queen Marie.

"Absence makes the heart grow fonder."—blah! boshi! But as for letters every day, specials once a

week, and flowers and candy—oh, well, that's a different matter.

Who knows the Apple Muncher—the poor excuse for a roommate who sits and crunches noisily on an apple while you are trying your best to concentrate on Psych. She doesn't give a whoop if the noise annoys you or if your mouth waters. She isn't looking out for you anyway. If you don't like it you can go to Mandalay.

THE A B C'S

A is for alien, meaning "strange" or "foreign." Our idea of something alien is a trip to a movie without a chapone.

B is for ballista, meaning an engine used in medieval warfare to hurl missiles. Our idea of a modern ballista is a college prof handing out grades.

C is for cache, meaning a place for concealment. Our idea of a cache for food is not the dorm. We advise digging a deep, deep hole.

D is for delusion, meaning a false belief. Our idea is believing the 7:15 to be the "lights-out bell."

E is for Easter, meaning the day memorable in the church calendar. Our idea of a happy Easter would be to get a week's vacation.

F is for fool, the meaning of which word is known. We all have our own opinions as to who is one, and who is a bigger one.

G is for gamble, which is a risk or a wager. Our idea of a gamble is trying to get through W-B.

H is for havoc, which is devastation, etc. What the editor raves when we don't get our assignments in time is havoc.

I is for imagination, a thing a teacher uses when she's grading exams.

J is for jiffy, meaning a moment. Our idea of a man's jiffy is a life term in Sing-Sing.

K is for knight. We are sorry to say we are losing our idea of what a knight is.

L is for linguist, an adept in speaking languages. We opine that linguists are about as scarce around here as dodo birds.

(To be continued)

THE FOUNTAIN

The days grow cold and gray,
And the trees all naked stand;
While the marble fountain sleeps
In crusted blankets grand.

The chilled fish all stop,
Their playful swims about.
They tell me that they're warm,
But I have my serious doubts.

From the cold dead umbrella
Gray-white icicles hang,
And the harnessed silver water-drops
hush
The songs that they once sang.

But when spring returns once more,
And the water-thoughts are free
They'll sing to Ward-Belmont girls
Of tales all full of glee.

—B. P.

Peeping Ahead in the Fashion Calendar!

THAT'S the everlasting job of Lebeck Bros. Buyers—and their alertness is reflected in the intriguing styles, the clever accessories smart women will wear now, next month and the month after.

To the girls of Ward-Belmont we extend an invitation to make Lebeck's your style headquarters—and if there is any way we can assist you we stand ready to do so.

If you keep up with the traditions of your Alma Mater you'll be sure to be intimately acquainted with this big, friendly store.

Lebeck Bros.



—SYKE SANDAL

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- PARCHMENT KID
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In High Heels Too!

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The season's most desired fashion at the town's lowest prices—ALWAYS!

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Portraits by Photography

An artist who will study your type, heighten your best points, the result is a picture which is artistically correct. Prices exceedingly low.

One of the most delightful features of our winter season is our association with Ward-Belmont.

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Exclusively Ready-to-Wear Garments and Millinery
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THE CAMPUS CAVE MAN

Two girls, one carrying a camera, were walking slowly up from "Big Ae." All at once, their wandering glances rested on a stalwart, manly figure. He was tall and strongly muscled; just the type that would play football. He was standing near the south front entrance.

"There he is," exclaimed one girl. They both ran forward.

"You stand with him, and I'll take your picture," she continued. "Stand nearer; put your head on his shoulder."

Just then one of our dear chaparrons passed and smiled benevolently, for the man was so cold—he was only a statue.

A DREAM

How lovely I looked! I'd always dreamed beyond my wildest hopes that some day I'd look like this. And my dress—the very one I'd planned to have all my life. Yes siree-e! I had lost pounds, my eyes were larger and brighter, my lips softer and redder, my hair perfectly and becomingly waved. (No, I am not the most coveted girl in the world. Not a one of you has missed a vision of yourself like this, now have you?) Soft strains of music reached my ears; I turned and felt as if I were gracefully floating down the steps, straight into the arms of the handsomest man in the world who led me around and around in perfect rhythm to the sobbing strains of the orchestra.

"May I break, please?" asked a strong, low voice. I couldn't quite remember where I was. Was this Swanee or Washington and Lee, or could this be Vanderbilt? "Pardon, may I break?" said another voice. "The next dance?" begged a third. Other words were a mere jumble to me—sweeter than music.

"My intermission," reminded the handsomest man. "Shall we go out into the garden? There is a full moon, you know." What were they playing so softly!—Oh yes, "Tonight You Belong to Me"! Without a word our eyes met—and lingered.

"Bringin'-d!" Are you dead? I've called you four times, and now it's 7:16. It serves you right though—I'd rather try and wake up Tut himself than you." What did I care if I was late to breakfast? What if I was at Ward-Belmont with no hope of a prom or the handsomest man—I still had my dream.

SEARCHLIGHT FINDS

Jo Ann and Fannie Lou belonged to the W.-B. I. (Ward-Belmont Intelligencia)—at least they thought so! They had their opinions on any subject that could be mentioned, but few opinions agreed.

It begins:

"I read in the paper that Princeton is making a ruling against student automobile owners; the students are 'up in arms.' The school has no right to interfere—"

"Why not? I think—" interrupted Fannie Lou.

"I believe that any person has the right to do anything that he wants to do, provided he isn't hurting someone else. Let him use his own 'judgment!'"

"But what if his own judgment isn't sound? I know that I can't rely absolutely on mine—"

"Do you mean to tell me that any person as old as we are, and with half as much intelligence— Oh, say, that's the first time you've even admitted that your arguments might be wrong!"

Jo Ann felt victorious—score one!

"I never did say that everything I thought was absolutely right. I've always been open minded, and am willing to be convinced—"

"Yeah. I am willing to be convinced—but let me see the person that can do it!"

"Well, anyway." Fannie Lou stuck to the former subject, "Wouldn't this be a fine world if everyone could do anything he wanted to—now wouldn't it? Answer me that!"

"Fannie Lou, you make me furious! You always twist everything I say—I didn't say—oh, what did I say—well, I didn't mean that, and you know—"

"Well, then, what did you mean?"
"Oh, shut up!"

Valda Thomas: "You look like two cents."

Katy Amos: "Well, I don't see any dollar sign on you either."

Miss Rhea: "Girls, I'm dismissing you fifteen minutes early today. Please go out quietly so as not to awaken the other classes."

Dear Cynthia

Last night dad spoke of his investments. I said "Dad, won't you please suggest some good ones for me?" His answer was "Sure! Buy yourself some of those new gowns they're showing at

Bella's!
—Boris

Bella's Booteries

READY-TO-WEAR
Second Floor 504 Church St

WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

Volume XVI

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Number 28

MR. ROSE SECURES RARE VIOLIN

Mr. Rose, who is director of the violin department of the Ward-Belmont Conservatory of Music, has secured one of the most valuable violins to be found, to add to his already extremely valuable collection. An article in a recent edition of the Nashville Banner, shows a photograph of Mr. Rose, playing on his recently purchased instrument and gives an extensive account of the violin, which was made by Andrea Guarnerius and is a perfect specimen of the artistry of this man of Cremona, who lived and worked in the seventeenth century.

"An aristocrat of the violin family, a genuine Andrea Guarnerius instrument, at one time the property of the Duke of Edinburgh, and recently acquired by Kenneth Rose, head of the violin department of Ward-Belmont, will be heard for the first time in public, this afternoon, when its owner plays with the Nashville Symphony Orchestra," says the Banner. "In this ensemble, Nashville music lovers will have the opportunity to single out the tonal beauty of this rare instrument.

"Rich in musical memories and the tradition of its art, is this gracefully turned instrument, which gives an earthly immortality to its creator. It was made by Andrea Guarnerius in 1684 and it hence belongs to the later and most interesting period of its

(Continued on page 8)

GUESTS AT SCHOOL

Recent guests at Ward-Belmont have been Mrs. T. L. Foulds, Alton, Ill., visiting Mary Helen; Mrs. L. E. Hamersley of Washington, Ind., visiting Ruth; Virginia K. Martin's mother, Mrs. M. S. Martin, also of Washington, Ind.; Naomi McCauley's mother, Mrs. G. O. McCauley of Waco, Texas; Merry Belle Palmer's mother, Mrs. J. F. Palmer of Milwaukee; Betty Stone's mother, Mrs. A. R. Stone of Chicago; Katherine Batterman's mother, Mrs. H. E. Batterman of Chicago; Margaret Stamford's mother, Mrs. T. L. Stamford of Dallas, Texas; Catherine Woods' mother, Mrs. M. G. Wood of Chicago; Lucille Taliaferro's parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. Y. Taliaferro of El Dorado, Kansas; Esther Bridges' mother, Mrs. M. O. Bridges of Miami, Florida; Betty Frantz's mother, Mrs. M. J. Frantz, and Mary Esther Johnston's mother, Mrs. M. B. Johnston, both of Enid, Oklahoma; Martha Pine's mother, Mrs. W. P. Pine of Kansas City, Mo.; Lucy and Alice Wakefield's parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. A. Wakefield, of Belvidere, Ky.; Helen Ryerson's mother, Mrs. T. L. Ryerson of Park Ridge, Ill.; and Viola Jay's guardian, Miss Florine Grovier of Rushville, Ind.

Milestones Dinner

"The sprites and elves of Erin's Isle, Have sent their magic power To open your hearts—and pocket books—

For Milestones at this hour." The Milestones dinner, in honor of Saint Patrick, was held Thursday night, March 17, at six o'clock in the Ward-Belmont dining rooms.

Miss Margaret Insull, editor-in-chief of 1927 Milestones, introduced the speaker.

Dr. J. D. Blanton, the first speaker, told the present and future value of this year's annual.

Miss Louise Smith, a Ward-Belmont graduate, told how much her Milestones meant to her, and urged that all the girls get one this year. Miss Carroll Cruse, in a very clever talk, hinted at the contents of the book, but only enough to make everyone eager to hear more.

Miss Jessamine Daggett, the business manager, explained how to write the check, and asked that it be done at once.

Many of the girls signed checks for their Milestones before leaving the table; others ordered them with a promise to pay later; all that have failed to do either are urged to do so at once, as the supply will be limited. The Milestones is a book that every Ward-Belmont girl wants this year, and which grows dearer as time goes on.

Saint Patrick's Day was celebrated in the right spirit, and in a way in which he should have been proud.

The decorations were simple, but effective. Green predominated in the color scheme.

- The menu was:
- Chicken a la King
 - New Potatoes
 - Green Peas
 - Cheese Balls
 - Rolls
 - Celery Hearts
 - Olives
 - Grape Fruit Aspic
 - Wafers
 - Shamrock Ice Cream
 - Individual Cakes
 - Demi-Tasse
 - Nuts
 - Mints

OKLAHOMA CLUB DANCE

Away to the land of Make-Believe for an evening—to an Indian village in the depths of a forest, with a glowing camp fire and a gleaming crescent moon to lend a mysterious charm to the shadowy tepees, and with a sky a deep bright blue to make one dream of adventure. Away for an evening, Saturday evening, to the Oklahoma Club dance in the transformed gymnasium.

And, if one still enjoys being imaginative, away as an unseen observer to the special act. In the deepening dusk, swift as a dream an Indian youth dances, until—he suddenly staggers and falls, killed by a bullet. An Indian maiden appears and, finding her lover dead, sings heart-brokenly the clear flowing song "By the Waters of Minnetonka."

Snap! Bright lights. Back to reality—and to refreshments, which must always be more than imagined. And, if you were fortunate enough to be one of the guests, you were very glad that the refreshments of orange ice and chocolate ice cream and chocolate cake, and the favors of tiny birch canes, were not make-believe. You found out, too, that the Indian youth and maiden were not dream characters, but Edna Earl Holbert and Pauline Jackson.

POLO RESULTS LATER

The result of the water polo games and a detailed account of the events will be published in next week's issue of THE HYPHEN.

MRS. MOORE WRITES PLAY

The latest number of "Poet Lore" has proof of the versatility of Mrs. Bessie Collins Moore, the Ward-Belmont dietician, for besides knowing practically all there is to know about food, she has a rare literary gift.

She has written an one-act play, which is published in Poet Lore, the oldest and largest review in the English language, devoted to poetry and drama, and her Ward-Belmont friends are justly proud of her achievement. The play deals with a family of "poor whites" living on the Bayou La Batre in southern Alabama, and is based on the legend current in that section that banished Indians returned to haunt the banks of the bayou. However, "On Bayou La Batre" shows Maw, an old woman, ignorant, tyrannical and superstitious, haunted by another ghost than that of an Indian. The play shows a knowledge of the section and of the characters of whom she writes, and Mrs. Moore is to be congratulated upon it.

PENTA TAU PRATTLE

The Penta Tau Club held its regular meeting in the club house Wednesday evening. The first part of the evening was taken up for business. The sponsor, Miss Greenlee, and president, Valda Thomas, both graciously thanked the club members for the success which they made their dance. Other business was discussed then the girls enjoyed a social half hour together.

A WARD-BELMONT GIRL ABROAD

Oh Fan! Did you ever see anything as pretty as this Valley of the Elbe? You know, they call it "German Switzerland." What d'ya say? Uhh! These rock formations are wonderful, the way they form an impenetrable barricade for those old feudal castles. (The train pulls into Prague, the capital of Czechoslovakia.) What d'ya say? Feel like you're gonna be kidnapped? Them's my sentiments too! You feel the mysticism in their eyes? Well, I guess we aren't near the Russian border for nothing. (They rush hurriedly along the station platform after their party.) Oh! what a queer station! (The girls gaze with awe.) Imagine a whole roof of glass! Say Fran! This crowd is down here to meet the American tennis champions, Vincent Richards and O. H. Kinsey. Well, I do know, too. Miss Ross just told me the Sokal is going on. You remember don't you? Huge military review and all kinds of games—about 10,000 men and women prepare for it, uh uh! Its given every seven years.

(Continued on page 8)

CHIMES CAMPAIN

"Old girls" are certainly interested in having their names in the tower, if letters and contributions can be accepted as indications. Catherine Richards, who was here in '22-'23, '23-'24, writes from her home in Hope, Arkansas, that she hopes to be able to attend the dedication. She says, "It seems to me that as alumnae of Ward-Belmont, we could do nothing that would be more greatly enjoyed and appreciated by future Ward-Belmont girls."

"I am delighted that the chimes have at last become an assured fact," writes Mrs. W. D. McDermott, of Little Rock, Ark., who was Mary Buchanan, when she was graduated in 1918.

Evelyn Hageman Jaqua, of '18-'14 and '14-'15, writes from Winchester, Indiana, that she thinks the idea is a lovely one, and that when she returns for a visit, which the demands of a home and family have kept her from doing sooner, she hopes it will be for the chimes dedication.

News of Mildred Benton, who got her general diploma here in 1924, came with her contribution. She has received her Bachelor of Arts degree from Colorado State Teachers' College and has done some other work at the University of Southern California. She writes interestingly of good times and visits in California, before returning to her home in Greeley, Colorado, but has taken time from the various gaieties in fish courses in which she was interested.



IRRESISTIBLE SPRING MODES

Suggestive of the frocks
seen at the Paris Showing—
Note the lines of youth
displayed in this frock—

—Second Floor—



Eastman & Mott
DRY GOODS CO.
The Best Place to Shop

This ad drawn by Miss Helen Nina Scott, Ward-Belmont.



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Your Headquarters when Shopping in Town
We have many attractive gift novelties on display, as
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for all occasions, pictures, current maga-
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Joy's

Ward-Belmont Special Shoulder
Bouquet \$2.50

"Always Lovely"

Y. W. C. A. TEA ROOM

Special Menu on Mondays for

WARD-BELMONT GIRLS



"Let your conscience be your guide" is maybe not so good a rule to follow after all, as it is comparatively easy to fool your conscience into thinking that something is all right. The Sunday-school groups last Sunday were discussing what constituted good and bad, and how certain things came to be considered good and others bad. It is a very interesting subject and will be continued next week. Don't fail to come!

Dr. R. L. Ownby of the Belmont Methodist Church spoke at Vespers last Sunday on "How to Find the Golden Key to the Kingdom of Heaven." Dr. Ownby says that to find the kingdom one must have the venturesome, trustful spirit of the child. One must be able to imagine and dream in order to get the realities of life as they are really dreams that have materialized. Sidney Lanier, the poet, has through his imagination been able to see the invisible and by his ability has put it down in beautiful words for others to read and see.

A vocal solo by Mary Belle Johnson, a pupil of Miss Boyer, added very much to the meaning of the Vesper hour.

The "Y" had its "backyard" boy and girl party last Monday and all the "children" had a wonderful time playing games and dancing. Sally Swaim had charge of the Mother Goose special, and Dorothy Townsend and her committee planned and made the decorations. June Miller directed the orchestra, and Dorothy Kendall was chairman of the refreshment committee.

The books suggested for reading during Lent are still on sale in the bookroom. About 150 have been sold, so you had better hurry in order to get yours. They make splendid gifts for Easter.

Mrs. Starrett, representing the Foreign department of the national Y.W.C.A. was out here at Ward-Belmont last Thursday and talked to the cabinet. She has recently returned from China, and was comparing the conditions of the girls there with those of this country.

WE ENVY

Mary Moore's disposition.
Ellen Robinson's pep.
Nell House's Southern drawl.
Ann Murtagh's studiousness.
Louise Graves' wit.
Edythe Dixon's ability.
Kirtlyes' sense of humor.
Marge Wright's line.

Alice Isabel Ingram's talents.
Kate Parker's feet.
Grace Burney's clothes.
Mabel's baby face.
Eloise Pearson's natural color.
Dixie Morris' likeableness.
Jessamine Daggett's energy.
Helen's ring.
Mary Jones' sweetness.
Katie's ermine (not fur).
Mary Belle Johnson's voice.
Elise Jester's eyes.

IN PASSING

The Ward-Belmont diet schedule: Begin in the evening and stop the next morning before breakfast.

Page the moving picture directors! Mob scenes free of charge! Apply at Fidelity monitor's meeting.

The bells of Ward-Belmont are like those in "Hamlet," that call us to Heaven or to other place not often called by its real name.

STUDIES

(With Apologies to Sir Francis)
Studies serve for work, improvement of the mind, and good excuses. Their chief use is for good excuses. Expert men can best judge of these by learning. To spend too much time working at studies wears out the brain; to spread abroad the improvement of the mind wears out a man's friends; to use the studies too much for good excuses is to be too soon found out. Judiciousness in employing studies is perfected by experience. Lazy men refuse to work at studies, wise men improve their minds with studies, but crafty men use studies for good excuses to avoid that which they do not enjoy doing.

Some studies are to be tasted, such as the hard ones. Others are to be chewed and swallowed, such as the easy ones. Still others are to be devoured, such as the perusing of "College Humor." Studying either maketh a man full of knowledge or it doth not. If a man study little, he had need have a great deal of bluff; if he improve his mind too much, he had need have an amiable personality, so that he will not be murdered; if he use studies for too many excuses, he had need have a cunning mind.

History, mathematics and philosophy maketh a man to go to sleep in a classroom. Poetry maketh a man to believe he might be in love.

Each impediment in a man's brain may be remedied by studies, that is, if he be not too lazy. And, if a man loveth an argument, especially with his teacher, let him study the law.

X. L. DINNER

With a lapse back into our former selves of colored clothes, we traveled out to Belle Meade Country Club and spent a diverting afternoon playing bridge and dancing. Dinner was served during which short speeches were given by Viola Jay, Lavinia Rose, and Catherine Clark. Marjory Moss was toastmistress of the occasion. In spite of the reluctance to return, everyone was of the same opinion regarding the success and enjoyment of the afternoon.

ACADEMIC NOTES

Miss Norris is importing into her psychology classes small children so that even in the classroom the students may continue their work in child observation.

Two of Miss Townsend's students, Mary Louise Pittman and Alle Belle D'Mohundra read at the Moore Memorial Presbyterian Church to the Boy's Club.

The date of the gym exhibition has been changed from March 25 to March 28.

As a matter of interest to the art students and the student body as a whole, Helen Scott, of Houston, Texas, an art student, is exhibiting in the Texas Fine Arts Association a charcoal portrait of Dorothy Duncan. This picture, which was drawn without any criticism from the Ward-Belmont art instructors, will later be shown in Nashville.

The first year college class in Home Economics is beginning its series of spring luncheons for members of the faculty and students outside of the department.

THE MOVIE

Daniel in the lions' den just couldn't possibly have been any better than—last Saturday night in "Hold That Lion." I bolted my dinner as per, floated the lemon ice with some cold tea and then dashed into our movie palace. And, say! Didn't that girl have the prettiest teeth, regular independent advertisements. I think that when I go lion-hunting I'll have to have a picture hat and lace dress. So appropriate! Of course when I mentioned this fact the girl "G'wan you're jealous" and I am—oh for the sweet, simple, and pure look of the blonde and you just know why gentlemen prefer blondes. There I go. Another blond-haired heroine for another Saturday night and I'll be bleaching my hair. But, look—don't you just love cats—so strong and silent like. I'll be getting afraid of all my Feline acquaintances if I'm not more careful. Wasn't the hero sweet. Yes! just simply sweet! And he was so clever, too, to bring that nasty big lion right straight home to papa. I'll bet he never does it again. He might be

scratched and he always loved cats so—he wouldn't hurt one. Too bad he was so clever but you know these movie heroes. They can just do anything and seem to get away with it while poor little I can't do anything without ruining everybody. Anyway—I love cats.

THE OBSERVER

Miss Hollinger has been entertaining her classes with fish stories about snakes. The one about the community swallowing act is grand.

Mary Virginia Huff may think she can shrug to Alice's height but Miss Morrison tells a different story.

It's too bad that a person has to get both her pin and engagement ring in a place like rec. hall. Maybe the admiration of your new possession made up for it though, Helen.

As the second floor Fidelity girls know from oft repeated assertions, Mrs. Gaines objects strenuously to Vivian's habit of sleeping with her window closed, a bathrobe on, and a pillow over her head.

The Oklahoma dance must have been pretty hot. Anyway, someone fainted.

Beware the scales!—no pot fish scales. Don't waste your pennies in Middlemarch for you may find that you're ten pounds heavier one minute than you are the next.

Eleanor Robbins' hair has finally covered her ears and she vows she can do it up. We demand proof!

The tea room must believe that "Honesty is the best policy" for they even refuse to sell spotted apples.

Much excitement was aroused over cherry-eating the other night. It's quite a feat to be able to use the proper technique.

"ELECTRA" PERFORMANCE Praised

The "Theatre and Drama" magazine in its last number devoted half a column to the performance of the Greek pageant, "Electra" given under the direction of Pauline Sherwood Townsend, director of the expression department of Ward-Belmont at the Parthenon. An indication that the performance pleased the general public as well as those who appreciate things artistic, is that the members of the Park Commission have asked that since the play was so popular, the performance be repeated. The performance will be given on May 12.

X. L. NOTES

Owing to the celebration of the Beethoven Centenary this year, a short period Wednesday evening was devoted to a Beethoven program. An account of the composer's life was given by Catherine Leavitt and Vivian Slagle played one of the master's compositions. Following this Gloria Davis sang a number of popular pieces and others were sung by the group. Incidentally, it has been discovered that the club is fortunate in having a number of singers who can actually harmonize without causing their listeners to wince. Perhaps they will become sufficiently proficient to perform publicly. Who knows?

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Application for second-class entry pending.

EDITORIAL

An imagination is such an unanalyzable something that we seldom stop to consider it, and yet what a great part it does play in our every-day life. How often we sit staring ahead of us, wrapped in a veil of fancy, utterly oblivious to our surroundings. And what a cruel jolt it sometimes is to be brought suddenly back to reality, to hum-drum affairs of the day.

A world of fancy such as our imaginations can create for us provides a haven from monotony, a realm of wonder and delight. Not only is imagination recreative, but it is also creative. Without it no new inventions would ever be made, things would remain always just as they are, unless man occasionally stumbled on to improvements.

Our imagination plays a big part in enabling us to be true friends. It gives us the capacity to sympathize, to place ourselves in another's situation, to act toward others as we would that they would act toward us.

With an imagination, our lives are what we make them; without it, we might as well be dead, for the land of make-believe and vision is beyond our scope.

An imagination is a gift from the gods—the power to change the sordid realities of everyday life into a veritable sanctuary, within one's own mind. A versatile imagination and loneliness have never been comrades. Where one exists the other must of necessity disappear.

"Ever let the fancy roam,
 Pleasure never is at home.
 Open wide the mind's cage-door,
 She'll dart forth and cloudward soar."

CURRENT EVENTS CLUB

The Current Events Club came to order at its meetings last Thursday with Professor Winton as the speaker. Professor Winton spoke on the condition in Nicaragua.

The talk was indeed interesting, for Mr. Winton began with a description of the geography of Central America, nature and qualities of the inhabi-

itants and the particular history of Nicaragua up to the present moment. This gave an interesting background for Professor Winton's discussions of the interest the United States feels in her neighbor and the idea she has on building a canal through this narrow country to promote United States supremacy there.

The need of the trouble lies in the fact that Nicaragua borrowed money from the United States and Great Britain.

Under United States supervision a Conservative president and a Liberal vice-president were elected. Both were later forced to leave the country by General Diaz and in Nicaragua there is a law about the vice-president becoming president as soon as the president leaves the country but there is no law stating who should be president in event of both men leaving. Diaz promises the United States that he will insure payment of money owed and is supported by the United States. He also wants United States to take the country under its supervision. The question is, will our government do it!

Most of the people of the country want Sacaos to become president, for he is now back on ground and they want United States to handle customs duties, which it is doing successfully, and use this money to pay the debt.

The United States owns canal rights in this country and is anxious to see the canal through because of congestion in Panama. The marines are protecting interests of the Americans in this country.

The strongest need of Nicaragua is education of its people and nationalism. This last need will be difficult to see through, because the mountainous nature of the country separates the people in such a way as to make unity nearly impossible.

ALUMNAE NOTES

A son called Carson Bradford Call was born to Mr. and Mrs. L. O. Call on March 12, 1927 in Orlando, Fla. Mrs. Call was Sarah Bradford.

Virginia Ruckman is attending the University of Michigan as a member of the class of '28 in the School of Literature, Art and Design. Virginia graduated from Ward-Belmont in 1926. She has pledged Alpha Omicron Pi Sorority at the university. Virginia is very fond of the university.

WEDDINGS

Frances Lambert Russell ('22-'23, '23-'24), to Dr. Raworth Williams of Dallas, Texas, on April 9, 1927, at the home of the bride's aunt, Mrs. Charles A. Lambert of Parsons, Kansas.

Dr. Williams is prominent in club life of Dallas, and is a graduate of the University of Texas and the medical school of Columbia University. The bride-to-be attended Southern Methodist University after leaving Ward-Belmont.

Lorena Hall Coombes ('25-'26), to Mr. Durrel Kansas Butler in June, 1927, in Kansas City.

Lorena has attended art schools in Paris since her work at Ward-Belmont.

Margaret Haines ('24-'26), to Mr. Edmund F. Sposk, Jr., was solemnized recently at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Haines of Augusta, Kansas.

The bride was attended by Helen Haines, her sister, who attended Ward-Belmont also.

The marriage of Irene Louise Johnson to Mr. Virgil Loren Marsh last month at Belleville, Kansas, is announced by her parents. Irene was here in 1924-'25. After the first of April, Mr. and Mrs. Marsh will be at home at 5402 Goodman Road, Merriam, Kansas.

RECITAL
GREAT SUCCESS

The recital which was given in the auditorium last Friday was much enjoyed by the girls, faculty and visitors who attended it. The program was a piano solo, "The Lark," by Miss Lydarene Majors, a pupil of Mr. Goodman, and another solo by another of his pupils, Miss Nell Richardson, who played Litst's "Saint Francis Walking on the Waves." Next came two songs by Miss Glory Davis, a pupil of Miss Florence Boyer, who sang "Love's Echo," and "L'La Primavera D'Or." Miss Pauline Day, a pupil of Miss Best, then played a piano solo, "La Fleuse." Miss Mary Belle Johnson, who studies voice with Miss Sloan, sang "Spring Joy"; and Miss Elaine Frost, a pupil of Miss Leftwich, played a piano solo, "Lotus Land." Then Mr. Louise Mertens, who was the soloist at the Ward-Belmont orchestra's concert given at the War Memorial Auditorium, and who is a pupil of Mr. Rose, played the violin solo, "Faust's Fantastic." Mrs. Eugene Stewart, a pupil of Signor de Luca sang, "Holiday" and "Crying of Water." The last number on the delightful program was a piano solo by Miss Cecilia Lollar, "Romance." Miss Lollar is a pupil of Miss Thorne.

PRO ANTI-PAN

And again Wednesday rolls 'round—the club meeting. Our president, Helen Moser, who has been home with her sick mother, has returned. We were so glad to see her!

At roll call the girls blew a few of their own trumpets by telling of their offices during the year. Then we had an election of a new treasurer to take Alice Ingram's place. Janet Carter got the books.

Well, then Novice Graves poured forth a song, which was very appropriate for spring 'n' things. After that, wee Edna Johnson told us about a story. We just laughed and laughed! Now of course, no club meeting could be complete without at least one dance—so they did it—and completed it!

We Anti-Pans had a meeting the other night. Yeh! Georgia Charles presided, and she did a very good job. Dorothy Cook gave us a few suggestions for future romps. She threatens us with bridge or a Bohemian party. Let's hope for the best!

After the business meeting a few of the energetic members tripped some very fantastic lines over the floor boards. Sally Tucker brightened up the evening by playing "Farmer in the Dell" on the phonograph.

Then Whitaker did his stuff. We departed to seek information in psychology, Latin, English, etc.

THE TOWER

It is an old subject, in more ways than one, this Ward-Belmont tower. It is also an interesting object, and one of which Ward-Belmont can justly boast, for there are few places which have a possession so rich in old history that it is almost legendary.

In the days of the full glory of the estate, the tower must have been loved, as it gracefully dominated the stately grounds. And it must be even lovelier now, than it was, for age has softened it, and even the buildings and the busy bustle of a modern boarding school, cannot take away even a little of its brooding charm and grace.

In the day, it stands out above the other buildings, its grace that of sturdy strength and watchful protection. On moonlit nights, it is as its lover's, for we think of spring and romance, as its gray-shadowed form smiles into the blue of the night.

When the snow comes, the tower is a gray-brown wraith, wrapped in flying wind-blown veils, and peering into the stormy night from beneath a soft white crown.

When the spring sun rises on its gleaming green and silver world, the tower seems to rise with it, out of the mist, to take up again its watch and when the sun sets, the tower fairly leaps toward us, black and forbidding, as an old, mediaeval castle, silhouetted against the evening sky, and we think how "The splendor falls on castle walls."

OUR "REP"

In spite of our beauty and excellent poise,

In spite of our widely known graces,
 We are known by all—especially the boys—

As those of the *flat feet and pale faces*.

Along with the name of a "garden of roses"

We are known in town and many more places

As the belles of Ward-Belmont, so famously known

And those of the *flat feet and pale faces*.

Wherever we go; whatever we do
 We are recognized in one and all cases.

We know the reason; we know the clue,
 We own the *flat feet and pale faces*.

To church and to town; but never alone!

We do various things and go many places.

Even in China we all should be known
 By our *flat feet and our pale faces*.



Tuesday—March 15.

Got up at the break of dawn to study history and fell asleep twice reading one page. Gave it up as a bad job and slept through breakfast. Wish I'd get over the habit of slumbering peacefully through the morning meal because by chapel I'm usually so hungry. I can see corn bread walking around on crutches.

Guess spring is really here. wore my winter coat down town this afternoon and came very near melting away. Hoped to buy me something for nothing, but wasn't successful.

Tonight Mr. Goodman invited—and expected the school to attend his recital. I'm afraid I'm not educated up to an appreciation of real music—at least I preferred jazz to those little selections he rendered for us—but the romie was enraptured—so I shan't express my opinions openly. That Miss Douthit who accompanied him sure has a lot of strength for one so small. Me thinks we'd better rush her for our club so we'll have at least some good baseball material.

Broke down and got *all* my lessons this evening. I only have one—but the unusual effort has made me limp—so hie me to bed.

Wednesday—March 16.

Made a special effort to get to breakfast on time, and it's a mighty good thing because our dear hostess was present—and I don't care another interview with Mrs. Charvon.

My mail box was crowded with several dozen notices—but not one word from home! Thought, most likely an earthquake had swallowed everyone up so I wrote a sweet, dauphrerly letter of sympathy during chapel.

Miss Norris was unusually interesting today. I asked her a question and it took her all hour to answer it, so I didn't have to recite! Now she's a teacher after my own heart!

Miss Jeter didn't come to school today, so we didn't have swimming—at least I took it for granted we wouldn't have it—and didn't go.

Took many pictures as it was hot and sunny—then went down to the Tea Room to recuperate and ate everything I could catch. Ten pounds gained—but who cares!

Club tonight and all we did was tell the number of offices we held—was afraid I'd make some poor lassie jealous so didn't tall all mine.

Decided it was too late to study when I got back from club—so I tried on all my sultemate's dresses and am about to retire for want of something better to do.

Thursday—March 17.

The only thing that saved this from being like every other Thursday in the year was the fact that tonight was the Milestones dinner. Another chance to blossom out in a pink chiffon and use the good china—inclently getting some information about the Milestones and being separated from five whole dollars.

Librarian afterward just for the chance to let the librarian know what a dream of beauty I am in an evening dress.

Friday—March 18.

The usual classes in the usual way—and how it did *rain!* I was nearly drowned every time I ventured forth—in spite of my good training under Miss Jeter. And then, as though I hadn't seen enough water for one day, I went water polo-ing. Am so completely water logged I lack strength enough to study—but guess I'll have to, inasmuch as I have a little psych test in the morning.

Saturday—March 19.

Well, I thought there wasn't any rain left after yesterday, but it poured and poured again today. Wish some of my dear teachers would slip on the pavement and drown. I can't say I crave these Saturday classes, and that might be one way to get out of them.

Had our little psych paper and was not my idea of a jolly good time. She didn't ask me one thing I knew—so I just tricked her and wrote out a whole set of questions of my own and answered them.

Spent the afternoon laundering my raven locks and writing checks for C. O. D.'s that have been in hook for days.

The movie tonight was exactly the type my feeble intellect can grasp. I enjoyed it muchly, and laughed till I wept copiously.

Lacked the necessary invitation so stayed up in the balcony until after Sunday—March 20.

the special, and then hid me home to read *College Humor*.

Well—the sun came out in plenty of time for us to go to church—so I donned my gay black suit and troleyed down to the Methodist. Spent all my time observing children for psych—and all the fond mammas looked so worried at my staring at their young hopefuls.

Got tricked at dinner this moon and had upside down cake instead of ice cream—and since I hate it, I didn't eat it—and didn't gain anything. I'll have to really start reducing ere long,

my chubbiness is past the pleasingly plump stage now!

Well it rained about the time we started over to tea. I might have known it would be long as I was dressed as for a May morning.

Monday—March 21.

The first day of spring and it's colder than December. Went to town as usual—this being Monday—but lacking any superfluous cash I didn't purchase a thing.

Must study.

LIZA'S LETTER

Dearest Mother:

I have just been to town and if you could see all the lovely clothes! I just must have some new ones to do justice to our family name. Soon I'll have to go to bed until my fairy god-mother brings me some raiment.

Ward-Belmont girls are lucky this year in having black with white as the leading color combination. Love-man's, Lebeck's, Rich Schwartz's and Bell's all have such adorable black spring coats trimmed in monkey fur or white fox that it would be hard to decide between them. If you could have seen Valda and Edith when they left for Texas—Valda in black and white; Edith in tan. I'd love to steal their outfits.

Oh, yes, among other things I need for my spring wardrobe—a new sport dress, a street dress, a "dressey" dress and (I hate to say it) an evening dress. While you're getting your breath let me tell you that I have gotten my ideas for my new *would-be* wardrobe from the most fashionable magazines, so don't doubt my taste.

I almost have to have a new evening dress because there are several more dances and the all-club dinner (my club sisters might kill me on sight to see me dressed in my two-in-one on that night of nights!) June Miller has the loveliest black lace one, and I just adore Alice Rhodes in her bouffant flowered taffeta.

I saw Natalie and Jeffe going out the other Sunday in blue and green, respectively, and both looked so adorable I just could not decide what color I'll attempt to improve me in.

Chandler's, Bell's and Meador's have shoes for any occasion, in colors to match your own outfit, too. All the big stores—Castner-Knott's, Lebeck's, Loveman's, etc.—have lovely accessories and novelties.

Really, mother, I have lovely and tasteful ideas. All I need is—well, you and dad are chairmen of the means and ways committee in my life. Hurry so the roommate won't beat me to it!

Devotedly,

Liza.

F. F. NOTES

At the regular meeting last Wednesday evening several interesting business matters were discussed and decided upon. "Dot" Dee contributed an inspirational little talk concerning athletics—more power to her! After the business meeting Beth Christian entertained us with clever new songs and banjo-uke solos. Beth's mother, Mrs. Christian, was our visitor for the evening.

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PERSONALS

Helene Johnson had lunch with Mrs. Beasley on Saturday.

Virginia Donaldson and Ines Barnes spent Saturday afternoon with Mrs. Litz.

Catherine Frances had dinner with her sister on Saturday evening.

Evelyn Strangward and Pearl Cogging had dinner with Mrs. Dickert on Saturday evening.

Mary Esther Johnston spent the week-end with her mother.

Merry Belle Palmer spent the week-end with her mother.

Elizabeth Fletcher and Isabel Hedlin had dinner on Saturday evening with Mrs. A. Jarrell.

Margaret Dixon took dinner on Saturday evening with Mrs. John H. Moore.

Margaret Stanford spent the week-end with her mother.

Naomi McCauley spent the week-end with her mother.

June Edmondson went to her home for the week-end.

Nell House, Virginia Farmer, and Helen Cody, spent Sunday afternoon with Nell's mother from Gallatin.

Mary Dunn spent the day, Sunday with Miss Cora Thomas.

Margaret Carthew spent Sunday afternoon with Mrs. Brown and Lucille.

Mary Helen Foulds had tea with her mother on Sunday.

Kate Parker and Mary Jones were entertained on Sunday afternoon by Dr. and Mrs. Harrington.

Marjorie Wright and Virginia Lee Hicks spent Sunday afternoon with Marjorie's aunt, Mrs. A. J. Hood.

Margaret Hickman spent Sunday night with her father.

Anita Pettit was with Marie Parrent all day Monday.

Julia Freeland spent Monday with Mrs. Brandau and Susan.

THE BALCONY BID

Betty! Goin' to the dance? C'mon, lets go down to the balcony. I crave excitement. The call of the wild is in my tooties and that orchestral Well, of course, it would be raining. New aren't little I glad that my pumps, etc., are not in usage. Look at Jane's hair! It's up! Oh, my soul and buttons, it was short when I pulled out, a chunk this afternoon. She merely bought the last cheese dream when she knew I wanted it. Surely does grow fast! My dear! What a buxom look Kitty is getting! Did you ever? Grrr! Roll on thou

deep and dark blue library but this is one night little me isn't on speaking terms with you. Lets hang our coats on these hooks with those of the socially elite. After all we're sisters under the chin anyway. Isn't this the stunningest wrap. I wonder whose it is! Lets try it on—oh, come on, she would be glad to let one of us orphans of the storm merely try it on.

M-m-m-m! That music! It just makes every one of my bones want to get out and dance a solo. Betty! Wouldn't it be heavenly if Mrs. Hall had an orchestra for gym class. What darling decorations! Just DARING! Yes your dance was cute but don't you think ours was just PRECIOUS? Lets go 'way around on the far side—far from the mad'nine crowd, as it were! There's Jo in her roommate's a dress, as usual. Honestly, any old time I'd trail my roommate's dress to a dance. Why, I wouldn't wear the best of them to water-polo practice. My dear che-ld! Would you look at my room mate dancing with the president! Now I will swell with pride.

Oh, for cracking ice! Look how Dot Weinstein is handing out her line o' gab. Really, that girl NEVER stops talking. I'd be afraid to be her dentist—might get my hand bit off. "You made me happy when you made me cry."

Lets dance—then I won't sing. C'mon, dearie, say something catty. Oh, I bet you're kidding me! My word! It's way past time for the special. Do you spose the prima donna got temperamental or maybe the premier danseuse costume is too small. By the way, doesn't Helen look stunning tonight. In that dress and all she looks just like the heroine in the novel I read for English. No, I don't remember the name but it was a darling one anyway.

Special! Lets go down here. This is fine. Now bring on ye talent. What under heaven's name—oh-h-h! Isn't that just beautiful. Is that—can it be Dot? Why—why, Betty, she's almost pretty! And to think that she could be made to look like that. While there's life there's hope. Did you ever see any one struggle as hard as that dancer? Keep up—the good work, girl, it will make a man of you. Is that the end? But it was pretty—almost as pretty as ours. Oh, pardon, I forgot that I was in it.

Nothing more now but the eats and somehow it makes me feel particularly savage to watch other people eat. Lets go. If my roommate doesn't bring me something—I'll let her sleep straight through breakfast!

CHAPEL NOTES

TUESDAY 15, 1927—

After the regular chapel exercises Dr. Blank announced that Mr. Goodman would give a recital at 7:00 tonight. Every one is cordially invited.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 16, 1927—

Announcements.

THURSDAY, MARCH 17, 1927—

Have you the quality of imagination? If you haven't, then according to Bishop Wise of Kansas, you are dead. "I am your fairy god-father and you are all my fairy god-children. We are living in an ethereal mansion.

Now make a wish for in the land of imagination anything is possible." This ingenious method he used to arouse our interest and then brought us back to the land of reality, telling us each to analyse our wish for in it perhaps lay the key note of our characters. If our wish is for something trivial then we are very apt in life to magnify trifles and to miss the universals. Unless we think through and gather the richness of human thought in what we do, we will never have possession of power—without power we will fall in life. Christ told his disciples that they should receive power and thereupon they would be able to overturn the Roman Empire. Likewise we, if we are introspective and calculative, can turn our power to really big things.

FRIDAY, MARCH 18, 1927—

Class meetings.

SATURDAY, MARCH 19, 1927—

After the usual chapel exercises, Miss Morrison announced the gym exhibition will be held March 25.

WE JUST CAN'T IMAGINE

Miss Morrison with bobbed hair and a *whining baby* voice.

Bill Clarke in a short pink ballet costume.

Anita Pettit refusing calories in any form.

Gertrude Cameron not eating dessert and valiantly paying her quarter a day.

Miss Sisson wearing French heels. Helen Davis coming in the right door on time to meals.

Augusta Williams not talking. Ruth Browning as a shrinking violet.

Miss Jeter weighing 150. Janet not getting a letter from True.

Mary Dunn with a subdued voice. Ruth and Helens living on milk for two weeks.

Ellen's being six feet tall. Miss Leavell's classes being dry and uninteresting.

Ruth Jones without a stick of gum. Mrs. Charlie not standing up for the Seniors.

Blanche Motley with a clinging-vine figure.

Viola Joy not grinning. Nell Law as a vivid brunette. Mrs. Hall with curl papers on.

Mary Jane missing a monitor's meeting.

The twins on time to meals. Mary Louise sending flowers to herself.

Mrs. Jeter not mothering some one.

THE PRICE OF FAME

"What is it? Let me see! Oh, how lovely. I bet you're glad, aren't you?" Such were the cries that rent the stillness of the night. Even my approaching psych. test was forgotten for the moment, and I resolved to investigate these strange sounds. I went out into the hall and met Virginia who excitedly asked, "Have you seen it?" And when I asked her to explain, she said, "Oh you haven't then? Come with me." So we journeyed the length of the hall and finally stopped before a door whence

came strange sounds. We knocked, but received no answer so we walked in—or attempted to—the room was too crowded to permit our really entering, nearly the entire population of the hall seemed to have gathered in one particular spot of this particular room. They were all crowded together in a circle and appeared to be concentrating their gaze on an object, hidden out of sight. Many questions were in order such as, "When did you get it?" "Why didn't you show me before?" "I want one, too." "Isn't it grand? I bet you're thrilled." As my bump of curiosity was on the verge of "burstation" just about then, I gave a mighty shove, clearing the way before me. And then my eyes lit upon the object of admiration! There sat Valda, her mouth wide open, stretched to incongruous proportions. And there in a formerly barren space glinted forth a single, dazzling white, new tooth. And so we all extend appreciation to Miss Thomas for the free entertainment. As to the end of this tale, well Valda can best tell that. Suffice it here to say that she's still tenderly nursing the black and blue spots in the vicinity of her ruby lips. She regretfully admits that she should never have tried to stretch a certain section of her face so far. But alas, such is the price of fame.

WARD-BELMONT ORCHESTRA TO PLAY

As the Hyphen goes to press before the concert takes place, only an announcement of the concert which was given by the Ward-Belmont Orchestra at the War Memorial Auditorium can be made. Nashville newspapers hailed it as "one of the outstanding musical events of the year" and it has been awaited with much interest by music lovers of the city. The orchestra was established by Fritz Schmitz fifteen years ago, and has been conducted by Kenneth Rose, head of the violin department of the Ward-Belmont Conservatory of Music, since 1918. The soloist was Louis Mertens, a graduate pupil of the violin department.

A LITTLE BIRDIE TOLD ME

We have some Budding athletes among us— Even our dear teachers have fallen For Miss Morrison's Stuff!

And they are perfect whiz's At aiming— Watch out, girls, looks dangerous! Hat's off To the wild but innocent Prep who while Gymning got caught in the ladder— Prep's can't be Pushed— Eh, Susy? Congratulations for the very dutiful Young lady Who gently but forcibly Urged The head monitor out of Middle March The other night.

Peeping Ahead in the Fashion Calendar!

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MR. ROSE SECURES RARE VIOLIN

(Continued from page 1)

maker's art. He was the founder of a famous family of violin makers in Cremona, born in 1680, and a pupil at the age of fifteen of the great Nicholas Amati, later returning to work with his master. Stradivarius, king of violin makers, was a fellow pupil with Guarnerius."

A description of the document, insuring the authenticity of his violin, is in the possession of Mr. Rose. It was a favorite of the Duke of Edinburgh, who had a fine collection of instruments; upon the Duke's death the violin was bought by Dr. J. Partello, American counsel in Berlin. His collection was later sold, a musical house securing this violin, which has recently been bought by Mr. Rose.

"In his own musical career, Mr. Rose has owned at least twenty different bows and since, despite his progress in his art, this violin virtuoso is still a young man, it is easy to predict that this number will be augmented in the future. One fine bow, now owned by Mr. Rose, was also one included in the Partello collection and it was made by Fourte, a French craftsman of a century ago, who invented the modern form of bow, some specimens of which have brought record prices of approximately \$2,500. Another bow owned by Mr. Rose is the product of the skill of N. F. Volrin, the noted French maker, who died in 1887. This bow was made for Eugene Yaaye, and it was later owned by Mischa Elman," the article in the Banner says.

A WARD-BELMONT GIRL ABOARD

(Continued from page 1)

What? Yeah. We'll get in on the last two days for the tennis tournament. (The sightseeing bus arrives and they all climb in for a tour of the city.) My stars, Fran! Gaze at that old city hall built in 1380. Let me tell you something. Every time that old clock put up there in 1480 strikes, the figures of Christ and his twelve apostles appear in the windows above it. Sure do have some unique ideas? Uhuh. (The car stops before St. Vitus Church.) Honestly, Fran this old church sure gives me the creeps! You don't mean it. You say it changed its religion three times. First was Catholic, then Protestant, then Catholic. (The car next stops before apparently only a door in a wall.) Upon my word! Fran! This old Jewish synagogue is some model of underground rooms. You needn't be telling me it's one of the oldest landmarks in central Europe, 'cause the modern element just isn't present. (The car next stops at an old Jewish cemetery.) How come there are three graveyards in one, here? Oh! I see. It was during the persecution so they just buried 'em three deep. (The bus now winds through an intricate maze of streets where the houses are unusually small.) Oh Fran! This is where the schemists lived during the time of Rudolph. Black art! Synthetic gold! You know. (The party enters some of the houses.) My soul, Fran! Medieval kitchenettes. (The party again enters the bus and

drives to an old cathedral.) Gracious! here's the tomb of Charles V. You say this old church has been rebuilt five times because of wars? Here's the emperor's wife, too, the whole family! (The guide calls the party to hurry as they are to see the guards at the capital change.) Well, if they haven't on American uniforms, Fran! You say the president's wife and daughter-in-law are both American! I see. Well, guess this is about all for one day of sightseeing. (They all took the bus back to the hotel.)

I'M THE NIT-WIT

I'm the Nit-Wit who plays practical jokes. I mean no harm by them; I do it for fun! I readily admit that I wouldn't like to have one of mine played on me, but then I say grandly, "Not everybody could think of that!" Of course, I know that it doesn't take much intelligence, and anyone that likes can play the same tricks, but I like to give everyone a good laugh. Everyone admits that I have a great sense of humor. I know that the victim doesn't enjoy it, but—all the funnier! I know that those who act as if it's all right really resent it. I'm not very well liked. But I'd rather not have friends, if they can't take a joke! Oh, I have a sense of humor.

COMMENTS ON NEW EX- CHANGES

The method you use of handling Exchanges is splendid in the Cup O' Coffee!

We think the Oklahoma Teacher would be very influential in Oklahoma.

Dear Cynthia

Last night dad spoke of his investments. I said, Dad, won't you please suggest some good ones for me? His answer was, "Sure! Buy yourself some of those new gowns they're showing at



Bella!
— Boris

Bell's Booteries

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WARD-BELMONT HYPPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

Volume XVI

NASHVILLE, TENN., SATURDAY, APRIL 2, 1927

Number 29

WATER POLO TOURNAMENT

On Wednesday afternoon, March 23, the first round of the water polo tournament was played off. "The first game between the Beta and Anti-Pan teams, was won by the former, 11 to 0.

<i>Beta</i>		<i>Anti-Pan</i>	
GoodloeR.F.	Huff
O'ConnorL.F.	Wilcox
WherryC.	Boardman
CooperR.G.	Cobb
HayesL.G.	Bridgeforth

In the second game the X. L.'s won a victory from the T. C.'s with a score of 20 to 8.

<i>X. L.</i>		<i>T. C.</i>	
JonesR.F.	Vesley
DavisL.F.	Valentine
BellC.	Nichols
Smith, C.R.G.	Ellis
Jay, WilsonL.G.	Martini

The Di Gamma, in the third game, defeated the A. K.'s by a score of 18 to 0.

<i>Di Gamma</i>		<i>A. K.</i>	
MorelockR.F.	Lewis
NielL.F.	Townsend
SimmonsC.	Cartlew
CooperR.G.	Phelps
Wade, M.L.G.	Weber

The Osiron-Tri K game was the last and most exciting game of the afternoon. Valborg Ravn starred, making seven goals for her team. The final score was 16 to 14, in favor of the Osiron.

<i>Osiron</i>		<i>Tri K</i>	
GaryR.F.	Stiles
RavnL.F.	Strain
GoreC.	Northrup
EllingtonR.F.	Morrison
LowL.F.	Catlett

Friday afternoon, the Betas played their second game against the F. F.'s, winning with a score of 16 to 0.

<i>Beta</i>		<i>F. F.</i>	
HayesR.F.	Baird
CooperL.F.	Dye
O'ConnorC.	Pearson-Ross
WherryR.G.	Loughridge
GoodloeL.G.	Walker

BIRTHDAY

The first birthday of May, Diehl Townsend, was celebrated recently in a way that would make any little girl's eyes shine. Mrs. Moore had made a beautiful cake shaped like a boat and set on a large mirror. In the boat stood a kempie driving by ribbons two swans in front of the boat and all over the surface of the water were strewed delicate pastel shaded candy water lilies. In the heart of every lily reposed one candle.

The joy which the little heart knew was evidenced by the animated face. We think this a birthday very fitting for the second granddaughter of Dr. and Mrs. Blanton. Dr. Blanton and his granddaughter celebrate their birthdays together.

Radio Messages About Concert

Nashville and Ward-Belmont girls enjoyed the annual concert of the Ward-Belmont orchestra, but they were not the only ones, for the entire program was broadcast over Station WSM, and messages have been received from many different states saying that the program "came in fine." WSM is the broadcasting station of the National Life and Accident Insurance Company.

Martha and Edith Rodgers certainly received many compliments about their songs, not only from those who were in the audience here, but also from people in other sections of the country, and from Nashville people who called up by telephone to say how much they liked the program.

From Kansas City, Mo., came a telegram from the Barr and Rodgers family saying how much they liked the songs, and the numbers played by the orchestra. Another wire from Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Seiver at Fremont, Neb., told how well the program came

over the air and how much they enjoyed it, particularly Martha Rodgers' voice.

Mr. and Mrs. D. N. Hicks from Waco, Texas, wired WSM that the Ward-Belmont program was coming in perfectly. Mr. and Mrs. E. O. Bagley at Little Rock, Ark., wired Helen that they, too, liked the program and sent congratulations to Mr. Rose. Mr. and Mrs. O. B. Hopkins sent congratulations to Mr. Rose and to Ward-Belmont from Lafayette, La.

From another direction came word from Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Lee at Waupun, Wis., that the program was fine. Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Halbert, out at Norman, Okla., and other radio listeners who wired in congratulations to the conservatory. Dr. and Mrs. J. M. Pulliam, at Fort Wayne, Ind., telegraphed that they would like more of the Ward-Belmont program. Other wires were received from Chicago, Ill., down to Jacksonville, Fla. Clearly, the Ward-Belmont concert was a success, here and elsewhere.

Annual Orchestra Concert

The annual concert of the Ward-Belmont orchestra was given at the War Memorial Building, and was pronounced by the large audience a great success. The concert was given under the direction of Kenneth Rose, head of the department of violin, of the Ward-Belmont Conservatory of Music, who is the conductor of the orchestra. Louis Mertens, a Nashville pupil of Mr. Rose, and one of the city's best known violinists, was chosen as the soloist.

The orchestra is composed of the following pupils of the Conservatory of Music: Claire Harper, concert master and one of the first violinists; first violins, Mrs. Robert Lusk, Miss Carolyn Braash, Louis Mertens, Mrs. George Seeman, Mrs. Milton Cook, Miss Ethel King, Mrs. J. Harvill Hite, Otis Dressler, Mrs. Cecilia Roy, E. L. Morris, Miss Elizabeth Fairfax Lusk, Miss Polly Dawes, Miss Virginia McCullough, and Sidney Babcock; second violins, Miss Lee Lewis, Miss Nell Godwin, Miss Mary Speier, Miss Jo Raynes, Miss Emily Potter, Miss Mary Elizabeth Lanier, Miss Doris Harmon, Weldon Hart, Miss Martha Hawkins, Holmes Vaughn, Miss Lucy Anne Wakefield, Miss Matilda Weaver, Miss Helen Bagley, Miss Amy Ellis, Miss Ella Lou Cheek, and Miss Gwendolyn Moss; violas, Mrs. Carl McMurray, Mrs. J. Arthur Wanda, Perkins Sexton, and Walter Reekless; celli, Mr. H. O. Olsen, E. J. Gatwood, and Miss Alice Kerney; basses, C. A. Ware and G. W. Cooper,

Sr.; flutes, James Hudson and Henry S. Ashford; clarinet, Carl Valdez and Oscar Hantleman; bassoon, R. T. Payne; cornets, Edwin Valdez and Miss Bernice Lee; trombone, A. D. Dumont; French horn, G. P. Harrison and George Cooper; timpani, H. S. Gerregano; drum, Jess Martin; piano, Miss Dorothy Brann.

The orchestra was established fifteen years ago, by Frits Schmitz and has become a factor in the musical life of the city. The Nashville Banner's musical critic, George Pullen Jackson, makes the following comment on the concert:

"The annual concert of the Ward-Belmont orchestra given Thursday evening in the War Memorial auditorium not only entertained beautifully a large audience of music lovers and friends of the school, it also set another milestone in the development of music here, and became thus a source of deep satisfaction to those who have local growth of instrumental music at heart.

"A few years ago the Ward-Belmont orchestra was little more than a group of violin players on one side of the stage and a large group of younger players of that same instrument on the other side. Its dominant strength is still in its smaller string personnel, but a better and better balance is in evidence as the result of the addition of carefully selected sections of brass and reed instruments. And these sections are manned only in part

(Continued on page 8)

ANNUAL GYM DEMONSTRATION

Little did some man know what truth he put in the statement "practice makes perfect." This truth was realized in the annual gym exhibition on last Monday night.

While the participants of the affair were assembling in the balcony and at the sides of the gym, many parents and acquaintances gathered at the west end of the room to view the ability of their daughters and friends.

Promptly at 7:30 silence reigned and Miss Morrison's whistle started the exhibition. First, the apparatus work took place. Those cunning, little first-graders received more attention than their superiors in tumbling, the running jumps and in walking the balance beams. The fourth, fifth and sixth grades made known their efforts in swinging ropes, jumping the Swedish box, and climbing the serpentine ladder. The springboard jump was displayed by the seventh and eighth grades.

A clever aesthetic dance was portrayed in the second number by the first year dancing class.

Everyone will agree that the fancy march given by the classes P1 and P2, was extremely well worked out, but the audience was fascinated with the way A1 and C classes made a perfect net-work of wheels.

The wand drill composed the fourth number. Those A2's surely could keep in unison.

(Continued on page 8)

M A R C H BIRTHDAY DINNER

On Tuesday evening, March 29, the last birthday dinner in March was held in the private dining room. As each girl entered and was graciously received by Mrs. Blanton, Miss Mills and Mrs. Rose the beautifully decorated table immediately made her think that this must be the loveliest dinner of all.

In her usual beautiful and artistic taste, Mrs. Rose had decorated the table with a lovely flax lace cloth over green. Graceful silver baskets tied with gauze bows and filled with lilacs, a narcissus and green ferns centered the table, bringing out the color motif of lilac and green. Tall, lighted green tapers in silver candlesticks surrounded the attractive center piece. At each girl's plate was a spring rose-bud. Dainty place cards named the following girls: Sarah Swain, Frances Campbell, Katherine Stanifer, Jane McCullough, Lillie Jackson, Martha Laurent, Martha Pine, Marie Stallings, Shirley Agyarn, Harriet Condit, Mary G. Parks, Margaret Pollock, Rebecca Sackett, Maude Gary, Margaret Kessler, Eleanor Gilmore, Alice Goulding, Betty Stone, Jessie Jennings.



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Include Attractive Models for Ward-Belmont Girls

Everything from head to toe in the smartly dressed girl's wardrobe can be purchased from Castner's this spring. Never before have we displayed such wearables in such a galaxy of Spring-time Colors. Even the smartest lingerie

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Rumors flew as rumors will that someone was going to tell us a story at Vespers, last Sunday night, and sure enough there was. Miss Henrietta Gay, from the department of religious education of Scarrit College, told us the story of "The Hall of Herods," taken from the book "The Fascinating Child" by Basil Matthews. A man in a dream enters a huge building where he goes through the different rooms of the heroes of the world; the heroes of battle, of the lonely way, of truth and of love, of the last there were the greatest number. The guide seemed to be Jesus and the visitor was made to feel that places were waiting for all of us in the Hall of the Heroes of Love, if we would only find them.

The story was a very inspiring one, and at the end of it we sang "In the Cross of Christ Glory" and were dismissed by a short prayer by Miss Gay. We felt that the service had somehow closed exactly right.

Last Sunday I went to visit Miss Van Hooser's Bible Class. She told about the time when Jesus stayed at the home of Lazarus, Martha and Mary and how good they were to him. It was all very interesting and made me feel more as if Jesus had really lived, and had some of the same human qualities that we have.

Miss North was ill last Sunday and Miss Reed came back to take her former group, remaining until Miss North returns. All the girls are very glad indeed to see Miss Reed again. The Sunday school, through the "Y," sent Miss North some flowers in appreciation for what she has done.

Lilly Jackson is happy again for she is sure her committee is pleasing everybody with the Vesper speaker for this Sunday. Dr. Hill will be with us. Yes "The" Dr. Hill! Aren't you glad?

The "Y" library is going to have some new books next week. We don't know yet just what they are to be, but there is a lot of good new fiction just published, and some of it will find a place here. Come around and see.

Girls, do you ever forget things? I certainly did last week when I was telling you the names of some of the

girls who made our "Y" party possible. Dorothy Brain and her committee labored prodigiously in getting out all of the invitations, and we want to thank them for it here and now.

BETHOVEN ANNIVERSARY OBSERVED

In recognition of Beethoven Week, and the hundredth anniversary of the birth of the great composer, a Beethoven Memorial recital was given on last Saturday by the pupils of Miss Alice Leftwich in her studio. The talent, execution and ability of her pupils reflected much credit to the instruction they had received, according to the musicians who attended.

The program was:
Sonata—Op. 2, No. 1, third movement—Julia Anne Rosa.
Sonata—Op. 2, No. 2, first and third movement—Vivian Blagie.
Sonata—Op. 10, No. 3, second movement—Myl Anderson.
Sonata—Op. 14, No. 1, first movement—Doris Trombley.
Sketch of Beethoven's life—Natalie Maynard.
Sonata—Op. 13, first movement—Janet Sage.
Sonata—Op. 13, second movement—Pauline Pinson.
Sonata—Op. 3, third movement—Katherine Kean.
Sonata—Op. 22, second movement—Mildred Wood.
Sonata—Op. 27, No. 1, first movement—Elaine Frost.
Sonata—Op. 27, No. 2, first movement—Margaret Daggett.

SENIOR FREE DAY AS A SENIOR MIDDLE SEES IT

"What are you going to do on Senior Free Day?"

"Oh, I think I'll sleep till nine, go down town for breakfast, shop until the eleven o'clock show, go to that and several others, and eat the rest of the time."

"Isn't that funny. I've planned to do the very same things."

Such was the dialogue between two Seniors at the breakfast table one morning. Little did they realize the envy they were creating in the Senior Middle across the table.

"Humph," she thought. Smart old things. Bet they think they're funny to be talking about something I can't get in on. But just you wait until I'm a Senior and the idea of having on like that about one little old free day. You'd think they'd never been to town before. And who cares anyway whether they go a dozen times—

I don't see why they don't publish their names in the Banner and have done with it. It'd take more than a trip to town to thrill me. Oh well, it won't be long now,—and so on and on.

Y. W. C. A. TEA ROOM

Special Menu on Mondays for

WARD-BELMONT GIRLS

STUDIO RECITAL BY MISS BLYTHE'S PUPILS

An enjoyable occasion of last week was the recital given by the pupils of Miss Venable Blythe in her studio on Wednesday. The selections as well as their execution showed much thought, care and talent. The program was:

Three Little Chickens	Grant-Schaefer
.....	Jordan McMurry
Jessica Waits	Rolfe
.....	Martha Claire Clay
Dedication	Torjussen
.....	Bernice Houston
At Evening	Williams
.....	Sara Culbreter
Russian Romance	Friml
.....	Minnie Hayes
Mazurka	Dennee
.....	Dorothy Stover
Reverie	Conte
.....	Carolyn Braash
Crescendo	Per Lason
.....	Mrs. Vance Alexander
Prelude	Chopin
.....	Mildred Harris
March of the Indian Phantoms ...	Kroeger
.....	Savannah Mae Hopkins
Nocturne	Chopin
.....	Florence Hayes
What the Old Oak Said	Orth
.....	Ann Raine
Canzonetta	Schutt
.....	Virginia Turner
Barcarolle	Ludebuhl
.....	Mary Lucile Stetler
Reverie	Schutt
.....	Katherine Batterman

LIZA'S LETTER

Dear Peggy:

Speaking of circuses, the gym exhibition was a class A one. As I wasn't in it I got to watch, and a nice time was had by all. I was really surprised (not having anticipated much) at the stunts that those girls can do. I dreamed all night of being a circus performer—in pink tights and spangles instead of our striking gym outfit, though. Can't you just see me!

I am slowly emerging from tests. Some of them lapped over 'til this week; I even have one Friday. So far,

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I have escaped with strained eyes, a crippled brain, the writer's cramp and a tragic look. I doubt if I will have recovered by next quiz time.

There's so much to look forward to in these next few weeks—Senior-Senior Middle Banquet and Class Day, Mammoth Cave, horse shows, baseball, etc. I can't realize that it is all so near over. The Seniors already have kind of wistful, hopeful—yes, and some fearful—looks.

Among the most interesting events of the present season are: A few more victims have shown their half-long tresses. It is reported that two other girls got "pinned" (K. A. and Sigma Nu) in Rec Hall last week; this is absolutely, entirely, undoubtedly, and most assuredly beyond the grasp of my feeble mind. Several parents are here; a few girls are home for little vacations. Mrs. Brown didn't call roll but three times on the last shopping party and I am beginning to doubt my own sanity.

Oh, yes—I forgot to bless you out for not having written, but I fully intended to at the beginning of this letter. If you are dead or it is anything serious let me know and it will be alright, but for goodness' sake have pity on my mail box. The poor thing is starved. Until I hear from you I remain

Your disillusioned,
Liza.

THE MOVIE

"Broken Hearts of Hollywood" at the Ward-Belmont Theatre last week is a melodrama of the touching motherly love Virginia had for Betty Ann. It pulls at the heart strings with tenderness and feeling as the actors hide their broken hearts behind their stage smiles. Poor Virginia was that blond the third from the right in Florida in the gay nineties. However she kept taking one more pull at the old gin bottle and went from worse to worse. The moment we saw her weeping over the picture of her little girl who has never known her we knew the heroine would be the little girl. Betty Ann has quite grown up when she gets to Hollywood with her B. F. who is also a beauty contest winner. They tried to crash into the movies but found a hard time doing it. One thing happened after another as is usually the case in a movie until along came the soul-stirring comic scene and everyone chewed on the corners of their respective handkerchiefs. However, when it was all over we all laughed and laughed because we knew all the time it would turn out all right.

ACADEMIC NOTES

Miss Scruggs' English B class is busily at work on and most interested in the American Opera, the King's Henchman. This opera, a story of England in the tenth century, is the first American opera commissioned by the Metropolitan. It is interesting to note that Mr. MacPherson, pupil of Senor de Luca, sang a part in it.

The Expression B certificate class is preparing one-act plays to be given as readings.

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Application for second-class entry pending.

EDITORIAL

Voices are as diversified as are the personalities which they express. There's the loud voice, you know the kind, that has a sort of "I am plain and must raise my voice to a shriek" tone. And there's the rasping, harsh voice that invariably accompanies the person of common and coarse manner. Then, too, we have the stilled, honeyed voice that denotes conceit and affectation, the too-low voice of the girl who is disgustingly self-conscious, and numerous other voices that repel rather than attract one.

But there are voices the very tone of which immediately impress one with the worth and character of the speaker. We all know how a person's voice often determines our estimate of her, to a large extent.

It's true that we are born with our individual voice mechanism, but we can alter and improve the tone of our voice as we see fit. Let us strive to avoid being classed as either too loud or too noticeably quiet. As in everything else there is a happy medium, and it behooves all of us to seek to strike this plane.

Not only must we improve our voices, but we must use judgment and moderation, determined by the surroundings and occasion. We all know that the dining room is no place in which to broadcast our joys and woes, and yet a girl did call across six tables to a friend not long ago, in our W.-B. dining room. And the uproar that we sometimes have in Vesper speaks ill of our courteous attention.

And the trials and tribulations that our poor, dear hostesses must have when many of us see fit to do our vocal daily dozen at the same time.

Let's do remember that—
 "A gentle voice was ever an excellent thing in woman."

TRI-STATE DANCE

A state fair, with all the noise, confetti, bright colors, and general hilarity that is associated with such an occasion, was participated in by members and guests of the Michigan, Ohio, and Wisconsin state clubs Saturday evening.

Gypsy bright streamers radiated from a tall center pole to the sides of the room, where they made a gay splash of color against the light paper walls. Even the floor received its share of decorations later in the evening in myriads of confetti pieces.

No fair is complete without the booths where various wares are set out to catch the fancy—and the pocketbooks—of the revellers. Peddled from the colorful wall booths, "wares" at this fair were peanuts, cracker jacks, Eskimo pies, and pop, given in exchange for slips attached to the invitations.

Three sideshow acts composed the special feature: a tableaux, a clog solo, and a riding-habit chorus. Those who took part were: Tableau, Elaine Frost, Elizabeth Rinehart, Helen Dean, Ellen Robinson, Jessie Jennings and Bernice Lee; clog solo, Thelma Peck; riding habit chorus, Gertrude Henderson, Helen Kent, Mary Jane MacPhail, Fritzie Broad, Lucille Canfield, and Alice MacDuff. The specials were directed by Hazel Benedict.

SIGNOR DE LUCA'S PUPIL BROADCASTS PROGRAM

James Melton, one of the most promising of Signor G. S. de Luca's pupils, sang a number of songs which were broadcast over WSM on Wednesday night. Many telegrams and long distance telephone messages from listeners over the country testified to the success of the program.

VIENNA

Time to get up, Fran! We're going sightseeing! You hate to leave this lovely room? So do I. (A few moments later the two girls are in the sightseeing bus, after swallowing a hurried breakfast.) Oh look at the band and all the colors! A labor parade! Uh-huh. This military music is stirring. (The bus drives off to stop presently before Augustine Court.) Oh Fran! This is where the Hapburgs went to church. Isn't it lovely! Just glance at that monument to Marie Christine, favorite daughter of Maria Theresia. This place is sort of ghostly, isn't it? Everything is so still and antique! (The party departs for St. Stephens' Church. The girls pause with awe as they enter the door and the long Gothic arches span before them.) Isn't this gorgeous! Let me tell you, those stained rose colored windows have been here for ages. (The party wanders about the church where in one wing mass is being said.)

Smell the incense. How those candles glitter. I'd come to church here too. Come on, Miss Ross is calling us! (As the bus passes along the boulevard, the guide points out a portentous looking building.) Say Fran, that is Prince Lichtenstein's palace—yeah. He's the richest man in Austria! I'll bet they had some big times there before the war! (The car next stops before the old court theatre.) What a contrast all this marble and painting is to our theatre lobbies! You never did see anything like it! Here either, I uttered with a sigh. This is the Emperor's box! Let's sit

in his chair! Don't you feel royal! You like the box for state guests better? Well, I do like a box directly fronting the stage better, even though it is in the peanut gallery. You say the acoustics are the same everywhere? Peanut gallery is as good as any place then! Imagine the grandeur of a performance here! Hurry up! We're going to see the Blue Danube now! (The bus whisks through broad and spacious boulevards into a public park.) These people certainly are "fashionable" on parks! Did you know this is the fashionable drive? Well, it is. (They soon come in view of a greenish-brown stream.) So this is the Blue Danube! You're right, the fellow who wrote that song must have been color blind! A beautiful stream, though? Certainly is. Maybe Strauss had a Danube complex! (The car rolls on through another part of the park and finally emerges on the city outskirts, where a fair is going on.) My soul if it isn't Vienna's Coney Island! Just plant your peepers on that man. You want to join 'em? Say, not me. I'm hungry. Want some lunch! We're going out to Schonbrun this afternoon! Don't you know what that is? Why the royal palace of the Hapsburgs? Yeah, it's a hatching place on the recent World War. Tell you about it? Well, it was like this: Kaiser Bill came over here to visit Francis Joseph (who died during the war), and so they decide they'll up and have a little war. See, well, they got more than they planned for! (Just now the hotel looms before them and in a few minutes they are hungrily devouring luncheon.) Oh Fran! that Hindu over there is Tagore, the poet. What? the fellow with him is the Hindu tennis champion who lost yesterday to the Austrian player? Too bad. Well, what next! Isn't this food delicious. You could just eat all day! Well, listen here, we are going to the "Circus Princess" tonight. Whuh. Musical comedy, gorgeous coloring and musical effects I've heard. Quite the European rage? Yah! Yah! Like my German yes? Well, come on, you can't stay here all day (they depart for their room.)

CURRENT EVENTS CLUB

Dr. Webb of the faculty of the Peabody College and editor of the magazine for young students called *Current Events in Science* was the speaker at last week's meeting of the Current Events Club.

This was indeed a most interesting talk because of the speaker's thorough understanding of events in the field of science.

Dr. Webb said that in the past few years things have happened more rapidly in science than ever before. A great discovery used to come about once in a hundred years, now they happen every few days.

Recently three big events have taken place in science. The first is the process of relaying programs from Chicago to New York and thence all over the United States. Dr. Webb explained this process and also the one by which many places in the world heard President Coolidge's message to

the Senate. The second big happening is that of telephone service being established from United States to England. This is done by wireless and the rates seem to be very reasonable considering the time and money that it saved by use of them. The third instance is one which seems almost impossible, that is sending pictures by telephone from New York to Chicago. This kind of service is also very valuable in sending weather maps to and from vessels at sea.

We shall soon be seeing by radio, Dr. Webb says that it is only a matter of speeding up the machinery used to send photographs. This kind of radio will be called "Television."

The speaker also told about the interest that has been created by the talking movies which process is possible by the vitaphone. The interesting discourse was summed up by these interesting comments. All these interesting advances in science make people more cultured and make them like the best. This general lift of culture is caused by sciences interesting people and then science promotes the best types of entertainment.

"There should not be a dull moment in the life of one person. Enjoy life," said Dr. Webb in closing.

MEETING OF THE FRENCH ALLIANCE

On Friday afternoon, the girls of Ward-Belmont, who are members of Nashville's French Alliance, attended the March meeting.

Monsieur Koehler conducted the meeting and Ward-Belmont talent was well represented. Miss Louise Best, of the music department opened the program with an excellent selection on the piano. Then, Miss Nancy Baskerville, who was a student at Ward-Belmont last year, sang a charming group of French songs. Miss Sloan accompanied her.

The remainder of the program was given by the members of the club, who are French people. Among them, much diversity of talent is displayed.

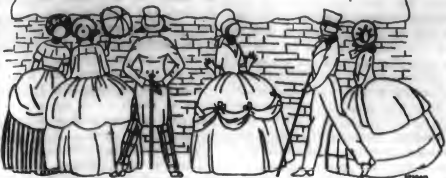
Some fine dramatic talent is always shown at the Alliance, as the play, given recently, presented. This talent again manifested itself at Friday's meeting, when four of the members very delightfully read several scenes from one of Moliere's comedies. The scenes given, despite life in the seventeenth century in a clear and forceful way, and the readers seemed to have caught just the spirit needed. The April meeting of the Alliance is to be the last one, and special preparations are going forward to make it the best one.

ALUMNAE NOTES

Elizabeth Kerrigan has been elected president for next year of the Texas University Chapter of Kappa Kappa Gamma Sorority.

Frances Cochrane has discontinued her work at Iowa University for the rest of this year because of ill health but will resume her studies next fall. In the meanwhile she is enjoying an extended trip through California and the Pacific Northwest.

The Diary of Mistress Belle Ward



Tuesday—March 22.

We're having a seige of exams—French and history today—and I busted both of them. It wasn't any effort, and it wasn't the least bit sudden or original so once more I'm just one of the common herd.

Feasted on bad peanuts and butter-scotch between second hour and chapel—hence was late to chapel. Just can't wait to appear at monitor's meeting with my little tale of woe!

Gym-ed at least two hours this p.m. It's a-good thing we don't have these gym exhibitions any oftener—Miss Sisson about works me to death—and then spends half a hygiene period telling us how important rest is.

Tea roomed—and as usual ate every thing I could afford—which wasn't much due to the lateness in the month.

Danced in the gym after dinner to gain strength to study for my psych exam—but was so fagged out when the seven-twenty bell rang I just came home and started cleaning my tennis shoes for the gym ex. Start early and avoid the rush—that's my goal!

Wednesday—March 23.

Well—we had our little "psych paper" ex *ca matris* and take it from one who knows—it was a little gem rivaled only by that French gem of yesterday!

Changed tables this noon and I sure went from bad to worse. I'm at a teacher's table now—and I can tell by the glint in her eye she'll never miss a meal! Here's where I begin getting up for breakfast!

No swimming this p.m. on account of water polo. Guess I'd about as soon drown myself as have someone do it for me—and that's what one dear lassie attempted.

Well—broke down and studied a bit tonight—but spent most of the time writing the family like the dutiful little daughter I am.

Thursday—March 24.

As far as news is concerned—this place just doesn't rate worth a cent. Got much mail today including a box of stationery with my name in full on every page. My aunt bought it off someone who was trying to raise money for charity. She must have been timid about seeing her own name in print, that's the only reason I can find for receiving it.

Had another bishop out here at chapel—and he introduced a new brand of crossword puzzles.

Special study hour this P.M. but I didn't know anything about it till it was all over. It's just as well though because I probably wouldn't have cracked a book anyway.

Tonight was the orchestra recital—

Praise Allah they had it at the War Memorial and we didn't have to wear regulation. Was properly bored most of the time—but managed to live through the evening.

Friday—March 25.

Nothing special happened—but I knew something would if I went to classes sans my lessons—so I hid me to the infirmary and spent the day in leisure.

Saturday—March 26.

Well—had the best time in classes today. Miss Scruggs gave us a little "exam" that is worthy of notice in the *New York Times*. What she left out can't be found anywhere.

And then Miss Morris gave us assignments for all next week. My pen went dry before she was half through but I know I won't get any more read so why write it all down and waste the energy.

The movie was deadly—but oh, that dance. It was a riot—had the world's best time, and for once ate it all I wanted.

Sunday—March 27.

No church—that is, we didn't go to town—but we heard all about China out here.

Tea in the club houses—otherwise everything was as usual.

Monday—March 28.

Well—went to town and did all the shopping for Pembroke. Never again! Felt exactly like a walking package room.

Laundered the Auburn curls in honor of the "gym ex." Had much fun in the exhibition in spite of the fact that I got stage fright and banged my head six times with the Indian clubs. Miss Morrison thought I did my Indian clubs exceptionally well—but little did she know that I wasn't Indian clubbing at all—but waving to my friends in the balcony.

Considered sitting up in the cubby to study but remembered Robert Burns' favorite expression: "A set o' dull conceited hashies— Confuse thy brains in college classes,"

and didn't want to be classed like that!

IN MEMORIAM

Here lies Gym—gone but not forgotten. We have loved him and attended him to the last bitter moments. It was at the end that he rose more glorious than ever.

We will never forget how for him we traveled up and down the hall trying to find an extra middy, how we

tea roomed the roommates over a week so we could borrow her bloomers and how we thought up excuses of headache, sore foot, and sprained ankle to hop class. And we will never forget how we suffered when we once got there to display our ignorance and receive the squelching remarks of Miss Morrison's, surely were pastimes of unique enjoyment.

And the dumbells! And the Indian clubs! And marching—would you believe it—in the very last gym class I finally realized that my right foot was in a different shoe from the one I had thought it was all along.

Gym will be mourned by us, one and all, and to his memory will be dedicated our next three trips to the tea room.

LETTERS

"There is nothing new under the sun." Neither are letters new. Says Webster, letters are "written or printed communications from one person to another," and there you are.

Letters date back to the time when James Stoneax dickered with John Mammoth—killer, for the use of his pliodocosa. Then, it took five or six husky prehistorics to carry the letter to its destination. And it wasn't weighted with language, either. Since then, letters have had a diversified history, but it seems that in no time or place are they more diverse, than here and now.

Letters are of several different kinds. In fact, so many different kinds are there, that to discuss them would take more space and time than we have. Therefore, look only at the letters of a girl's boarding school.

First, in economic importance, is the letter with the check. This letter is the result of much diplomatic activity, and one has to be skilled in the art of making dad feel sorry for one. Oh, yes, of course, the love letter. That goes almost without saying. Oh, no, it doesn't matter whether it is from Tom, Dick, Harry, James, or Percy. It is a source of intense squealing on the part of the recipient, and a source of intense boredom to the recipient's friends.

There is the dutiful letter, which mother has said just must be written to dear auntie, or her feelings will be hurt. This letter causes one's brow to become wrinkled, along with one's disposition.

Then, the family letter! This is usually a catalogue of daily woes and tribulations, which, if the family believed it, would lead them to think that their fond offspring was the most abused child in creation, that she spent her time laboring mightily for harsh and unfeeling teachers, and that she was continually worn thin by her efforts. But families are wise.

A. K. ACTIVITIES

The regular club meeting was held Wednesday, March 23. Miss Spaller gave an informal talk on etiquette especially pointing out the interesting traits in European customs and contrasting their habits with ours.

Tea was served Sunday night in the club house, the evening being devoted to various informal recreations.

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CHAPEL NOTES

Tuesday—March 22, 1927.

"Overcoming handicaps," said Mr. Barton, "is something that every man has to do. For some people greater problems present themselves than do for others. For example in 1869, a poor German immigrant because of his unfit physical condition was about to be turned back from Ellis Island. An agency, however, becoming interested in him, guaranteed the government to be responsible for him—this apparently miserable specimen of manhood, Steinmetz, proved to be a great electrical genius and became president of the country's largest electrical industry. In another instance we have Helen Keller who was born deaf, dumb and blind. Through the care of a woman, Miss Keller learned to talk, to distinguish sounds and to read, thus bringing herself into communication with the outside world. What was responsible for the success of these people—courage, effort, persistence and purpose. Let us make these words a part of us not an ideal."

Wednesday—March 23, 1927.

Announcements.

Thursday—March 24, 1927.

"I want to give you," said Bishop Engley of Colorado, "the A B and C of a successful life."

Most people have the wrong idea of what success is—a pile of money or a position of power. But according to Bishop Engley the real definition of a successful life is faithfulness to high ideals. The A of a successful life is the gospel of handwork—Application; B is the power to think—Brains; and C, if you have this quality you have the other two, Character.

Friday—March 25, 1927.

Class meetings. Several divisions of the physical education classes met for special practice in the gym.

Saturday—March 26, 1927.

Mr. Barton gave a most interesting talk on Beethoven.

This man owed all he possessed in the world to the fact that he had the A, B and C of a successful life. He had neither social position nor wealth, but he was musical and could play any and every musical instrument. He was not a "lettered" man and very likely made mistakes in the "Emperor's Dutch." At the age of nineteen he had to support his father and later donated his care and kindness to an unappreciative and worthless nephew. But despite a life full of trial and the handicaps of deafness he composed 256 works.

At the close of the talk, Mr. Goodman played for us the "Moonlight Sonata," composed in 1801, and combining in these parts the spirit of dreaminess, gay minutes and appassionato.

THE OBSERVER

We wonder what the "Kiddy Shop" will do next year when Ellen isn't in town.

Douglas Fairbanks, Junior, may be a wonder to his mother but he was only a total loss to us in the movie Saturday night. Judging from the difference in their ages, Patay Ruth might have been his fond mamma.

We wonder whether Klitty got over-

heated on the ropes in the gym exercises. Anyway she amused the audience behind her.

Tee in the club houses makes some complications. What is one to do if she makes off with some cheese and crackers and then the mice get into them. "Tain't worth the effort."

The Michigan Dance was surely a cramming success. How much cracker-jack did you eat you had, Edythe? Sometimes we think Miss Hollinger gives us credit for a five-year's mentality—but we may be mistaken. It may be only three.

Miss Meroney's fourth period class enjoyed a very elevating argument one day over the number of windows there are in "Ac." It was somewhat hard on some of us who had counted them from a picture.

Julia Anne's ideas of a diet are amusing even if they aren't noticeable for accomplishing what they set out to do.

We wonder whether Ann Murtagh sleeps with a book in her hand. 'Tis very possible.

Helen Johnson must have missed her calling. With her vast fund of knowledge, she ought to get up a side-show with herself in the role of Cleopatra.

We all enjoyed our little discipline lesson after the gym exhibition. Kindergarten? Oh, no.

X. L.

Portraying the disastrous results which follow the breaking of Ward-Belmont rules, a skit was given Wednesday evening by the following girls: Patient—a typical Ward-Belmont girl, Layde Douglas Wilhoite; doctor, Claire Packard; nurse, Evelyn Adams; stretcher bearers, Caroline Smith and Frances Hairston. Gloria Davis further exhibited her talent by a Spanish dance which was colorful and spirited. A group of readings completed the program and afforded the listeners much amusement and pleasure. Marjory Moss gave "An Expression School Romance" and "Christo Columbo"; Coral Hutchenson, "Angelina"; and Lavinia Rose, "Marje, dearie."

STUDENTS' RECITAL

Brilliant and interesting was the recital given in the Ward-Belmont auditorium on Friday evening. The first selection was played by Martha Proctor, a pupil of Miss Blythe; next came another piano selection played by Frances Patrick, a pupil of Miss Thron; then an organ number by Alice MacDuff, a pupil of Mr. Wesson Miss Lettwich's pupil, Katherine Kean, played a piano number, followed by two songs by Nelle Moran, a pupil of Signor de Luca. The last number was played by Ruby Briggs Sprouse, a pupil of Mr. Goodman.

PENTA TAU PRATTLE

Our very beautiful and impressive initiation was held last Wednesday evening and to Olga Dyer, Dixie Monis, and Peggy McLarry, the secrets of our club were revealed. After the initiations the Penta Tau songs were sung, and the old members welcomed the new Penta Tau.

PERSONALS

Margaret Hickman and Margaret Nixon spent the week-end in Howell, Ky.

Estelle Meggs, Edna Longhridge, Ed Boyd and Mary Louise Ritter spent Saturday afternoon and had dinner with Mary Louise's father and mother.

Sarah Jane Hendeo spent the week-end in Gallatin.

Valde Thomas and Edith Leavens spent part of the week before last in Ft. Worth, Texas, where they took part in the wedding of a former Ward-Belmont girl.

Betsy Stone spent the week-end with her parents.

Pearl Coggins spent the week-end with her aunt, Mrs. Jackson.

Anita Pettit went home for the week-end.

Dorothy Ellington, Virginia Farmer and Nell Howe spent Saturday afternoon with Virginia's cousin, Mrs. Crowell.

Rose Morrison spent the week-end with her sister, Mrs. Blair.

Margaret McMullin had dinner Saturday evening with Mrs. Gilbert and Polly.

Catherine Francez had tea with her sister on Sunday evening.

Helen Mosier spent Sunday afternoon with Mrs. Goodlett.

Virginia Farmer, Nell Howe and Sarah Tucker were entertained by Mrs. Padgett and Mary on Sunday afternoon.

Kirtley Choiser spent Sunday with Mrs. Meadors.

Ruth Hughes was with her brother Sunday.

Mary Dunn and Catherine McKnight were guests of Mrs. Webb on Sunday afternoon.

Eleanor Meek and Katherine Standfer spent Sunday afternoon with Mrs. Cates.

Louise and Helen Windham, Virginia Bush, Doris Trombley, and Ellen Robinson spent Monday with Mrs. Dittmar and Catherine who are visiting here from Saginaw, Michigan.

SENIOR FREE DAY

A day of freedom from classes and from restriction! A day to do with as one pleased—from sleeping blissfully through the ringing of bells un-til noon, to making an early dash to town for a waffle breakfast. Such was Senior Free Day Thursday.

Seniors—and there were over a hundred—donned their jauntiest sport suits, leaving the funeral black regulation behind them, and gaily departed in couples or in groups for town. Envious looks of under-classesmen only added to the thrill. And Adventure—adventure with a capital A, hitherto hidden just around the corner, boldly showed itself.

For isn't there adventure in the thrill of hearing the click of previously-forbidden high heels on the pavement—in the thrill of brazenly going to a movie unchaperoned—in the thrill of being regarded as a human being and not as a student?

"Why, for once I had to tell a clerk to send my C.O.D. to Ward-Belmont," remarked one Senior with high satisfaction,

"Saw every movie—or at least parts of every one—in town!" said another. And another, "I had my fun in slinging my French book with a vengeance at the alarm when it went off!"

EXCHANGES

The Northeast Courier, Kansas City, Mo.—Your front page is perfectly arranged. The same is true of your advertisements.

The Vanderbilt Hustler, Nashville, Tenn.—Can't you make your paper more newswy?

Disie Portland Memorial School News, Richmond City, Tenn.—The stories in your paper were good.

Gospel Advocate, Nashville, Tenn.—We like your magazine.

The Inkspot, Chenoa, Ill.—Your paper is very small but well arranged. *The Wildcat*, Meridian, Miss.—Your front page cut is original.

The Bugle Call, Columbia, Tenn.—Your paper contains a large amount of material.

The Blue and Gray, Harrogate, Tenn.—The Meas in your paper are quite good.

The Mercer Cluster, Mercer University, Macon, Ga.—The front page has good arrangement.

The Eastern Progress, Eastern State Teachers' College and Normal School, Richmond, Ky.—We liked your poem entitled, "Life."

Virginia Intermont Cauldron, Virginia Intermont College, Bristol, Va.—Your *Who's Who* column is a good idea.

Wallace World, Wallace University School, Nashville, Tenn.—Your publication is good, as it contains originality, wit, and good arrangement.

The High Times, Senior High School, Springfield, Mo.—Your paper could be improved.

Blue and White, Trinidad, Colo.—Your front page looks confused.

Rough Rider, Roosevelt High School, St. Louis, Mo.—Your jokes are good.

The Green and White, Parker Senior High School, Chicago, Ill.—Your cut on the front page of the March 23, issue was good.

The Patriot, Leavenworth, Kansas, High School.—We like your publication.

The Hornet, Furman University, Greenville, S. C.—Your front page surely needs improving.

The Mercer Cluster, Mercer University, Macon, Ga.—The style of your paper is novel.

The Northeast Courier, Kansas City, Mo.—We like the arrangement of your magazine number.

The Searchlight, Lexington, Ill.—Your publication is rather small and does not contain much.

The Bugle Call, Columbia, Tenn.—Your article entitled, "Lincoln, the Typical American," is interesting.

The Kangaroo, Austin College, Sherman, Texas.—The Frosh Edition is a good one.

The Megaphone, Georgetown, Tex.—You should improve the arrangement of your paper.

The Indian, Detroit, Mich.—Your jokes are good.

Grapeshot, State Teachers' College at Radford.—We like your Athletic issue.

Peeping Ahead in the Fashion Calendar!

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ANNUAL ORCHESTRA CONCERT

(Continued from page 1)

by professional musicians, brought in shortly before the concert date; there are many—players of flute, cornet, cello, etc.—who are students of Ward-Belmont. And there are others, not students, who are attracted to the ensemble, seemingly, by the opportunity of acquiring symphonic routine under Kenneth Rose's able guidance.

As an expectable result of this better balance, the Ward-Belmont student orchestra is doing proportionately better work, better not only in increased volume, better also in details of execution, an advance which was evident, for example, in the Luigini 'Ballet Russe' and in the numbers from the Tchaikowsky 'Nut Cracker Suite,' compositions which set the different choirs off one against the other in a way that became a test of their ensemble abilities gained from long series of pleasurable rehearsals.

"Kenneth Rose is, of course, the soul of this orchestra and its motivating power. It reflects not only his genius as a teacher of the large majority of its players, but also his abilities as an interpreter of the tonal ideas by his programmed composers.

"The soloist of the evening was Louis Mertens, an advanced pupil of Mr. Rose. He played the Wieniawski 'Faust Fantasia,' a very exacting number, in pleasing style. His intonation was excellent. His tone was of very smooth quality and of a size which, one felt, was greater than the interpretations of the evening indicated. I felt that Mr. Mertens had instrumental dynamics that were not developed in the Wieniawski number.

"It is technique that is especially demanded in the 'Faust Fantasia,' and the soloist showed clearly that he had advanced to meet most of those demands. The insistent applause which followed the solo induced Mr. Mertens to play Chaminade's 'Serenade Espagnole.'

"Claire Harper played the effective piano accompaniments to the violin work of the soloist and functioned ably as the orchestra's concert master."

ANNUAL GYM DEMONSTRATION

(Continued from page 1)

In the fifth part, the lookers on found some excellent tips for exercise when the B's presented their setting up drill.

The sixth number was another one of those clever aesthetic dances done by the second year dancing class.

Much skill made perfect the Danish free standing work of the P3 class.

In the eighth number all that was lacking was costumes. The B2 section presented dances from Gilbert, Poland and Sweden in a very graceful manner.

More formal gymnastics were given by the seventh and eighth grades in their Swedish free standing work.

Who would ever have thought that horses could be so light on their feet! Miss Jeter surely displayed her successful efforts through the third year dancing class, when drivers and their

horses gave an interpretative dance. The B's held their audience in awe as well as fear in the Indian club drill. We marvel at the fact that no one received any serious injuries.

It will be a long time before the spectators will forget the skill portrayed by the P4 and physical education students in that difficult apparatus work. The vertical ropes, traveling rings, buck, rope vault, and horse, all held the closest attention of everyone.

Grace and talent made the toe dance a thing of beauty when given by the special class.

Due concentration and thought was exerted when Miss Morrison directed the P4 class in command marching.

This concluded the extensive program, and the participants as well as the directors were heard to give a sigh of relief as the guests filed out exceedingly pleased with the exhibition.

F. F. NOTES

So this is Hollywood! Fascinating Mae Murray, Larry Semon, dashing Jack Holt, sophisticated Nita Naldi, Clara Bow, and even Peter Pan! The realism of the desert scene by Agnes Ayres and Rudy was so intense that we almost had a sand storm. You should have seen it! After the grand march, Helen Dean, our efficient program chairman, awarded the prize to Peter Pan, and gave Agnes Ayres, Rudolph Valentino, and Jack Holt honorable mention. Dancing followed this until the bell rang.

The business meeting which preceded the presentation of the cinema idols was short. Definite plans for our club dinner at Belle Meade were made for April the sixth.

Dear Cynthia

last night dad spoke of his investments. I said Dad, won't you please suggest some good ones for me? His answer was Sure! buy yourself some of those new gowns they're showing at

Bella!
— Boris

Bella's Booteries

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WARD-BELMONT-HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

Volume XVI

NASHVILLE, TENN., SATURDAY, APRIL 9, 1927

Number 30

WARD-BELMONT GIRL WINS YEAR IN GREECE

When Margaret Kahn, whom Ward-Belmont girls and teachers know as "Peggy Kahn," won highest honors of the high school graduating class of 1923, here at Ward-Belmont, her friends predicted even greater honors to come for her, and her recent winning of the Charles Elliot Norton fellowship at Radcliffe College, makes the predictions true ones.

Peggy is from Youngstown, Ohio, and is only 20 years old. She led her class here, and went from Ward-Belmont to Radcliffe, where in her senior year she has just won this rare honor.

The fellowship carries with it a year's study in Greece, and Peggy is the second woman in the past quarter of a century to win this honor, which is competed for by Harvard and Radcliffe students. With the single exception in 1910, the fellowship has gone to Harvard graduates or teachers, year after year. In the competition were many teachers and graduate students.

Last February, Peggy submitted a 100-page thesis on the subject, "The Romantic Element in Greek Lyric Poetry." Mrs. Julius Kahn, Peggy's mother, writes, "Peggy owes a great deal of her inspiration for Greek literature to her departed friend and teacher, Mr. Bowen. Her memory will always be cherished not only by Peggy but by me."

(Continued on page 8)

WARD-BELMONT COOK BOOK OUT

"Ward-Belmont Specials" is the title of a neat little cook-book, containing recipes of the favorite dishes of Ward-Belmont girls and teachers.

The book, which has just been published, is compiled for the benefit of the Chimes Campaign, which is being carried on in order that we may have chimes in the Ward-Belmont tower. The books are now on sale in the Book Room for sixty-five cents.

There is that delicious Sally Lunn, which hundreds of girls, and the number is not exaggerated, have wished they knew how to make. There, too, can be found the recipe for the cheese soufflé which is such a popular dish, to say nothing of the "brownie" recipe.

The foreword to the book announces that the presentation of the recipes has been made possible through the courtesy of Mrs. Frank Herbrick, Mrs. John R. Moore, Mrs. Howard Robertson, Mrs. O. F. Smith, and Miss Una Spaller.

Recipes which are not easy to get, and which have been tried again and again, and found to be good, are just what the "Ward-Belmont Specials" contain.

GUESTS AT WARD-BELMONT RECENTLY

Among the guests who are enjoying seeing the beauties of the first spring days in Middle Tennessee, this past week, were Mrs. W. J. Ehrsam, of Enterprise, Kansas, who visited Barbara; Mrs. E. Pearlman, American, Ga., visiting Belle and Ethel; Thelma Peck's mother, Mrs. L. Peck, Plymouth, Mich.; Gladys McDonald's mother, Mrs. C. D. McDonald, Watonga, Okla.; May Belle Hanson's mother, Mrs. C. M. Hanson, Atlantic City, Okla.; Mrs. I. U. Smith, of Clinton, Okla., visiting Margaret; Mary Helen Foulds' mother, Mrs. T. L. Foulds of Alton, Ill.; Alberta Stols' mother, Mrs. W. J. Stols of Galveston, Texas; Mrs. R. Clarke, of Osborne, Kansas, visiting Katherine; Marjorie Holmes' mother, Mrs. F. S. Holmes of Riverside, Ill.; Mrs. F. W. Insell of Tulsa, Okla., visiting Margaret; Dorothy Davis' father, Judge B. F. Davis of Wewoka, Okla.; Ruby Myers' parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. Q. Myers of Lenoir, S. C.; Virginia Crain's father, Mr. Z. A. Crain of Redfield, South Dakota; Julia and Beverly Freeland's parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Freeland from Bristol, Okla.; Katherine McKee's parents, Mr. and Mrs. P. R. McKee, of Oconomowoc, Wis.; and Mrs. E. M. Fry of Evanston, Ill., visiting Marion.

ORCHESTRA'S CONCERT PRAISED

Letters are pouring in from many states, filled with praise for the annual concert of the Ward-Belmont Orchestra which was given on the night of March 24 at the War Memorial building, and which was broadcast from station WSM, the radio station of the National Life and Accident Insurance Company. There were many wires and telephone messages from radio listeners, and letters being coming last week, complimenting the orchestra on its performance.

There were many who praised the voice of Martha Edith Rogers, who sang from the broadcasting station. "Miss Rogers has a lovely voice and sings beautifully," Mr. and Mrs. George F. Bell of Tulsa, Okla., wrote. "She is charming. Her voice came in as clear as a bell. Congratulations to her and Miss Boyer. We also wish to congratulate Mr. Louis Mertens on his violin solos, and Mr. Rose."

Mrs. Charles F. Dodge from Fremont, Nebraska, wrote, "This evening we have had great pleasure in listening to a concert given by the orchestra of Ward-Belmont. You may be proud of such a splendid organization and the work of the conductor in perfecting it. We enjoyed the soprano, Miss Edith Rogers, and also the violinist."

(Continued on page 8)

To a Friend

Whom am I that I should have
Such a wonderful friend as you?
One who cares as you have cared
In spite of the things I do.

Who am I that one like you
Should help me along the way
When times were hard and hopes depressed,
To see the light of a dawning day?

You raised my soul from deep despair;
You started my life anew.
You gave me courage to struggle on,
I owe my all to you.

You've set an example before me
To guide me in all I do.
Deep in my heart I am grateful to God
For a good old friend like you.

Literary Club to Be Organized

Manuscript clubs, from which well-known articles and books have been known to come, have been springing up all over the country, and Ward-Belmont is no exception.

For, according to the announcement made in chapel Wednesday morning by Mrs. Polk and Miss Ransom, Ward-Belmont is to have a literary club, which is a real literary club. This is not to be one of those clubs to which one repairs when she has nothing better to do, or when she does not mind being bored. Moreover, it is not to be a club which just any one can join, for the membership is to be limited, and it is not the first-comers who are to be allowed to enter, but membership is to be gained by submitting some essay or other work.

Mrs. Polk told at chapel of the fun and the inspiration which was gained by a similar club at her alma mater, Vanderbilt University, called the "Scribblers."

The club will be open to college freshmen who propose to return to Ward-Belmont next year, in order that this year's membership may form a nucleus for next year's club. There will be only 12 members chosen this year, as the membership will be limited to 20, and there must be some place left for new girls next year.

Girls who are coming back next

year are urged to "try out" for the club. All manuscript must be in by April 13, and all the papers—be sure to note this well—must be typewritten, with the name of the author in a sealed envelope, attached to the paper.

The box into which the entries must be placed will be in the library. A committee of judges will be appointed who will, this almost goes without saying, judge without knowing who the candidates for membership are.

They are going to choose the dozen talented ones on the grounds of interest, originality and style. It will not make any difference whether the paper is a story, poem or essay.

Another point to be observed is that the club is going to be without any strict faculty supervision—it will not be, by any means, just another class, but a real club, and one to which the members will be justly proud of belonging. The English faculty are interested in it, and will help in any way they can with their advice and assistance.

If a girl's work is especially good, she will have the honor of seeing it put on the permanent records of the club. With the literary talent in school—we hate to boast, but the proof has been in the reading of the *HYPHEN* and *MILAEONAS*—we predict great things from the new club.

THE
Sport Suit



EVERY SMARTLY DRESSED girl boasts a Spring Suit from Castner's—authority on street costumes. A new allure is presented in the latest arrivals awaiting your approval.

With Easter so near, one's thoughts naturally turn to colorful frocks and lingerie. We are offering some new designs in crepe de chine lingerie that you surely want to see the next time you are visiting the store.

This sport suit sketched in our Suit Dept., by Miss Edith Jones, Ward-Belmont.

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Everybody was greatly excited over the prospect of hearing Dr. Hill again, and so eagerly looked forward to vespers last Sunday evening. Dr. Hill told the story of one crowded day out of the life of Jesus, a day that included the feeding of the five thousand, and ended by the Master going to help the disciples in a great storm on the sea. From this story Dr. Hill drew five conclusions that apply to us. It is never necessary to leave Jesus. Small equipment surrendered to Him becomes a mighty power. Life's storms are the Christian's darkest times, but the Master's testing times. If one would go to Jesus he must keep his eyes on Him alone. Be of good cheer.

From the comments heard afterwards in the halls and on the campus it was quite evident that Dr. Hill's talk had helped us as they always do. He will be with us again for the early service of Easter morning.

"My! I wish she'd spoken at vespers instead of Sunday school!" "Everybody ought to hear her!"

The cause of these remarks? Sunday school last Sunday. And the person causing them? Miss Cieta Kennedy, a deaconess in the Southern Methodist church. What did she talk about? Oh, all about her work as the first home missionary in a little Japanese colony near Beaumont, Texas. The people there had asked for a missionary when she went there. We heard all about the beginning of her work with the children, and the growth of the work until a little church was finally built. There was the story of a Buddhist mother who would not let her children join the church because they quarreled at home, and Christians didn't do that! And that story about Fumi! We won't forget them very soon.

Miss Katherine Butler, student secretary of the National Y.W.C.A., has been in Nashville for the past few days visiting the various colleges. While here she will meet with our cabinet.

The Fellowship group is meeting regularly on Thursday afternoon from 5:30 to 6 in the little "Y" room next to the chapel balcony.

The new books in the "Y" library are Gene Stratton Porter's "The Magic Garden"; Hallie Ermine Rivers' "The Magic Man"; and "A Preface to a Life" by Zona Gale.

LIZA'S LETTERS

Dearest Parents:

I know nature's grand and all that, but listen to this hymn of hate. I'm so thoroughly disgusted with living—I hate rules, large, medium or small. They are such nuisances—and absolutely unnecessary. Not only the school rules but old nature made some herself about having to study to learn, sleep and eat to live, and falling in love to enjoy (I) yourself. Of course, nothing adds to the joy of these like a few humored extra ones plus an Easter gift of more. Why wasn't I born an unconventional cave-woman? Still being "rocked" might not be so much fun after all. I'm already feeling better after getting this off my chest.

I went to town Friday afternoon. I'm sure the shrimp and ice cream helped degrade my usual sunny disposition. It's such a sensitive little thing, you know. Then the sight of our ordinarily decent looking room would have made my hostess faint, 'cause it made me jump. The wise room-mit had unpacked this huge April Fool box and having evenly distributed tissue paper and excelsior over every inch of the room, she was sitting down with a blank expression wondering what the point was!

Dr. Hill spoke at Vespers. He is so handsome. Makes all these youngsters appear so young and insignificant and thoughtless. Before the amen of my hymn I'll have to add that I hate boys, but of course I don't imagine it's serious. I have the affections naturally.

Well, I've raved as long as possible. The fateful time has come when I must tell you that I got my quarterly grades. I'll save the little shock by letting the Dean send them to you, and then I won't ruin the looks of this letter.

Please love and try to forgive.

LIZA.

X. L. NOTES

A literary meeting was held Wednesday evening of which Margaret Clark was in charge.

A number of book reviews were given and a discussion of the first American opera "The King's Henchman" by Edna St. Vincent Milay was held. Elizabeth Williams reviewed the play and Marjory Moss recited two of Miss Milay's poems. Dorothy Canale read a review of "Smoky" by Will James and Elizabeth Hillis sketched "Her Son's Wife" by Dorothy Canfield. "The Orphan Angel" reviewed by Pearl Jones and "The Plutocrat" criticized by Mary Grady Parks concluded the program.



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WARD-BELMONT GIRLS

PERSONALS

Margaret Innull spent the week-end with her mother.

Mary Rhoda Jones, Virginia Farmer, Elizabeth Goode, Dorothy Ellington, Mary Dunn, and June Miller were entertained at the Hardison home on Saturday afternoon.

Emily Wright had dinner with her brother Saturday evening.

Kathryn Glasford spent the last week-end with her parents.

Thelma Peck spent the week-end with her mother.

Beverly and Julia Freeland spent the week-end with their mother.

Inez Barnes was with her brother on Saturday afternoon.

Mary Jane McPhail spent Saturday evening with her brother and Mrs. Smart.

Margaret McMullin was with Mrs. Goodlett on Saturday afternoon.

Katherine McKee spent Saturday afternoon with her mother.

Karlye Choisser, Wain Weber, and Katherine McKee spent Sunday with Mrs. Meadors.

Isabel Kelhin was with Mrs. Koeing all day Sunday.

Rose Morrison and Blanche Nestley were entertained by Mrs. Blair on Sunday afternoon.

Caroline Cogswore, Frances Lou Vinson, Charlotte Wettach and Dorothy Carroll were with Margaret Innull and her mother on Sunday afternoon.

Carolyn Dodge spent Sunday afternoon with Mrs. Andrews.

Martha Lindsey was with her aunt, Mrs. Ruddy on Sunday afternoon.

Eleanor Durham spent Sunday afternoon with Mrs. Page.

Margaret Elliott and Florence Ahles were entertained by Mrs. Potter on Sunday.

Catherine Funk, Winnona Griggs, Beverly and Julia Freeland had dinner on Tuesday with Mrs. Freeland.

THE MOVIE

What's wrong with this picture? Sherlock Holmes, himself, couldn't have discovered who was doing what and why. And the little Irish girl "was neither little nor Irish, but was a lady crook, Hairpin Annie, the notorious safe cracker. Who would have thought this hardened crook would

break down and get tenderhearted all of a sudden but accidents will happen, especially in the movies! And wasn't Granny a red-hot mamma? She turned out to be the biggest grafter. (First half cousin by marriage once removed to a grafter) and led the others such a race they didn't know whether to look fierce and be bad men or look noble and be heroes. But somehow the plot unravels itself and the prince marries the princess and they live happily ever after.

DEL VERS' DOINGS

An unusually interesting meeting of the Del Vers was the one of last Wednesday night. After a brief business session the meeting was turned over to Mary Jane Pulver, who announced that Ruth Barnhard would tell something about the European tour with the W.-B. party last summer. Instead of making any pre-written oration, Ruth asked us to tell her what we'd like to hear about. Many questions were then asked of her, such as: "Did you have a good time on the boat—who'd you meet? What were the shops in Paris like? Did you go to any night clubs? Oh, do tell us about the hotel manager. Did you ride in a gondola?"

All of these questions and more, she answered in an imitatively funny and interesting style. We had heard many speeches about the European tours but none was more interesting than Ruth's informal and very vivid little talk. Now everyone of us is craving to go and see everything for her.

THE HERMITAGE

Among the beauties of Nashville not the least is Andrew Jackson's old home, about twelve miles out of the city. To travel there is no hardship, for the way lies through a beautiful and rolling countryside.

The old estate is very lovely. Its approach is marked by an avenue of trees, set out in the shape of a violin. The house itself, of true old Southern Colonial style, has an air of quiet brooding graciousness. It is squarely and solidly built, but its tall white columns relieve any stiffness.

On stepping into the wide entrance hall, we see ahead of us a graceful staircase, and it makes us think of the many, many famous feet that must have ascended it. This hall is papered in scenic wall-paper old and tattered, but of an undeniable beauty.

From each side of the hall open various rooms, each one filled with fine old relics of the past and on the upper floor it is the same. There are queer, queer, high beds, odd chairs, and interesting bits of clothes, or trimming from ancient uniforms.

The old kitchen, and the coach are outside. The kitchen is a real curiosity, and in the coach house, the official carriages stand, dusty and decaying.

The last thing to see, is the wonderful old garden, which so well agrees with the spirit of the place. It is something just to wander through its paths. But when we reach the family burial ground, where lies the old hero, we hear memory come slipping by, and we are awed by the rustle of her skirts.

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Application for second-class entry pending.

EDITORIAL

Now that spring has come our campus has taken on a look of fresh new beauty. The trees are in leaf, grass is green and many of the flower beds and shrubs are showering gay colored blossoms.

With such a picture before us, let us consider how we may add to the beauty rather than detract from it. One of the first elements of real beauty is neatness. An excellent way to promote the beauty of our campus is to keep it free of bits of paper and trash which fall from careless hands. Always take the piece of paper regardless of how small and drop it in the waste containers placed about the campus.

Scars on even the most beautiful faces can take away the beauty. We constantly scar our campus by wearing little paths between walks. We excuse the fault by saying that they are time-savers, but if we start on time we do not need to use paths but walks provided for such purposes. When playing about the campus we sometimes thoughtlessly step in flower beds and break off some tender plant. Now this is another type of scar for the planting is usually in regular lines and one plant gone gives the appearance of a tooth missing—and we know how such a cavity detracts from a pretty face.

Let us think of these few simple things and we can add ever and ever so much to the natural beauty we find on the Ward-Belmont campus.

CHAPEL NOTES

Tuesday—March 29, 1927

Mr. Barton began the first of a series of readings from the Bible on the Ministry of Christ. These special meetings will continue until Easter.

Wednesday—March 30, 1927

Announcements.

Thursday—March 31, 1927

Bishop Edwin Jan Von Etten of Pittsburgh gave most interesting and unusual talk.

Friday—April 1, 1927

Class meetings.

Saturday—April 2, 1927

Today we had the story of Peter

walking on the waters off the coast of Galilee to meet his Saviour. As long as he kept faith and was courageous he was in no danger of sinking. Likewise we, if faithful to our undertakings, will be in no danger of failure to succeed.

Tuesday—April 5, 1927

Dr. Baker of Canada had for the theme of his talk the division between theory and practice in life in relation to our spiritual and moral development. To determine vocationally what we should do is our first task—have a definite purpose and pursue it earnestly. Mentally, we should admit our faults and start again. Religiously we should observe all ten commandments and build our faith upon the rock. The world's greatest dynamic power belongs to woman—let her use it for the glorification of womanhood and art.

MISSOURI ALUMNAE ARE ACTIVE

Isabel Curdy, who was graduated with a general diploma last year, certainly is an "up and coming" alumnae association president. She was here in 1924-25, and again in 1925-26, when she got her diploma. Her letter to the old Ward-Belmont girls in Missouri speaks for itself, as to the kind of worker she is.

15 East 56th St. Terrace,
Kansas City, Mo.,
April 1, 1927.

Dear Missouri Girls:

"The bells of Ward-Belmont, Oh, hear they are calling."
They call back always our happy days at dear old W.-B. And they are calling all old graduates and present students from Missouri to "meet once again."

We want you every one to be in Kansas City on June 14 for our annual business meeting at eleven o'clock and luncheon at twelve, at the Hotel Muehlebach. A musical program by several old girls will be a feature of the day. Through the courtesy of the *Kansas City Star*, this program will be repeated for their musical matinee, broadcast over WDAF. If you are unable to come, do tune in at three-thirty and hear once more what W.-B. talent can do.

Reservation for the luncheon can be made by writing me. They will be \$2.50 a plate. Won't you help us by bringing your dues? They are only one dollar for the year. If you can't come, please let them represent you.

Sincerely yours,

ISABEL CURDY,

President, Missouri Alumnae.

STUDENTS' RECITAL IN AUDITORIUM

The students' recitals which are given in the auditorium continue to be greatly enjoyed by all the audience. The recital given on Friday, April 1, was pronounced one of the outstanding ones of the series. The outstanding numbers were two piano solos, by Julia Ann Ross, who played Grieg's "Nocturne" and Cadman's "The Pompadour's Fan." Another pupil of Miss Letwich, Pauline Pisono came next, playing "Valse in E Minor" by Chopin.

Then Julia Wylie, who studies with Miss Sloan, sang "Sincerely I Bow" and "Come to the Fair." Mildred Starnes, a pupil of Mrs. Schmitz, played the piano solo, "Barcarolle" by Paingren. And one of Greig's compositions was given by Evelyn Strangward, who studies piano with Miss Throne. Alice MacDuff, who is an organ pupil of Mr. Wesson, then played a composition of Guilmet. Margaret Dixon, Miss Best's pupil, played "Du Bist Die Ruh" by Schubert-Liszt, and the last two numbers were piano selections by Alice Katherine Wakefield, who is a pupil of Mr. Goodman. She played "Barcarolle" by Godard and MacDowell's "Hungarian Dance."

ATLANTIC ESSAYS SUBMITTED

Ward-Belmont students have sent ten essays to the Atlantic Monthly to be entered in the Atlantic's contest for college students. Those girls sending essays were, Harriet Parks, "A Noise"; Joan Haynes, "A Rainy Day"; Doris Tatum, "My Childish Ambitions"; Dorothy Culbert, "The First Slip"; Orlean Henderson, "Glimpses of the Wharf"; Janet Carter, "Football Fiends"; Katherine Glasford, "Contentment in Rural Life"; Margaret Lowe, "The Motorman's Mirror"; Dorothy Brain, "Eventide"; and Mary Jane Pulver, "The Shadow of the L." Last year, Dorothy Brian was one of the winners of a prize in the Atlantic's contest for high school students.

VENICE

(The train arrives in Venice at 12:00 P.M. and the party awaits on the station wharf the arrival of their gondolas.)

Midnight Fran! Just the ideal Venice arrival. Don't these lights glare? Yeah, their water reflection is wonderful. Oh, look! here come our gondolas. (Baggage in one boat and girls in the others, the aqueous taxi crew pushes off from the station wharf.) This certainly is heavenly! (Leaning back on pillows, they gaze about at the silent, dark houses and at the clear, blue sky above.) My! this canal is dark and looks narrower than the one we just left. You love the way this boat glides along—glh-huh! so smoothly. Wonder what all these barber poles before these houses are for! Oh! to anchor the water lizies. The glazier the gondolier pulls up at a brilliantly glaring building.) So this is the Bauer-grun-mold. Honestly, Fran, the manager looks like a duke! Don't you feel like Mrs. Queen with such attention? (The party follows a waiter to an upstairs dining room). Praise be to the Venetian! Fran, nourishment! I'm ravenous. You say this is the life? Oui, oui. Oh, I forgot, what's "yes" in Italian? Here's the mail. Say, if that boss didn't write me! Delicious fruit? I couldn't have survived until breakfast. (The meal finished, the party wanders out on the terrace.) Oh, Fran! We're right on the grand canal. Features, this time a night and the whole town out serenading. You don't think they

ever go to bed? Well, let's be individual and go anyway! (The ten girls depart for their rooms.) Oh, Fran, aren't these rooms precious! Yeah, the furniture is so old-fashioned! And look at the bed draped! Don't fall out of that window, Fran, into the canal. Do I hear that melodious song? Yeah, nothing like being sung to asleep. Well, bona nocte! (To be continued)

ANOTHER GOODMAN RECORD RELEASED

The April Duo-Art Bulletin announces the release of another record, played for the Aeolian Company by Lawrence Goodman, director of the piano department of the Conservatory of Music. The record to be released this month is "Old Vienna" which is a composition of Godowsky. Two of the records played by Mr. Goodman were released in March, and announced in the March Bulletin, with an article about the player, with his photograph. As only well-known pianists are asked to make these records, Mr. Goodman's achievement is one which adds lustre to his already well-known name as a performer.

ACADEMIC NOTES

The College Biology classes have just finished a minute examination of the clam and are very much astonished to find that these little creatures have a great deal more to them than they formerly supposed. Consequently the classes have begun lake examinations on the crawfish, a relative of the crab, to determine his qualities and possibilities.

The Current Event Club will have as its speaker this Thursday, Mr. Leung, "Y" secretary to China. The subject of his talk will be "America and China."

MISSOURI-KANSAS-IOWA DANCE

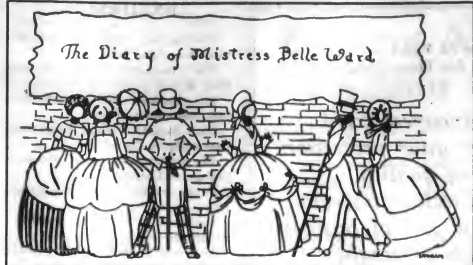
Milkmaid and princess, lovely lady and Raggedy Ann, pirates, dainty pierettes, swaggering bold, bad men, hisping children, Russian costs, hosts of flashing gypsy girls all frolicked and laughed and danced together Saturday evening at the masquerade ball given by the Missouri, Kansas, and Iowa clubs.

And who will dare to say they did not live those characters? With a background of wild fantasies, sprites, too, assumed unusual roles. Demure ones became assertive, and hilarious ones meek—and snickered by the mask of make-believe, perhaps many a secret dream of what-I-ought-like-to-be was fulfilled. If one had not actually been hearing the music of the orchestra, he might have thought it was all a dream—enclosed by strange, lovely, black and white checkered walls, and covered by lines wild with stripes of bright colors, and flicked with confetti and serpentine.

The Special was an Elzirk Review of Youth carrying out the idea of fantasy. The act was in three scenes, depicting an old lady and the changes wrought on her after drinking the Elzirk of Youth. Even dissatisfied

with being a young girl, she finally became a baby, wheeled to the great delight of the audience, in the baby carriage of Dr. Blanton's grand-daughter. Those who took part were: Blanche Mockler, clown; Martha Edith Rogers, old lady; Frances O'Donnell and Lelah Owens, other old ladies; Katherine Clark, lover; Lucile Tulliver and Dorothy Jones, little girls; Frances Day, doll; Virginia Bidwell, maid; and Dorothy Kendle, baby.

Sponsors of the clubs are: Iowa, Mrs. Plaskett; Kansas, Miss Hawkins; and Missouri, Miss Temple.



ALUMNAE NOTES

Mary Lucile Felck has recently been secured for work in the Martha O'Bryan Settlement House. She will take charge of the kindergarten work in this home. The article says that the Board of this home feels very fortunate to have secured such an able young woman to assist in the rapidly growing work of the home.

A son, William Kohrs Beterdorf, was born on March 25, 1927, to Mr. and Mrs. William Beterdorf. Mrs. Beterdorf was Helen Kohrs.

FINAL WATER POLO GAMES

During the past week, the final games of the water polo tournament have been played. On Wednesday afternoon, March 30, the Di Gammus won a hard-fought game from the Osirons by a score of 15 to 14.

<i>Di Gamma</i>	<i>Osiron</i>
Morlock R.F.	Gore
Neil L.F.	Raon
Simmons C.	Burkhard
Carvart R.G.	Ellington
Cayce L.G.	Lowe

In the semi-finals, the Beta team held the score 19 to 10, against the X. L.'s. Even though the Betas won, Viola Jay starred, making all the goals for the X. L. team.

<i>Beta</i>	<i>X. L.</i>
O'Connor R.F.	Jay
Goodloe L.F.	Smith
Wherry C.	Bell
Cooper R.G.	Douty
Hayes-Folk L.G.	Jones-Davis

The finals, as in the hockey tournament, were played between the Di Gammus and Betas. At the end of half, the Di Gammus lead with a score of 6 to 2. In a strong determination to win, the Betas then scored eight points to four for the Di Gammus. Again, as in the hockey tournament, the final score was a tie, 10 to 10.

<i>Beta</i>	<i>Di Gamma</i>
Goodloe R.F.	Morlock
O'Connor L.F.	Neil
Wherry C.	Simmons
Cooper R.G.	Carvart
Hayes L.G.	Cayce

THE PILGRIM SHIP

The Pilgrim ship went on sailing. Over the star-ship went. Her masts were black against the skies, And her top sails furled by the breeze. Oh it's fun to sail on unknown seas; To be going one knows not where, To watch the stars shine out above, Like jewels in a witch's hair.

Tuesday—March 29
Fooled again! Thought spring had come so I marched out in a little gingham frock and nearly froze solid. Deliver us from this Dixieland!

Struggled through one or two classes—without much excitement. Got some of my grades! Whew! Must think up some new tricks—start bringing my teachers flowers, for example. I must pass something, and studying is my idea of nothing at all.

Spent the entire afternoon in the library reading psych—much against my better judgment, of course. If any more of my teachers go away and leave such tons of outside reading, I'll up and rebel—I will. Have fairly camped in the library the last three days, and then someone always gets the book first! It's a cruel life!

Attended monitor's meeting, the first time in ages. Was simply petrified, because I have no craving to attend council. Sure is one good place to develop poise.

Dinner hour as per usual—study hour the same.

Wednesday—March 30
Well, I got six letters! But they all would come on a day when we didn't have chapel, so I'd have no chance to display them before the general public.

Went to history but they'd forgotten to turn on the heat, so I left before Miss Leavell got in the room. She'll probably send me a slip, but then, I always did like to get mail.

Librarily arid today! Gee, I do believe something's wrong with me. I've been over-studying of late!

This evening—I spent all the time writing letters, and couldn't tell you, to save me, what it was all about.

Decided it was too late to begin studying when I got home from club, so I got all my last year's spring clothes out of the trunk and paraded around in them. Wish spring would come so I could wear them—at least they're a change from these tiresome flannels.

Thursday—March 31
Well, it's Senior Free Day at last! And did it ever rain! I'd planned to wear the best looking outfit, all borrowed, and then was forced to resort to a near-regulation and my trusty slicker.

Slept 'till nine! Oh, it was a grand feeling to be a lady of leisure! Dropped in to Hettie Ray's for breakfast—and did we eat! Strawberries and toast, and waffles, and sausage!

And then the movie. I'd seen it twice so had a grand time telling the others all about it. Then we ate again—and then we went to another movie—and then we ate again—and then the "Belmont Car."

Some way I wasn't moved to study after such a day of dissipation, so after the hall meeting—yes, we have six million new rules, and chewing gum is one of them, I'm crushed. Well, anyway, I went to bed early!

Friday—April 1
Slept through breakfast this morning but the hostess forgot to mark the card so I escaped intact.

Broke down and studied first hour and April fooled all my teachers. More fun!

My suitemate got a grand box of candy and was scared to eat it, but not I, and it sure was good! April fool on her!

Spent most of my time sending girls to Miss Wills, and the Infirmary and Mr. Barton—and of course to Miss Morrison.

Retired early, for want of something to do.

Saturday—April 2
Cut all my morning classes so I could make me a costume to wear to the dance tonight. Really, it's a shame I don't go into the business, my outfit is a thing of beauty, and a joy forever!

Swallowed my dinner whole—and rushed to the movie. It did right well—considering everything.

But that dance sure was cute! And I had the world's best time! The only thing was that I ate so much confetti I could hardly enjoy my ice cream.

Considered sitting up in the cubby to play bridge, but was too weary.

Sunday—April 3
Sure was warm and sunny—no chance of getting excused—so went—and it lasted for ages and ages.

Spent the entire afternoon wishing some of my day student friends would take me riding. But no soap!

Monday—April 4
Well, Miss Norris has returned—and she spent two-thirds of the class time telling about her trips. Sure was thankful, because I hadn't looked at my lesson!

Downtown for lunch, was too poor to eat much—and couldn't even afford to window shop!

Purple ice cream for dinner! Gr-r-r-r-r!

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EXCHANGES

The Babbler, David Lipscomb College, Nashville, Tenn.

The Northeast Courier, Kansas City, Mo.

The Conglomerate, Centenary College, Shreveport, La.

The Hornet, Furman University, Greenville, S. C.

The Grapevetch, State Teachers College at Radford, Va.

Farms and Industries, Birmingham, Ala.

Jonesboro High Times, Jonesboro, Arkansas.

Vanderbilt Hustler, Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tenn.

Frankfort High School, Frankfort, Ind.

The Echo, Luverne, Minn.

The Megaphone, Southwestern University, Georgetown, Texas.

Side Lines, Murfreesboro, Tenn.

Cup O' Coffee, Coffee County High School, Enterprise, Ala.

The Midway, University of Chicago High School.

COMMENTS ON NEW EXCHANGES
The Cup O' Coffee is quite a good paper.

There's much news in *Grapevetch*.

The Signal, Central High School, Columbia, Tenn.

The Gopher's Whistle, Benson, Minn.

The Trend, Chickasha, Okla.

The Oklahoma Teacher, Oklahoma City, Okla.

The Hornet, Furman University, Greenville, S. C.

School News, Richard City, Tenn.

The Coyote, Weatherford, Texas.

The Westport Crier, Kansas City, Mo.

The Blue and Gray, Harrogate, Tenn.

The Sandtonian, Sand Springs, Okla.

The Cup O' Coffee, Enterprise, Ala.

The High Times, Springfield, Mo.

The Clarion, Millington, Tenn.

The Mercers Cluster, Mercer University, Macon, Ga.

The Tattler, Atlanta, Ga.

Blue and White, Trinidad, Colo.

The Chickam, Independence, Mo.

The Inkpot, Chenoa, Ill.

The Willow Messenger, Red Willow, Neb.

The Beaverette, Bluefield, W. Va.

The Vanderbilt Hustler, Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tenn.

The Echo, Luverne High School, Luverne, Minn.—Your advertisements are arranged well.

The Blare Review, Blair Junior High School, Norfolk, Va.—We think *The Blare Review* is well organized.

The Conglomerate, Centenary College, Shreveport, La.—We like your joke column.

The Inkpot, Chenoa, Ill.—Your front page is well-balanced.

The Frankfort High Life, Frankfort, Ind.—Your column on *Biology* was very interesting.

The Green and White, Parker Senior High School, Chicago, Ill.—Your page on athletics is very good.

The School and Community, Columbia, Mo.—Your front page article is interesting.

The Hornet, Furman University, Greenville, S. C.—Your motto is good.

The Vanderbilt Hustler, Nashville, Tenn.—Your front page is well arranged.

The Flash Light, Searcy, Ark.—We like your Valentine issue.

The Glean, Independence, Mo.—Your little paper is very good.

The Gopher's Whistle, Benson High School, Benson, Minn.—Your little booklet is quite original.

The Alphan, Owatonna, Minn.—Your front page could be improved.

The Vanderbilt Hustler, Nashville, Tenn.—Your paper is well arranged, but does not contain as much news as it should.

The Salina High School News, Salina, Kansas.—We like your paper.

The Hornet, Furman University, Greenville, S. C.—Your news is interesting.

The Midway, University of Chicago High School.—Your paper is good for a high school paper.

The Megaphone, Georgetown, Tex.—Your publication contains very exciting news of school life.

The Clarion, Millington, Tenn.—We like your little paper.

The Rough Rider, Roosevelt High School, St. Louis, Mo.—Your paper is too small.

The Willow Messenger, Red Willow, Nebraska.—Your front page is well arranged.

The Northeast Courier, Kansas City, Mo.—Your article entitled *My Washington* is interesting.

The Kangaroo, Austin College, Sherman, Texas.—We like your arrangement of news.

Grapevetch, State Teachers College at Radford.—The arrangement of your advertisements should be improved.

The High Times, Senior High School, Springfield, Mo.—Your publication is not in very good order.

The Seaveright, Lexington, Ill.—Your paper does not contain much of interest.

The Tattler, Seima, Ala.—Yours is a good publication.

The Mercers Cluster, Mercer University, Macon, Ga.—Your front page should certainly be greatly improved.

The Glean, Independence, Mo.—Your little paper is well gotten together.

The Green and White, Parker Senior High School, Chicago, Ill.—Your publication is very well gotten together.

The High Times, Senior High School, Springfield, Mo.—Your article, "Twice Told Tales," is very good.

Side Lines, Murfreesboro, Tenn.—The arrangement of news is very mixed up.

The Babbler, David Lipscomb College, Nashville, Tenn.—Your society notes should not be on the front page.

The Franklin H Broadcast, Franklin, Pa.—We like this paper.

The Westport Crier, Kansas City, Mo.—Your front page is arranged well.

The Agnostic, Agnes Scott College, Decatur, Ga.—Your paper could be improved.

The Moverick, New Mexico Military Institute, Boswell, N. M.—Your poems and other articles are very good.

The Coyote, Weatherford, Tex.—We like your paper.

Blue and White, Trinidad, Colo.—Your Sports column is good but your pro lacks proper arrangement.

Chanticleer, Danville, Va.—Your teas are good.

Rough Rider, Roosevelt High School, St. Louis, Mo.—Your little publication is very good.

The Flash-Light, Searcy, Ark.—You have very good arrangement.

The Clarendonian, Clarendon, Ark.—Your article on Vacations is well-written.

The New Student published in New York. This publication proves itself to be an aid to us.

Jonesboro High Times, Jonesboro, Ark.—Your front page is well arranged.

The Megaphone, Georgetown, Tex.—The poem on "The Old College Bell" is good.

The Sandtonian, Sand Springs, Okla.—Your column entitled "Evolutions" is interesting.

The Kangaroo, Austin College, Sherman, Tex.—Your paper needs improvement.

Cup O' Coffee, Coffee County High School, Enterprise, Ala.—Your advertisements are well-arranged.

The Conglomerate, Centenary College, Shreveport, La.—Your article "Ditch"—Hah! was good.

The Clarion, Millington, Tenn.—There should be more news in your publication.

The High Times, Senior High School, Springfield, Mo.—Your article "My Hobby" is well-written.

LARGE NUMBER ATTEND MARMERINS

On Friday evening, April 1, nearly two hundred girls made up the party from Ward-Belmont to see the Marmers, Miriam, Irene, and Phyllis, in their original drama dances, at the War Memorial Auditorium. Never was a more magical hour been spent. Every spectator was thrilled and delighted with each number accompanied by the Nashville Symphony Orchestra.

The program for the evening was as follows:

PART I

- The Nashville Symphony Orchestra
F. Arthur Henkel, Conductor
1. March of the Toys.....Herbert
 2. Henry VIII Dance.....German
 3. March and Procession of Bacchus.....Deibes

PART II

- The Marmers
Lamar Stringfied, Conductor
1. From a Grecian Vase.....
.....Aeschereppine
Ensemble
 2. The Ship.....Frank
Miriam
 3. Chinese Porcelains.....Rebikoff
Irene and Phyllis
 4. Egyptian Dance.....Verdi
Miriam
 5. Priscilla and John Alden.....
.....L. T. Levy
 6. The First Kill.....MacDowell
The Deer.....Miriam
The Indian Youth.....Irene
Intermission
 7. Blue Birds.....Drigo-Haring
Miriam and Irene

8. Madame Roulette.....Rehfeld
Phyllis

9. Machinery.....Holst
Ensemble (inspired by a visit to the Ford plant).

OSIRON OWLETS

Following a short business meeting last Wednesday our club was turned over to the entertainment committee.

The bill provided us with an intensely interesting and well rendered reading by Ruth Johnson entitled "The Finger of God." In answer to the repeated applause Miss Johnson gave a clever little encore presenting "Twinkle, Twinkle Little Star," as it would be given by a sixteen-year-old, eight-year-old and a child of three.

The concluding number was composed of a group of piano duet selections by Miss Virginia Showhan and Margaret Stanford. They had worked together on some very attractive combinations.

A MYSTERY SOLVED

'Twas a balmy winter evening when there occurred much excitement in the dining room. All was still when suddenly a noise as of trickling water fell upon the ears of those present. A search was made far and wide and to the consternation of all a large puddle was found in one section of the room coming from no one knew where. Just as one of the waiters bent over to mop it up a heavy drop fell upon his head. He straightened; looked up, and another drop hit him in the eyes, so that he finally decided that the onslaught came from above. News was quickly carried to the house detective, Mrs. Hall, who promptly set up an investigation to see which of the inmates of Founders had been luckless enough to have left the water running. 'Twas not long before she discovered that a tub was running over full force and that despite measures were being taken to prevent it. She pounded on the door and called in accents wild. But no answer came for some time. Finally, however, a diminutive young lady with sandy tresses stepped forth and announced sweetly and apologetically. "I've let the water run over Mrs. Hall."

"That was lovely of you," replied the irate hostess as with difficulty she extracted one foot from a veritable brook.

Thus ends the "din in the dining room" or the "taje of the tub," so now the Founders Girls put on life savers when ever they venture onto ye swampy scene.

I'M THE NIT-WIT

I'm the Nit-Wit that gossips. I tell all I know and insinuate that I could tell more. I like to make conversation interesting, and will at all times sacrifice truth to gain this end. I am proud of the way in which I gain my information to build my story on—I "run it down." I follow every possible clue. It isn't queer that I find I haven't many friends, nor that the friends I have take such care in what they say to me. But I am willing to sacrifice truth, friends, and myself—to make interesting gossip!

Peeping Ahead in the Fashion Calendar!

THAT'S the everlasting job of Lebeck Bros. Buyers—and their alertness is reflected in the intriguing styles, the clever accessories smart women will wear now, next month and the month after.

To the girls of Ward-Belmont we extend an invitation to make Lebeck's your style headquarters—and if there is any way we can assist you we stand ready to do so.

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WARD-BELMONT GIRL WINS YEAR IN GREECE

(Continued from page 1)

Another honor which Peggy has won was that of being Radcliffe's class poet for the class of 1927, which she won by competing with a number of others of the large graduating class. She will read the winning poem on June 22.

Peggy's triumph is just what Ward-Belmont expected, but the good wishes are none the less hearty, because in her two years here in 1921-22, 22-23, it was foreseen.

ORCHESTRA'S CONCERT PRAISED

(Continued from page 1)

"The whole family enjoyed the program," Mr. C. C. Carroll of Oklahoma City, said in a letter to Dr. Blanton. "It certainly was a credit to the school. We especially enjoyed Miss Rogers, Mr. Mertens, and also Miss Harper, and certainly think Prof. Rose should be justly proud of his achievement, and I know the satisfaction which must come to you as the head of such an institution."

"Mr. Mertens is a true artist," Mr. and Mrs. George A. Trombly's letter from Saginaw, Michigan, said. "We have the highest praise for Miss Rogers' voice. Her high notes were clear and distinct. The conductor can certainly be proud of his players, and they of him."

Mr. W. A. Johnson wrote from Galveston, Texas, that they got the program as clearly as if it were taking place in Galveston instead of in Nashville.

Mr. and Mrs. F. P. Jansen, from Platteville, Wisconsin, said that they enjoyed every moment of the concert and could not decide which number they preferred.

The wish that Ward-Belmont would be "on the air" more frequently was expressed by Dr. and Mrs. F. W. Miller, who wrote from Fisher, Ill.

A. K. ACTIVITIES

It is always a good policy to end things well. That is what the A. K. Club decided when they selected the trip to Belle Meade for the last Wednesday in March. All of the girls were delighted with the beautiful club. A lovely dinner was served at six, after which they returned to school.

SPRING

Spring is come;
The birds do sigh,
And folks shoot pin-wheels
In the sky.
I wonder why,
I wonder who,
Knew it was coming, now
Did you?

THE OBSERVER

From the way Clarice Davis pushes people to get into the street car for church, one would think she'd never been any place before.

"Cheese" is getting pretty good. Didn't you know you're supposed to wear a mask right side up, Cheese? Yes, Miriam, one and one-half and

one and one-half make three at least, so we've always heard.

Something tells us that Georgia is slightly outgrowing the dress she wore down to dinner the other night. But she's met the only one.

We wish Biddy would favor the populace and cut off the hair. The same might be said of Georgia C., and Jeffe.

And speaking of hair cuts, we think we know what is meant by burton beauty since Jay had hers shorn.

And all the little maidens clapped and clapped! Dr. Hill surely does rate around here.

Of course we may sing a few new and different hymns in chapel some day, but it's extremely doubtful.

Isn't it the truth that with a Lenten candy diet, everyone receives heaps more candy than at any other time?

And then the new rules were buried at us. There were so many that even Mrs. Hall forgot a couple. All we need now is the laws.

"The fog comes on little cat feet," but it's not all. It has nothing on Miss Rhea. Ask the girls of Founders.

Naomi's diets amused us. The one she's on now would keep a good sized horse overweight.

MY SONG

Some day when the heavens are heavy
with clouds,
I'll find a new song to sing;
A song as fresh as the new-blown
rose,
As light as the swallow's wing.

I'll sing my song when the skies are
gray,
And the world seems going all wrong
And I hope someone will hear it,
And be happier from my song.

Dear Cynthia

Last night dad
spoke of his
investments. I
said Dad,
won't you
please
suggest
some
good ones
for me?
His answer was
"Sure! Buy yourself
some of those new
gowns they're showing
at



Bella!
— Boris

Bella's Booteries

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WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

Volume XVI

NASHVILLE, TENN., SATURDAY, APRIL 16, 1927

Number 31

MRS. MOORE'S PLAY GIVEN HERE

A tribute to the talent of Mrs. Beattie Collins Moore, who wrote the play, "On Bayou le Batre," and to the remarkable directing ability of Miss Pauline Sherwood Townsend, head of the department of expression, was the performance of the play given in the Ward-Belmont studio last week.

The play, the scene of which is laid in Louisiana with poor whites guided by superstition as the characters, is the first play written by Mrs. Moore, who is in charge of the household department of the school. It has never been played before, but appeared in "Poet Lore" recently.

Miss Catherine Winnia, who is Miss Townsend's assistant, and who is a well-known member of the Little Theatre group, played the part of the old mother of the family, who was haunted by the fear that her husband long dead, would return. In her dying fear, she tells of pushing him into the murky waters of the Bayou. Miss Marie Louise Pittman, who is a graduate of Ward-Belmont and who assists Miss Townsend in the department, filled the role of the daughter, gaunt, ignorant and devoted to her mother, admirably. Thomas Smith, who has done other work under Miss Townsend's direction and who, also, is well known in Nashville for his work with the "Stagersafters" and the Little Theatre, took the part of the son, handling the difficult part very capably.

THE SENIOR CHALLENGE

"Go to the main entrance, please," greeted those who tried to enter chapel by the stage door Friday morning. As I came into chapel, with the rest of the Senior-Middle horde the dimness of the room and the stage curtains made curiosity and perplexity rise up within me. Was Miss Townsend giving a play? Lol! The curtains part and before us at a banquet table are seated seven mighty Vikings. No word is spoken. One of the warriors poses in a deep sleep while the others continue to drink uninterrupted and to eat vigorously. Suddenly the deep silence is broken by the appearance of a skeleton in armor dressed. "Who art thou?" accuses one of those warriors bold. Still no sound from the spectral guest. The question is reiterated by another of the band and then the leader of the clan in his stirring voice commands:

"Speak, speak, thou fearful guest,

Who with thy hollow chest

Still in rude armor dress,

Come to daunt us."

Of the rolling cadences then spoken by the ghostly visitor and then

(Continued on page 8.)

Macpherson Coming to Nashville

Ward-Belmont's contribution to the Metropolitan Opera Company, and the singer whom Signor G. S. de Luca trained, Joseph Macpherson will arrive in Nashville, Monday. Macpherson will be the guest of the Nashville Exchange Club on Tuesday, at the club's weekly luncheon meeting, when Gov. Austin Peay, and other leading citizens will be special guests. The program at this meeting will be given by other pupils of Signor de Luca,

among them being James Melton, Miss Nellie Moran, Eugene Bugg, and John Lewis.

All Nashville, and most of music-loving Tennessee is excited over the Macpherson concert which will be given at the Ryman Auditorium on next Thursday night. Programs have been sold, and tickets are being written and wired for, from over the state, in order that people may hear this singer who received all his training at Ward-Belmont.

Third Quarter's Honor Roll

Marguerite Glidden has the distinction of being the senior who did not make any grades less than A— on her literary work for the last quarter, according to the recent honor roll for that time. Anna Murtagh is the first year college girl who won a similar honor, while Jane Sutherland is the only girl in the high school department who did not get less than A— in the second month of the second semester. This means, not that the girls are not working very hard, but that they are very carefully and very strictly graded.

On the honor roll for the third quarter, in which every girl has made no grade less than B—, were the following seniors: Carroll Cruise, Jassamine Daggett, Dorothy Catherine Duncan, Barbara Ehrsam, Hewell Givan Marguerite Glidden, Ruth Hamerly, Isabel Hefflin, Margaret Hickman, Helen Holt, Margaret Inoué, Della Kolling, Virginia Martin, Estelle Meggs, Nancy Rabenu, Mary Marjorie Tootle, Anna Elizabeth Williams.

The honor roll girls in the first year college class were Dorothy Elizabeth Campbell, Janet Carter, Frances Froite, Kathryn Glasford, Ida Griffin, Florence Hayes, Orleans Henderson, Dorothy Mounce Jones, Bernice Lee, Anna Murtagh, Mary Virginia Payne, Margaret Pollock, Helen Scott, Katherine Standifer, Vivian Walker, Mary Louise Wilcox, Catherine Wood.

For the first month of the second semester, in the first year high school, the following girls were on the honor roll: Anne Lee Akers, Elizabeth Cowan, Geneva Knox Jones, Betty Logie, Mary Elizabeth Ryan and Jane Sutherland. In the second year high school class were Lucy May Bond, Grace Cavert, Allie Brown Clark, Ann Dillon, Jane Everson, Eleanor Fleming, Elizabeth Gilbert, Elizabeth Howe, Ella Puryear Mims, Willia Mima Noe. The third year high school class' honor roll girls were Mary Laurent Brown, Roberta Harrington, Margaret Keller, and Martha

(Continued on page 8.)

Ward-Belmont Girl Wins First Place

Hortense Ambrose, who so recently had a poem published by the "Magazine World," has won another high honor, as she has won first prize in the contest sponsored by "Current Literature."

The contest was for fourth year high school students over the entire United States, and consequently, there were many entries. Each student entering, kept a notebook on the subjects taken up in "Current Literature," which every member of the Fourth Year English Class receives each week. These notebooks were submitted, judged and graded by the various editors on the ground of information, neatness, and originality—and Hortense won first place.

More than that, the editor, in a letter to Miss Pugh, declared, "I would like to say that I consider the note-

book prepared by Miss Ambrose the best example of 'creativity' and 'criticism' I have ever had the pleasure of seeing. It proves conclusively that our young students are able to think, originate and execute."

"Miss Ambrose's book" said Miss Pugh, "was chosen to send into the contest because of its uniform neatness, the completeness of each week's work, and the interest she took in the work."

Current Literature is devoted to the work of good, present-day writers. The notebooks were made up of the issues of Current Literature, and reviews written by the pupil of other works of the authors mentioned in each issue, and of other information she had found concerning that particular writer, so Hortense is indeed due much praise, for winning first place in such a contest.

MRS. ANNA S. BROWN GOES TO REWARD

The death of Mrs. Anna S. Brown, at a local infirmary, Monday night, after an illness of only three days, came as a shock to the whole school. Mrs. Brown was much-loved by the faculty and the girls on account of her cheerful, friendly interest in whatever interested them. She had been a chaperone here for the past 13 years, and had made a firm place for herself in the life of Ward-Belmont.

The funeral was held in the chapel of the school Tuesday afternoon, with the Rev. Prentice A. Pugh, rector of the Church of the Advent, officiating. The burial was at Hopkinsville, Ky., in which state Mrs. Brown had lived in her young womanhood, before her marriage. Her husband, who died twenty years ago, was L. A. Brown, a well-known tobacco man of Clarksville.

Serving as pall-bearers were Mr. John W. Barton, Mr. Lawrence Goodman, Mr. Kenneth Rose, Signor G. S. De Luca, and Dr. W. H. Hollinshead. Honorary pall-bearers were Gov. Austin Peay, John Cheek, Leslie Cheek, James Glenn, Dr. E. M. Sanders, Dr. J. D. Blanton, E. A. Hale, and Harry Pickering and Sterling Fort of Clarksville.

Quiet hour was observed Tuesday afternoon in memory of the kindly woman whom so many of the girls knew and loved. Mrs. Brown was ever gentle and thoughtful, thoroughly unselfish and thinking more of the pleasure of convenience of others than of her own, and will be missed very much at Ward-Belmont.

CLAIRE HARPER TO BE SOLOIST

The news that Claire Harper has been asked to be the soloist at the next concert of the Nashville Symphony Orchestra, is one which is not surprising to the Ward-Belmont students and faculty who have heard her play. Coming to Ward-Belmont from Farmington, Ill., she has studied with Kenneth Rose, director of the violin department for the past three years, and is a diploma student at the Ward-Belmont Conservatory of Music this year. Another honor which she has achieved is that of being concertmaster of the Ward-Belmont Orchestra and former soloist of the orchestra. She has given several radio programs broadcast from Nashville stations, which have received praise from over the country, and is a well-known figure in musical circles in Nashville where she has appeared a number of times. She has also given successful concerts in other cities of Tennessee. She is a member of the first violins in the Nashville Symphony Orchestra.

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They may say there is more pleasure in pursuit than in possession, but as Marjorie Moss said at vespers last Sunday night, there was greater pleasure in possessing Dr. Powell of the First Baptist Church. He spoke to us of the unspeakable gift of God to the world in Jesus Christ, and of the joy that comes to us as we make his gift our own.

Mistress Belle Ward and Ann Belmont, the doll ambassadors of Ward-Belmont, have arrived safely in Japan on the same boat with Prince Chikibio. Their passports and goodwill gained them immediate entrance into the country. One thousand children met them at the harbor and their arrival was announced throughout the country by radio. We have reports that the children are enthusiastic over them and the other 12,630 dolls who left the United States to express the friendship of the American children for the Japanese.

Miss Katherine Butler, of the National Y.W.C.A., met with our cabinet last Friday afternoon, and told us of the things that the other "Y's" of the city are doing. There is an industrial girls commission, composed of students and industrial workers, which studies the industrial problems. There is also a racial commission with representatives of many different countries which discusses current race problems.

Dr. Hill, "The" Dr. Hill, will be here Easter to conduct the early morning service, which will be held from 7:30 to 8:00 o'clock on the roof garden. Everyone is cordially invited to attend this beautiful service.

A discussion of the meaning of Palm Sunday and Holy Week in general was the topic of the Sunday school groups last Sunday. Some of us left with clear ideas of all that this might mean in our own lives.

LE CERCLE FRANCAIS ORGANIZED

Miss Vimont has succeeded in establishing Le Cercle Francais in Ward-Belmont for all French students who wish to broaden their knowledge and practical use of French learned in the classrooms.

Miss Vimont lectures at each meet-

ing on some especially important figure in French literature and acquaints the girls with the author's works by reciting parts taken from them. It is indeed interesting and a great help to young French students.

Le Cercle Francais is a national organization and it is through Miss Vimont's efforts that Ward-Belmont has obtained a branch of the organization. It is truly an addition to the many attractions the school offers and has won the interest of many of the girls. They are glad to learn about such people as St. Genevieve, Patron de Paris, Purvis de Chavannes and Madame de Maintenon.

The officers of the club are as follows:

Presidente d' Honneur—Madame J. D. Blanton.

Presidente—Betty Martin
Vice-Presidente—Edythe Dixon.
Treasorier—Miss Alma Palne.
Vice-Treasorier—Ruth Barnhard.
Secretaire—Ruth Moore.

IN PASSING

"What a lovely place Ward-Belmont is and how much the girls seem to be enjoying it. But they haven't anything else to do—this is just a social school you know." Now that was a statement we heard made by one of the party of state educators who were here for an evening not long ago.

We felt quite flattered when we heard of the first remark. We liked to feel that we were capable of appreciating the quiet loveliness of an evening. And it was because we appreciated it that we were strolling in couples or groups over the spring-time campus. And it was because we were filled with the joy of living that we were hilariously jumping rope—or with more dignity were playing our portable victrolas in one of the summer houses.

And then we heard the last part of the statement, "This is just a social school you know." In our own group, busily enjoying the half hour before we would have to go to study hall or the library, we took indignant exception to a remark so groundless. We wondered if the state educators realized that ours is an accredited school, and as such that it demands the highest standards of work from us.

We would like to take the state educators through an average day at Ward-Belmont. We would like to show them the quiet dormitories during study hours in the morning; we would like to escort them to the busy piano practice rooms, the active wide-awake recitation classes, and the quietly-busy laboratory courses; and we would like to take them to the prep study hall and the library in the evening.

And we wonder then if the state educators would be as quick to say, "Ward-Belmont is just a social school."

Y. W. C. A. TEA ROOM

Special Menu on Mondays for

WARD-BELMONT GIRLS

WARD-BELMONT
GUESTS

Recent guests at Ward-Belmont were Dr. P. S. Windham of Saginaw, Michigan, who came to see his daughters, Helen and Louise; Vivian Slagle's mother, Mrs. L. Slagel of Pittsboro, Indiana; Mrs. J. B. Daggett of Marianna, Arkansas; Jessamine Daggett's mother; Mrs. R. A. Stols of Galveston, Texas; Alberta Stols's mother; Katherine Clark's mother, Mrs. R. Clark of Osborne, Kansas; Barbara Ebrahm's mother, Mrs. W. J. Ebrahm of Enterprise, Kansas; Josephine Holden's mother, Mrs. J. R. Holden of Newport, Arkansas; Louise Butler's mother, Mrs. W. E. Butler of Huntville, Alabama; Allen Rauch's parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. Rauch of Athens, Ohio; Carol Joerna's mother, Mrs. C. A. Joerna of Stevens Point, Wisconsin; Virginia Cooper's mother, Mrs. M. M. Cooper of Thomasville, Georgia; and Dorothy Stover's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Stover of Butler, Pennsylvania.

TEXAS DANCE

"The eyes of Texas are upon you," Who wouldn't feel the rollicking tune of that Texas song running through his head when he viewed the Lone Star State dance?

For the decorations were distinctly Texan. Streamers of yellow and white hung jauntily from the balcony; a huge yellow banner with a white Texas longhorn pictured clearly against the bright background was placed at the far end of the room; smaller banners with "Texas" written in bold letters hung at the sides. And the colorful sport costumes of the guests themselves seemed to be the finishing touch of brightness.

The special act depicted a group of former W.-B. girls in their first taste of university life. Stage properties: a couple of davenport, heaps of soft pillows, a uke, and, by way of making things more interesting, several fraternity men. Even if one had been suffering from toothache, he would have had to admit that the special was keenly enjoyable. Those who took part were: boys, Mary Dunn, Kate Parker, Polly Roundtree, and Dixie Miller; girls, Anne Earl French, Mabel West, Melba Johnson and Valda Thomas.

Refreshments of pimento cheese and chicken salad sandwiches, and punch were served. Favors of the dance were balloons of all colors.

Miss Blythe, sponsor of the Texas club, was unable to attend the dance because of the recent death of her father. Miss Leavell acted in her place for the evening.

TRI-K KUMBACKS

Genie Selden had a lucky party for us last Wednesday night and it certainly was lots of fun. Really, I didn't know how awful some of my pretty club sisters could look until I saw them in their oldest clothes, with their hair all tangled and most of their teeth blacked. Miss Morrison was the judge of who looked the "tackiest" and her decision fell upon Velma Jones. Velma had on a long black dress, white stockings and black oxfords. A noticeable feature of the costume was the large bustle which she wore under her dress. Her hair was drawn into a knot on the top of her head, which was covered by a peculiar-looking black hat with a long red plume. Velma was presented with a box of Coty's face powder as a prize and after she had given a clever reading the meeting was adjourned.

EXCHANGES

The Sandstonian, Sand Springs, Okla.—Your column entitled "Think" is very good.

The Wildcat, Meridian, Miss.—The poems in your paper help out. They are good.

The Green and White, Parker Senior High School, Chicago, Ill.—Your publication is quite original throughout.

The Inkspot, Chenoa, Ill.—The jokes are good.

The Echo, Luverne High School, Luverne, Minn.—Your front page needs improvement in the arrangement.

Hollandale Hi Tidings, Hollandale, Miss.—Your arrangement is very poor in the whole paper.

Frankfort High Life, Frankfort, Ind.—Your paper contains interesting news.

The Glean, Independence, Mo.—We like your little paper.

The Rough Rider, Roosevelt High School, St. Louis, Mo.—Where are your advertisements?

Montgomery Bell Bulletin, Montgomery Bell Academy, Nashville, Tenn.—Some of your personal articles are very good and original.

The Mansfield Collegian, Mansfield, La.—The arrangement of your front page is almost perfect.

The Tatler, Selma, Ala.—Your slogan is good.

Mount Berry News, Mount Berry, Ga.—Your publication is well-liked.

The Conqueror, Centenary College, Shreveport, La.—Your advertisements are not in correct form.

The Indian, Detroit, Mich.—We like your publication.

The Babblers, David Lipscomb College, Nashville, Tenn.—Your column, "Suggestions to Humorous Hints Answered" is quite an idea.

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pending.

EDITORIAL

The death of Mrs. Brown, a chap-
erone, who for thirteen years made
her home at Ward-Belmont, came as
a shock to many of us who knew and
loved her.

A tiny woman possessed of high
ideals, and permeated through with
loyalty and fineness of character, she
loved Ward-Belmont School and tried
to make it a home for every girl who
came here.

Here was a gentle spirit, hers a
beautiful character, and her very per-
sonality exhaled kindness and hu-
manity.

"We wish that we might have a
eulogy paid to her that would be de-
serving of her," said Mr. Barton, "but
were she here I know that she would
ask us not to make any lavish profes-
sion." Quiet hour was observed from
1:30 until 3:30, and prayers were held
at 2:30 on Tuesday, April 12, in the
Drawing Room—our eulogy, simple
but sincere, for a loved one who had
quietly slipped away from us.

Mrs. Brown strove at every oppor-
tunity to do her duty, and held al-
ways to her high ideals and purposes.
Let us benefit by the noble example of
this brave and kindly little person—
now at peace with our heavenly Fa-
ther, but still, we're sure, loving and
watching over her Ward-Belmont
home.

HOW THE CAPITOL
GOT ITS CUPOLA

BY HELEN HOLT

After many years of indecision and
wrangling the legislators of the state
of Tennessee, then sitting at Knox-
ville, finally decided on a permanent
seat of government. Nashville was
chosen, as the largest of the centrally
located towns. And with celebrity
hitherto uncharacteristic, they started
plans for the Capitol building, in the
same year, 1843, making an approp-
riation of \$10,000 to begin with, and
appointing a Board of Commissioners
to have charge of the erection of the
building. Now these commissioners,
it must be said, were not selected with
an eye to architectural talent or even
knowledge, but, as is the case with
many legislative committees, because,

perhaps, they were not occupied just
then on any other committee or be-
cause the majority leaders wanted
them, as dangerous opponents, shunted
to one side while an important mea-
sure went through.

These Commissioners, however, were
at least energetic. They began by
buying for \$30,000, Campbell's Hill,
(a cedar knob situated in the heart
of Nashville, which many years before
had been received by Judge Campbell
in trade for a cow and calf), and by
levelling off four feet of the crest to
the solid limestone foundation be-
neath. This site, with the city stretch-
ing below it on all sides, could hardly
have been more beautiful or appropri-
ate for a capitol.

The second action of the Commis-
sioners was to engage an architect,
and an eminent one at that. It did not
take them long to decide on William
Strickland of Philadelphia, whose rec-
ord was enough to recommend him.
Having launched his career by his
work on the Capitol at Washington
under La Trobe, he had continued it
and had become well known by plan-
ning several important buildings in-
cluding the Mint and the United States
Bank at Philadelphia. He accepted the
contract, anticipating several other lo-
cal contracts to repay him for the long
trip. And in truth, they were not
long in coming. After work on the
State Capitol was under way, and he
was more at leisure, he consented to
make plans for several buildings
which are now well known in and
around Nashville. The tomb of Presi-
dent Polk, now on the Capitol grounds,
and the old First Presbyterian Church,
which his fanciful genius modeled into
an Egyptian temple, are good represen-
tatives.

But another, and the main reason
for his ready acceptance of the Tennes-
see contract was his dream. His
ideal was Grecian style architecture,
and his dream was to revive the
Grecian forms as much as he could,
and to leave behind him at least one
great work created in and embodying
the spirit of beauty-loving ancient
Greece. The South, he thought, with
its dreamy idealism and conservative
tastes, would be sympathetic with his
dream, and the South would be the
only place where he could make his
dream come true. And so when the
offer came from Tennessee, it seemed
to be the answer to his prayers.

The plans for the building he com-
pleted in an astonishingly short while.
More rapidly than he could set them
down, they seemed to rush to the fore-
ground of his brain from the dim re-
cesses where they had been so long,
half-formed. It was to be an Ionic
temple on a Doric base, modeled from
the Erechtheum on the Acropolis at
Athens.

When finished, the plans were sub-
mitted to the Board of Commissioners
for approval. That they gave readily.
They were very well pleased with the
plans, they said, except in one minor
detail which could be easily remedied.
The State Capitol must have a cupola.
"A cupola," Strickland shouted, watch-
ing in a mist his almost-realized
dreams vanish like soap bubbles.
"Why, that would ruin the entire ef-
fect! It would break up the harmony
and symmetry of the whole, it would be

positively irreligious! Whoever heard
of a Grecian temple with a cupola?"
"Yes," replied the Commissioners,
"but whoever heard of a state capitol
without a cupola?" Strickland re-
monstrated, he argued, he enjoined,
he begged, he implored, he beseeched,
he tore his hair in a frenzy of wrath
and disappointment, but the Commis-
sioners remained adamant. They must
have a cupola, and if he preferred a
Grecian one he might go to Greece
and find something suitable, but a
cupola they would have. It was the
law of the Medes and the Persians.

Disillusioned and heart-broken, with
hopes flown and ideals shattered,
Strickland went to Greece. There, in
the shadow of the Acropolis, he found
a little Choric monument set up by
Lysicrates, a wealthy Athenian who
had financed the prize-winning play
in one of the many Grecian literary
contests and who had set up this monu-
ment to commemorate the victory.
The little structure would serve the
disgraceful purpose as well as any
other, thought Strickland. And ac-
cordingly a copy of it was pasted on
top of the Ionic temple.

The laying of the cornerstone, July
4, 1845, was the occasion for a gala
day in Nashville and was attended
with much ceremony. From then on
the work progressed steadily under
the half-hearted supervision of Strick-
land. But his health was declining
rapidly, and before the freak which
he had hoped to make his masterpiece,
was completed, he died. He was
buried simply, in the wall of the north
portico of the capitol, but some de-
clare that on stormy nights his spirit
escapes from behind the stone and
haunts the cupola which so outraged
it.

(EDITOR'S NOTE—Helen Holt was
elected to the staff of THE HYPHEN,
but as she already had the honor of
being president of the Day Student
Council, she could not accept the po-
sition. She is a member of the Journal-
ism Class of Ward-Belmont.)

ALUMNAE WEDDINGS

Word has been received of the mar-
riage of Mary Claire Sherrill who was
in school here in 1915, to Mr. William
Shanklin, Jr., last month in Tallahas-
see, Florida. Mr. and Mrs. Shanklin
are now living at 1785 Southwest
Eighth Street, Miami, Florida.

Virginia MacNeil, who came to
Ward-Belmont from Live Oak, Fla.,
and who did not return after Christ-
mas was married to Julius Lou Caro,
at Live Oak on April fifth. Mr. and
Mrs. Caro will be at home after April
20th at Sarasota, Fla.

The marriage of Frances Lambert
Russell, who was in school in 1923-23
and 23-24, to Dr. Raworth Williams
on April 9th, in Parsons, Kansas, has
been announced. Dr. and Mrs. Wil-
liams will be at 700 Paulus Street,
Dallas, Texas.

Alya Dean Smith, who was gradu-
ated last year, after having been here
two years, was married in Chat-
tanoga to Mr. Leonard Clay Fletcher
on March 30th.

SENIOR. SENIOR.
MID CONTEST

Well, it's spring. There's no doubt
about it. Strange things always hap-
pen in spring—like falling in love,
dressing up in a ritzy fashion, and
acting so very happy for no reason
at all. These things happen every-
where, even at Ward-Belmont—but
the climax for strange happenings
came with the Senior, Senior-Mid-
rivalry.

Suddenly, the Senior-Mids went on
a diet. One noon, the whole class
rushed from the dining room. Then,
later to the horror of the usual pa-
trons, the tea room was crowded dur-
ing the afternoon with most of the
class.

However, the Seniors know the
futility of dieting so to enhance their
beauty, they decided on a mid-day
siesta. Immediately after church, all
the curtains in the whole Senior Hall
were drawn, and quiet reigned in
Senior Hall.

Jalous Senior-Mids, who were wild
to know what it was all about! The
Seniors should not sleep if they could
help it, for the pangs of hunger pre-
vented their sleeping, themselves. So
they set up wild howls, making the
campus reverberate as it hadn't in
many a day.

Then came the contest as to who
should be latest to dinner, followed
by a game of "Hide and Seek," with
Mrs. Charley acting as captain for the
Seniors. Sunday night, both
classes were amiable enough, singing
songs to each other. Blanche Mot-
ley, president of the Seniors, has re-
ceived a note and things have quieted
down—but all Ward-Belmont awaits
Senior, Senior-Mid Day, when the real
contests will be staged.

THOUGHT

This is our week of thought and
meditation, these seven days before
Easter. And because this is so, it
makes us think how queer are
thoughts. What a blank our lives
would be, if we could not think!

Our thoughts make our lives hide-
ous, or beautiful. To think is an in-
dex of character, mirrored on our
faces.

Thinking power is the greatest gift
God has bestowed upon humankind.
How some of us abuse the wonderful
privilege! Instead of filling our minds
with the best and the finest beauties
of our wonderful world, we persist
in thinking tiny, petty things, unfit
even as exercise for our minds.

Thoughts are the companions of
our lives, and still we fail to make
them fine. If we were deprived of
sight and hearing we would still have
thoughts. Think upon it! What kind
of companions would your thoughts
be?

There are wonderful things about
us, of which to think. Look at na-
ture, with its trees, its flowers, its
birds, its lovely days, its painted and
jeweled sunsets, and its blue-silver
moon filled nights. See fine literature
with all its evidences of thought be-
fore us. Think, think upon these
things. Think how wonderful are
thoughts!



Tuesday—April 5.

Awoke late as usual and nearly broke my feeble neck falling over a pile of bricks on the doorstep of Senior. Was too sleepy to worry about from whence they had come—but some kind soul told me the lightning struck the chimney—now—can you beat that—and I didn't even wake up.

Discussed China at great length in economics again today. Wish they'd settle that question by themselves and let us poor, overworked schoolgirls rest a bit.

Shouted at great length for Darsaeli in history, but sure did change my tune when I found Miss Leavell preferred Gladstone. You know me—I just must get a grade worth claiming for my last quarter's labor.

Can't remember what happened in Chapel—nothing I guess.

Wrote letters all during French class, and Mademoiselle nearly had a fit! I don't see why she should care—she should be glad I wasn't talking.

And baseball started this P.M. Sure was been one hectic day! But being an up and coming athlete, I turned out with vim and vigor. Didn't do any playing today though, so my enthusiasm was all in vain.

Well, I hope there won't be many more days on record like this—I'm worn to a frazzle, and must seek rest in my downy cot.

Wednesday—April 6.

Was late for breakfast again, but due to the fact that Mrs. Plasket was later, I didn't have to sign up!

Attended paych—but that's about all I can be given credit for. Hadn't studied my lesson so of course had absolutely no idea of the value of kangas—but don't think I ever admitted it! Nay! I did not!

But I didn't have such luck putting things over on Miss Scruggs. Guess I'll study my English lesson hereafter.

Fruit salad and cheese souffle for lunch and I nearly disgraced myself eating such quantities. Ten pounds more! At this rate even my fond parents won't know me when I get home.

Babe Ruthed this P.M. Really this club spirit that's cropping out all of a sudden is remarkable. Played in the gym due to a slight thunderstorm—and some way I don't enjoy it—maybe when we get to playing outdoors the bat won't bounce up and hit me as it does inside. Here's hoping!

Club this evening—nothing exciting though.

Went to the library but couldn't get any books I wanted. Read the jokes

in the *Literary Digest*, so I counted the evening well spent in spite of everything.

Thursday—April 7.

Arose as usual. Breakfast as usual. Classes as usual. No mail as usual. Chapel as usual. More classes as usual. Lunch as usual—and then slept all afternoon to break the monotony.

Friday—April 8.

Well—the excitement has really begun! The Seniors challenged us Senior-mids at chapel today. Was so surprised when that center section started waving yellow and white banners that I 'most got popeyed!

Don't remember what happened in classes today—but that's incidental. Baseball again today—well—I'm worn to a pink string—guess I'm not such a budding athlete after all.

Had dinner at five-thirty. Seriously considered filling my pockets with everything on the table because I knew I'd be hungry about nine—but our hostess wasn't of the same opinion. A fine time was had by all as we sat on the campus and admired our visiting teachers.

Some ambitious lassies jumped rope 'till study hour—but not I! Mainly because I had on a borrowed frock that was exceedingly tight.

Saturday—April 9.

The same old classes—and pulled three in the usual Saturday fashion—which doesn't give me an awful boost honor rollward.

Had more fun tonight being late for dinner and all, but those Seniors sure did beat us at our own game. The movie tonight was dumb—dumber—dumbest!

Texas dance—sure am glad I rated it. We had pecks of fun.

But oh that storm tonight. I nearly passed out from fright! Never in all my eighteen summers have I heard such thunder nor seen such lightning! It was awful!

Sunday—April 10.

Well—we had to swim to breakfast, and then swim back—and then it cleared off in time to go to church! I've never been madder and on top of that I didn't get a sign of any mail! Feel like the world's reheaded stepchild!

Monday—April 11.

Bright and shiny this morning but it would rain as soon as we got down town—and me in my new spring coat! Such luck!

Started having church out here tonight. Sure are getting religious—but I don't see as it's doing anyone any harm.

OSIRON OWLETS

Our program last week was a very attractive musical. The first part was composed of some xylophone numbers given by Helen Bagley, all popular numbers. We're exceedingly proud of our xylophonist and are therefore glad to hear some of her music.

Following this, we were entertained by a quartette singing some clever little numbers, concluding with the favorite old "Eyes of Texas are Upon You," three of them being patriotic numbers of that state. The quartette was composed of Thelma Johnson, Billy Roberts, Alberta Stolz and Johnson.

Lastly, June and Mary sang the favorite "Boy Is You and the Girl Is Me."

ACADEMIC NOTES

The English D class is busy in their study of poetry and criticism—their immediate subject is the poetry of Arnold.

In the History of Art Room is a case filled with some very lovely paintings, illustrative of Flemish art and the forerunners of modern art.

The Certificate Class in Expression will give a religious drama, Easter eve, the 16th, called "Thy Kingdom Come." This year instead of giving a pageant, Miss Townsend has turned to a play in order to better show the life of the times and to emphasize the true Easter passion.

CHAPEL NOTES

Wednesday—April 6.

Announcements by Miss Morrison. Thursday—April 7.

Mr. Barton again read to us concerning the ministry of Christ just before his entrance into Jerusalem. Friday—April 8.

Much to their surprise and as one Senior-Middle stated, "Before I knew what it was all about" the Seniors challenged the Senior-Middles to meet them in the near future to determine in all sports which class has greater prowess and skill.

Saturday—April 9.

Today Mr. Barton read the beautiful passage describing Christ's entrance into Jerusalem and how the people came from everywhere bearing palm leaves. Thereafter, the Sunday before Easter has always been known as Palm Sunday.

Announcement was also made of the proposed Mammoth Cave trip, April 25. This trip is always most enjoyable and none of those who have in the past taken it, have ever regretted having done so.

Announcement was also made that Dr. Stoves of the West End Methodist Church will give a series of talks each evening of Passion Week on the nature and necessity of prayer.

THE PSYCHOLOGICAL SPOT

'Tis done beneath the mistletoe,
'Tis done beneath the rose,
But the proper place to kiss, you know,
Is just beneath the nose.

—Betuel Collegian.

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WEATHER FORECAST

We have been having a great deal of weather recently. In fact, the Nashville climate exists more in quantity than in quality. This next week promises to be no diversion from the usual trend.

Sunday will be fair and warmer all morning. This is a particular convenience which comes every Sunday—except those on which we stay at school for church. Sunday afternoon will be cloudy with occasional thunder showers.

Monday morning will be hot and sultry with clouds arising in the west about the time stew and chills make their appetizing appearance. A drizzle is expected about 2:30 P.M., which will keep up all afternoon.

Tuesday—rain. Extreme unret about 5:30 (concert time.)

Wednesday—Cold with a hail storm about club time. Wind velocity about ninety-nine miles per hour.

Thursday—Cloudy but warmer in the region around the baseball field.

Friday—Violent thunderstorms with high humidity. A slight quake will be felt in academy while dancing class is in session. During the thunderstorms thirty girls will nearly be struck by lightning and nearly killed.

Saturday—Ah! the last day of the week. The weather about lunch time will be rosy, and spring exhilarated by the presence of several mothers. Not until nearly time for the dance will Pluvius again make his appearance. Showers of confetti will be frequent during the evening.

And so it goes! Ah, well, variety is the spice of life!

THE MOVIE

As far as I'm concerned "The Wilderness Woman" should have stayed in the wilderness—if that is what you wish to call the Great Northwest. However, the country cousins surely kicked up a rumpus when they came to the big, big city. If it hadn't been for the train that went under the river it might not all have happened but "Pop" decided that seeing was believing. He looked like God's gift to the quarter but he turned out to be the proper chaperone for his million after all. And "Junie"—well, she was built from the ground up for a mounted police but when she cut her flowing tresses and abandoned her red flannels she became the nth of poise and sophistication. I can assure you that since "Junie" and "Pop" and "Hortense" made their debut, Little Old New York has never been the same.

LIZA'S LETTERS

Dearests:

I have just spent several precious hours (at a sacrifice of an English report and Trig), working on a masterpiece—gem of literature—to honor the Scribner's Club with. I'm sure I'll become a member if only twelve enter—otherwise! I've decided to call my work "Love's Labour Lost."

There has been much to do about something here lately. Class spirit simply bursts forth—even on quiet Sunday evenings. It was a sight for

the gods to see every shade go down and every light go out in Senior Hall last Sabbath night when we Senior Miss serenaded. It looked like the Seniors were expecting a storm of some sort. Yes, thunder and lightning—maybe. The way they peeped out from every crack and angle did our malicious hearts good. Some even climbed—but I won't tell that.

Each thinks that her class will win, and there'll be more than broken hearts of Hollywood when the day is over and one class is defeated. Me for Mida.

Yes, parents, I have fallen off a horse at last. Not being experienced in the line of tumbling I didn't know how to break my neck—much to the astonishment of some and disappointment of others—I landed on both feet. How firm a foundation. 'Tis only natural I suppose.

I must close now. I'll miss and want you both on Easter.

Love,

Liza.

F. F. NOTES

Belle Meade Country Club, though attractive throughout the year, is incomparable in the month of April, when the heavy rains and showers vie with each other to aid nature in her debut. This, in the opinion of the F. F.'s is the ideal time to visit Belle Meade; our decision being made after the annual Belle Meade dinner last Wednesday night, April 6.

Leaving here at four o'clock with plenty of pep the "ride" through the attractive suburbs was only the beginning of several interesting, enjoyable hours. Arriving at the club, naturally our first aim was to give it the "once over"—and we did! Dancing and bridge held our attention until dinner was served and, though we hesitate to admit it, this was the most enjoyable part. Shortly after dinner we reluctantly returned to recall after we the grand time we had at Belle Meade.

PERSONALS

Annie May McCauley and Betty Martin had dinner Saturday evening with Mrs. J. W. Gillespie.

Eleanor Durham spent Saturday evening with Mrs. Pope and Marian.

Virginia Bell, Estelle Meggs, Edna Laughbridge, Margaret Hickman and Mary Bullock had dinner Saturday evening with Carol Joerns and her mother.

Josephine Holden spent the week-end with her mother.

Edith Leavers spent the week-end in Huntsville, Alabama.

Inez Barnes had Saturday evening dinner with her brother.

Mary Rhoda Jones' father spent Sunday here. Sunday evening Estelle Meggs, Edna Laughbridge, Dorothy Ellington and Charlotte Westack were entertained by Mr. Jones.

Virginia Farmer, Elizabeth Goode, Alice and Lucy Ann Wakefield, went riding Sunday evening with Mr. and Mrs. Richardson.

Bianche Motley and Rose Morrison spent Sunday with Mrs. Cayce.

Billy Wanser was with her mother this week-end.

CURRENT EVENTS
CLUB

Mr. Leung, formerly a Y.M.C.A. secretary in China, was the speaker at the last meeting of the Current Events Club.

China is in a bad way, she is undergoing the industrial revolution, a political revolution and a civil war comparable to the American Revolution.

The only difference is that China is suffering all these evils at one time.

"Until recently China looked on the United States as her best friend, in spite of the fact that twice before her country has been occupied by American troops," says Mr. Leung. Most nations but America have concessions in China but by the unequal treaty China can not protect her goods from American goods. China feels that she cannot develop her raw materials until she is allowed to protect herself by tariffs. She believes the United States can help her if they only will.

China favors Russia because Russia was the first nation to grant the concessions of extra-territorial rights.

Mr. Leung admitted that conditions made it necessary for Russia to do so—but the effect on China was the same as if Russia had willingly granted the concessions. Hence, the friendliness between these two nations.

There is still a good chance for cooperative and lasting friendship between China and the United States if these United States will give China her right to term her own affairs—a right every self-respecting nation must insist upon.

I'M THE NIT-WIT

I'm the Nit-Wit who mumbles. I never talk distinctly. In the first place, I'm too lazy; in the second, I'm afraid that what I have to say is unimportant. In class, I mumble hoping that the teacher will give me credit for knowing more than I do; at dinner, I mumble hoping that people will think that I said something clever. I realize that people seldom listen to me, and that those who do, become very irritated. It would be much better to say nothing than to do as I do. If I have something to say I should say it in a way that could be understood; if I haven't anything to say, I shouldn't attract attention to the fact. I'm very unhappy over this defect, but I haven't enough energy and self-confidence to say what I have to say distinctly. I'm the Nit-Wit who mumbles.

CLOUDS

How many of you ever look at clouds? Or, are you like most of us, who plod along with our noses to the ground?

Clouds are the most beautiful and changing frame that nature possesses. Think how queerly the sky would appear with never a cloud in it at all. And their "ever-changingness" gives life and variety to all things that grow and are built upon the earth.

Just now, after a rain, the sky is filled with tumbling gray silver masses, and the light of the sun is

doing its best to break through the pearly stuff. Presently blue will show, and the April sun will chase the gray-silver into tufts of white frosting with sometimes a trailing end here and there.

Think of storm-clouds. Is there anything more impressive than those seemingly sharp-hewn granite piles? And to add to their awe-inspiring character, they are sometimes lined about with heavy shackles of polished silver-white steel, which has every appearance of binding them close together.

Consider the clouds at sunset. How the golden glory transforms them into lines and ramparts of every rainbow shade, and makes sharp silhouettes of all things over against the horizon!

And as for the clouds on a summer's night, when they sail lazily across the moon in trailing mauve and silver veils, making gray shadows gray, and soft light softer, then it is that they are loveliest!

Why—there shows the blue! Look at it!

WALKS

A walk is either a motivation from place to place, or it is the surface over which one motivates. Walks are hurried, slow, dry, wet, stone, dirt, wood, pleasant or unpleasant.

A man with a part of a breakfast inside him and part of his arms in an overcoat, walks hurriedly to catch a street car. Lovers, on a "June night in the moonlight" walk ever so slowly down through the woods because they do not wish to arrive at any destination at any time.

A dry walk is of two sorts, depending upon the companion with whom one walks, or the composition of the walk. A path is dry when rain does not fall, and a perambulation with an absent-minded scientist is also apt to be dry.

Some walks are stone, such as the one now degrading our campus. They are usually pleasant unless one falls upon them. Then they are hard. The walks that are dirt are usually most often country roads, in wet weather when one has tire trouble.

Wood walks are in a class by themselves. They are either through the woods, on a dark night or even on a moonlit one, or they are of narrow boards. This last kind is of a species fast growing extinct. We believe Ward-Belmont must have the last few in captivity, and these are in fast-failing health. Wood walks are pleasant upon which to click one's heels, and unpleasant upon which to slide when they are soaked with "agua."

DEL VERS DOINGS

The weekly meeting of the Del Vers was devoted to a brief but very enjoyable session of bridge at which high score was made by Margaret Matthews. About fifteen tables were played. Plans were also made for a second trip to Belle Meade after Easter.

Ida: "How can you tell he loves you?"

May: "By his way of watching me when I am not looking."—*Fashfinder.*

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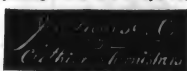
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THIRD QUARTER'S HONOR ROLL

(Continued from page 1.)

Washington. In the fourth year high school class the girls who attained the honor roll for this first month of the second semester were Mary Blackman Bass, Winona Curran, Frances Donlan, Frances Hairston, Ethel Hawkinson, Wendel Johnson, Mary Elizabeth Keller, Lucy Dell Leathers, Martha Pine and Mildred Wood.

The honor roll for the second month of the second semester had the following girls of the first year high school listed as making the required grades: Anne Lee Akers, Dorothea Castleman, Elizabeth Cowan, Mary Alice Farr, Frances Dorothy Gibson, Geneva Knox Jones, Betty Logie, Mary Elizabeth Ryan, and Jane Sutherland.

In the second year high school class, for this second month, were Lucy May Bond, Grace Cavert, Allie Brown Clark, Jane Everson, Eleanor Fleming, Elizabeth Gilbert, Barbour Howe, Ella Puryear Mims, Willa Mima Nooe.

The third year high school class honor roll was composed of Mary Laurent Brown, Katherine Dudney, Minnie Hayes, Margaret Keller, Josephine McKelvy, Nancy O'Connor, and Martha Washington.

Those girls in the fourth year high school class, who made the honor roll for the second month of the second semester, were Mary Blackman Bass, Winona Curran, Frances Donica, Frances Hairston, Ethel Hawkinson, Wendel Johnson, Mary Elizabeth Keller, Lucy Dell Leathers, Clare Packard, Martha Pine, Thelma Slaughter, Dorothy Valentine, Virginia Williamson, Mildred Wood.

THE SENIOR CHALLENGE

(Continued from page 1.)

The Vikings a few remain in my memory. In his hollow voice thus spoke the fearful guest:

"For in the northern land,
By the Baltic's strand
With my fenshish hand
Tamed I the Indian."

And then in turn the Vikings spake:
Oft did the voice of my leader re-
sound,

"With telling takes of courage and
renown,
How with his feet fast bound,
Skimmed the hardsurfaced ground
On which the Senior-Mids did
trown,
And trembled to walk on."

Many were the tales the Vikings
told and to these assertions of their
bravery the ghost replied:

"Take now the triumphant Senior
shield,
And never to the Senior-Middles
yield,
Be victorious on each battlefield,
Oh you Seniors!"

The Viking chieftain then arose and
to the band these words said:

"Heat ye, my warriors so bold,
What said the skeleton so cold,
And let us from the flaming hand
Drink deep to these Seniors old,
Then soon we shall bend like a reed
each mark."

And forward, forward to the task
Thence to his home in the fen,
We'll track the Indian;

Then with our victorious laden
We'll fight the hurricane home again
To the children of men our victorious
story

Will be repeated."

And to substantiate and support his
words the Seniors stood up, hoisting
high the individual flags of their col-
ors, sang the rousing Viking song, and
spiritedly filed out of chapel.

THE OBSERVER

Because of the interest they show
in the bird's nest outside her window,
Miss Leavell declares her classes are
going to be much more interested in
family relations than in history.

Margaret must have got pretty
tired the other day, Carol.

Notice! We have a budding seam-
stress in our midst. Have you noticed
the flowers Edythe is wearing on her
coat?

Miss Hollinger was telling her
classes about the old lady who had
second eyesight and her third set of
teeth.

Voice in rear of class: "If she'd dye
her hair now, she'd be as good as
new."

With all the new rules we've been
having, we have our doubts about be-
ing in a free country. This might
just as well be good old Siberia.

The bugs must go to Burchie's head.
You ought to hear the mournful melo-
dies she offers in biology class. In-
considerate we call it.

Pembroke holds a weekly fashion
show at monitors' meeting. At least
the girls all drag out their moth-
balled p. j.'s and ritzy negligees. 'Tis
strangely disconcerting to the moni-
tors.

Dear Cynthia

Last night dad
spoke of his
investments. I
said Dad,
won't you
please
suggest
some
good ones
for me!
His answer was
"Sure! buy yourself
some of those new
go-ons they're showing
at

Bella!
— Boris

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WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

Volume XVI

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Number 32

HONOR COMES TO INTERIOR DECORATING CLASS

Another expression of esteem as well as another honor has come to Ward-Belmont in the selection by Dr. McDowell of the Second Year Interior Decorating Class to draw up the designs for the reception room of his new dental office in the Medical Arts building. While the building was yet unfinished the art students accompanied by Miss Gordon, measured the rooms and walls, drew up their own blue prints and selected the furniture. The following girls submitted their plans and were paid for their work: Elizabeth Franklin, Margaret McMullen, Mary Virginia Huff, Roseann Morse, Thelma Peck and Frances Goddett. This marks the first work of a professional nature that has been done by the art classes. The students are to be congratulated upon their ability and success.

VENICE

Breakfast on the terrace! Right here on the Grand Canal, too, Fran. Do I see those six English cruisers? Yeah, and those greybouds of the sea are having a big naval celebration tonight. (They hurry through breakfast and depart for the most famous square in the world, St. Marks.) Bless my soul! Here's Florean's famous restaurant where all the romances commence. (They walk along under the porticos admiring the shop windows and the unusual way in which the merchants display their wares on racks outside the shops.) This place hurts my eyes, Fran. You bet there are 1,000 shops in this piazza! Just glance at those windows of beaded bags, shawls, umbrellas, lace. Honestly, I feel as if I'm in Fairyland. You are so dazed you don't know what you want? Me, either. Just look at those pigeons perching on people's shoulders and resting from their hands. (They glance at the center of the square where many pigeons are being petted and fed by tourists.) Say, let's have something to eat, Fran. (They seat themselves at one of the outdoor restaurants.) You'll go nutty if they let Valencia again? That piece is contagious—we've heard it ever since we got on the boat. Yeah, this ice cream is a brilliant hue. More Italian color. We sure are lucky getting a table among this crowd of tourists and sailors. (They leisurely finish their refreshments and resume their walk.) Say, here's the Bridge of Sighs. When a prisoner walked over this he took his last stroll—the dungeons connect with it. Did I know Venice is built on islands connected with these bridges? (After visiting the former prison they start for the

(Continued on page 8)

Mr. E. A. Hail Answers Summons

(From Nashville Banner, April 20)
Eustice A. Hail, fifty-eight, one of the principal owners of Ward-Belmont School and prominently connected with many financial and big business institutions of Nashville, died this morning at 7:55 o'clock at his home at Belmont and Fifth Avenue. Mr. Hail was first taken seriously ill early in January, and on March 12 took a trip to Houston, Texas, where he visited a son and daughter, who are residents of that city. He returned to Nashville only last Sunday with his condition unimproved, and died during the terrific thunderstorm that struck the city this morning.

Mr. Hail was born in Logan County, Kentucky, on December 30, 1868, and spent his boyhood days at Adairville. When quite young he began a business career which was to culminate in success. It was as news agent and correspondent for several Kentucky newspapers in the town of Adairville that he got his start.

When still a young man he moved to Fembroke, Ky., and there entered the employ of the Bank of Fembroke. This marked the beginning of his banking career, which was later crowned with success. In Fembroke he met his future wife, Miss Elizabeth Jones, a niece of Edgar Jones

of Nashville, and they were married September 26, 1890.

After several years in Fembroke, during which time he acquired a large interest in numerous small country banks, Mr. Hail bought an interest in the old Union Bank and Trust Company of Nashville and became vice-president of that institution. For many years he was the leading factor in the success of that bank, and when it was consolidated with the American National Bank he was elected a vice-president in the new institution.

Mr. Hail also became interested with Dr. J. D. Blanton, head of Ward Seminary, in the merging of that institution with Belmont College in 1913, and became one of the largest stockholders in the consolidated school. He was vice-president of Ward-Belmont up until the time of his death. Mr. Hail also dealt widely in real estate and owned much valuable property, both in this state and also in Mississippi, where he had a number of fine plantations.

Mr. Hail during the latter years of his life had practically retired from participation in business affairs with the exception of Ward-Belmont School, whose financial and business affairs he directed. He was consid-

(Continued on page 8)

PEABODY - WARD-BELMONT SWIMMING MEET

Ward-Belmont swimmers proved their excellency in a meet against Peabody, on Monday afternoon, April 18.

The events and results were as follows:

I. Plunge for Distance:

Gove—49 ft. Ward-Belmont
Kelly—46.1 ft. Peabody
Hudson—42.11 ft. Peabody

II. 50-ft. Free Dash:

Northrup—9.8 sec. Ward-Belmont
Carthew—10.1 sec. Ward-Belmont
Simmons—11 sec. Ward-Belmont

III. Plain Dives: (a) Standing;

(b) Running.

Neil Ward-Belmont
Simmons Ward-Belmont
Hudson Peabody

IV. 50-ft. Back Dash:

Northrup—12.1 sec. Ward-Belmont
Morelock—12.9 sec. Ward-Belmont
Simmons—13.2 sec. Ward-Belmont

V. 50-ft. Breast Stroke for Speed:

Weber—14.1 sec. Ward-Belmont
Carthew—14.3 sec. Ward-Belmont

(Continued on page 8)

THE SECOND YEAR COLLEGE SPECIAL

No one knew just what was in store for us on Friday morning as we saw the stage curtains drawn. It had been rumored that the second year college class was giving a stunt. The curtains parted and, to our astonishment, there appeared before our eyes a huge wooden shoe—in another moment the door of the shoe residence opened and who should appear but the Old Lady who lived in a shoe, followed by all her many children. In a beautiful moment Mrs. Blanton, a la Mary Virginia Huff, appeared and, of course, like a gracious hostess and indulgent mother, Mrs. Shoe Lady had some of her darling children perform for the visitor. First, that adorable Martha Edith Rogers sang most operatically, hitting every note from A to Z. Then athletic Dorothy Veasey executed with all the fire and abandon of a clown a most delightful folk dance. In a charming manner Blanche Motley, in a well-modulated voice, squeaked out the "Face on the Bar Room Floor." Much to the joy of her fond parent, Valda Thomas came dashing in on her hobby horse at a lumbering speed and was awarded the riding T cup. Then some of the second year college children performed—Louise Banfield resting in a beautifully forgetful manner. Virginia Shawhan and Joe Rankin soon made two pianos do some musical talking. Finally, a group of these lovely infants sang "High O, the Cheerio," touching the high points of some of our beloved Seniors and their anieristic tastes.

"THY KINGDOM COME" PRESENTED BY EXPRESSION DEPARTMENT

A rough-hewn stone tomb; three soldiers, dressed in old Roman costume, red in red and spangles and glittering helmet, walking about uneasily; a celestial light flitting above and around the tomb; a shadowy evening that seems filled with strange forebodings—that was the scene, as the curtain parted, of *Thy Kingdom Come*, "a dream" for Easter even," presented by the certificate students of the School of Expression Saturday evening.

The brief but powerful drama depicts the story of the soldiers' vigil at the tomb of the Saviour in a garden; the soldiers and their half-frenzied discussions as to whether there will be a resurrection of the Christ, the coming of the little children with their offerings of flowers, the troubled dreams of the soldiers, and the resurrection.

The success of the play lay in the fact that all the parts, even the seemingly least important, were acted with deftness and sympathetic feeling. Outstanding, imaginative and creative interpretation, moreover, was done by Elizabeth Nelms and Marie Louise

Pittman, graduate students, who took the parts of the Soldier Who Pierced the Side of Jesus and the Soldier Who Plaited the Crown of Thorns. Josephine Rankin, as the Soldier Who Wore the Seamless Coat also did clever work.

Others who took part were: the Little Daughter of Jairus, Marjorie Moss; the Boy Who Was an Epileptic, Alice Carr; the Son of the Widow of Nain, Ruth Johnson; the Lad Who Once Had Five Barley Loaves and Two Fishes, Louise Rowland; a Child Whom Jesus Blessed, Velma Jones; Angels Who Roll the Stone Away, Allie Bell Omohundrow, Lucille Smith, and Katherine Amos; the Dream with the Crown of Thorns, Elaine Frost; the Dream with the Lance, Regina Kellems; the Dream with the Seamless Coat, Margaret Inault; the Dream with the Cross, Hewell Given; Women at the Tomb, Helen Johnson, Mary Virginia Huff, and Katherine McKee; Disciples at the Tomb, Blanche Motley and Susan Vaughn; the Two Messengers, Rose Morrison and Lorene Banfield.

The play was coached by Miss Pauline Townsend, head of the Expression Department.

The School of Expression wishes to thank Miss Boyer for her training of the singers from the School of Music, and Florence Abels for her beautiful solo work.

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This sport suit sketched in our Suit Dept., by Miss Edith Jones, Ward-Belmont.

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"Always Lovely"



Easter Sunday was a very busy day and very exciting, too. At 6:30 the "Y" cabinet and a lot of the Voice students started out and made a trip through all the halls and around the campus singing Easter carols. Betty Martin and Dorothy Brain had charge of that. It is said that one shouldn't sing before breakfast, but it started the day off fine and so far as I can see left it that way.

Of course, the weather would keep us inside, so we had the early service in Rec Hall instead of on the roof garden as had been planned. The whole hall was decorated with Easter lilies, white carnations and spring flowers by Dorothy Kendall and her committee. Carolyn Brash played an impressive violin solo, accompanied by Harriet Condit. Dr. Hill conducted the service, and it was beautiful. He gave a little talk on the meaning of Easter and said that as nearly as chronologists can tell this day was actually the one on which Jesus arose.

On our way to breakfast, we were greeted with "A Joyous Easter," by a large poster at the foot of the stairs, that was lovely with its dainty flowers. This was made by Helen Moser. At our plates there was a white carnation and a fern leaf, given by the "Y" as a symbol of Easter. About eleven o'clock, Miss Van Hooser conducted a service on the roof garden for all the servants of the school.

For Vespers there was a very simple service that everyone seemed to enjoy. Geraldine Snelling played an organ prelude. Claire Harper played an exquisite violin solo, accompanied by Dorothy Brain, and Florence Abels sang beautifully the song, "Easter Eve," by Gounod, accompanied by Miss Boyer. Miss Van Hooser then read St. John's account of the end of the first Easter Day. She spoke of the joy that the disciples had as they closed that day with the Master in their midst, and of the joy that we have today in knowing that He is with us always.

VISITORS

Visitors are either welcome or unwelcome. They are either pleasant or boring. They are expected or unexpected. They are young or old. They are people, and sometimes they are not people.

Welcome visitors are, for instance,

one's parents, when the time stretches between you and home in a never-ending vista. Very nearly as welcome, and indeed, sometimes more welcome, is Tom, James, Bob, Frank or William. Upon beholding a visitor of that species, one is inclined to embrace the whole world, including him.

Unwelcome visitors are sometimes human, and sometimes inanimate. Unwelcome visitors in the human form are usually the bossess, when one is indulging in a midnight feast, or the consumption of contraband goods, or the proctor, just as the radio is going well. Unwelcome visitors of inhuman form are such things as monitor's slips, or any sort of pleasant invitation from the "powers-that-be," to ask that one honor them with immediate presence.

Pleasant visitors may be expected or unexpected. The expected visit of one's last year's roommate may be pleasant, until you hear how much fun she is having. The unexpected visit of one's aunt, on a Sunday afternoon, is decidedly pleasant, but when ladies unexpectedly visit one's room, on a tour of inspection, and the room never looked worse, it is decidedly unpleasant.

Elderly visitors with a tendency to become flowery over "all the beautiful, glowing young life, my dear!" are usually boring. Young visitors, (and by young is meant young) who are usually the apple of fond mamma's eye, and who insist upon being associated to walk around the ring of the fish-pond, are anything but pleasant. However, we will welcome visitors, and love 'em all.

SEARCHLIGHT FINDS

They call me Pollyanna. Funny! You know it is! Pollyanna is a name for a Sunday school class! Can you imagine me being the little girl that ran about saying, "This is for the best. There is no bad in the world, because something good will come from it."? I almost die laughing every time I think of it! Don't get me started. Yeah, imagine me the ideal "joy-spreader." Sounds contagious—now, doesn't it? That reminds me (poor Dads of W.-B. daughters!) Something more contagious than measles or mental laziness has struck the campus: the desire for new clothes! The flowers haven't a thing on us! We really decorate the campus, and such a campus to decorate! Really, dear child, you can't imagine what a setting we have. Who was it that sprang that one about "girls dressing to suit the men"? I might have believed it once. Perhaps at W.-B. you can blame it on the "crushes" instead of men. Maybe so! But I wish you could just see this campus with us in the evening. By the way, I'm going to get married in the evening, because it is the most romantic time, ever. So sudden! Oh, don't buy the rice yet.

Y. W. C. A. TEA ROOM

Special Menu on Mondays for

WARD-BELMONT GIRLS

IN PASSING

"In Passing" chooses this week to chat about a remarkable personality—a remarkable teacher and friend—in Ward-Belmont.

Those who are not studying under her are apt to see little of her, for she is not of an obtrusive sort. But fresh notice has been called to Miss Pauline E. Townsend's ability this past week by her presentation of an Easter play, "Thy Kingdom Come."

It was Saturday evening and general hilarity was in the air. Yet when the curtains parted and the drama began to grow by its simplicity and power, there was a spirit of quiet, sincere reverence throughout the audience—a silent tribute to a beautifully presented piece of art.

"Many people have asked me," she says, "how I can get certificate students to take small parts, as was necessary in 'Thy Kingdom Come,' but we play both large and small parts in drama of a fine life, don't we? And, the students realize that it must be the same in fine interpretive acting."

Miss Townsend has presented a great number of finely-finished plays. (they cannot be otherwise under her direction), both for practice work in the expression studio and for public audiences. Perhaps the most outstanding drama coached by her was the Greek tragedy, *Electra*, presented in the Parthenon building.

"We strive not to magnify the student, but the work—and through the work the student is herself magnified"—that is Miss Townsend's philosophy of teaching. And anyone witnessing "Thy Kingdom Come," would have agreed admiringly that it was a philosophy worth having.

LIZA'S LETTERS

Dearest Peg:

If I don't feel like a whole orphan's home I'd love to know who does! Absolutely everybody's parents were here but mine. I'll never forgive them I know, but they were adorable to remember me with a check and flowers. Another thing, though—on *Easter Sunday*, which just means new clothes, the six hundred of us marched out in old regulation with black, black, black, instead of new Easter bonnets and dresses. Corsages

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helped out a few lucky ones, but, of course, Liza got a pot plant. I'm just recovering from the disillusionment of the morning.

Yesterday afternoon we dressed up and sat wistfully watching civilization pass by. If the campus had not have looked unusually beautiful I would have died. Just six more weeks, though. I can't begin to realize it.

Extra! Extra! We are now the proud possessors and consumers of iced tea. 'Twas a gala occasion when we walked in one noon last week to see those usually uninteresting little serving tables lined with tall, amber-filled glasses. You'd understand all this nonsense if you come up here next year. Iced tea's been the maiden's prayer ever since it got warm (the weather I mean).

I rated a few letters this morning for a change. Your Easter card scattered sunshine as it was supposed to do, too, 'cause everything is doubly appreciated here.

I am inspired to read some good books but will have to get out my flash light and look for time. It is about this place, so as that is the case forgive this short letter while I struggle with French.

Love,
Liza.

ACADEMIC NOTES

Catherine A. Winnia, assistant instructor in the Expression Department, has left as a delegate from the Nashville Altrusa Club for Austin, Texas. She will read before the international club gathering "Fourteen."

The A and B Expression classes are making a serious study of the production of drama. They are now at work on some very clever plays.

The Chemistry students are looking forward to the trip which has been planned for a visit to the Nashville sulphuric acid plant.

ILLINOIS CLUB ACTIVE

The president of the Illinois Association requests that special note be taken of the following article, which should be of particular interest to Illinois Ward-Belmont girls and alumnae. In a letter recently received she said:

"It is time to be thinking of the Ward-Belmont annual luncheon. The Illinois Association is to give it on June 10th, at the Hotel Abraham Lincoln, Springfield, at 12:30 sharp.

"We want to make this one of our very best meetings, so please come and bring with you any friend who is planning to come to Ward-Belmont in the fall. After the usual business meeting, a lovely program will be given.

"The nominal sum of one dollar (\$1) for annual dues, and two dollars (\$2) for the luncheon are to be paid to Harriet Condit, Ward-Belmont; or after June first to Harriet Condit, 616 State Street, Beardstown, Ill.

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WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

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Application for second-class entry pending.

EDITORIAL

The recent death of Mr. E. A. Hail, for many years a vice-president of Ward-Belmont, came as a shock to his many friends. He has, throughout the last few years, been a familiar figure on the campus, with always a ready smile and warm greeting for each of us.

Mr. Hail has played a large part in the great success of the school in the past few years, and his wide guidance and good judgment will be greatly missed. Possessed of an unusual personality and business foresight, his many accomplishments in the business world of Nashville have made him one of the best known and most respected men in business circles, his influence having extended to a great number of successful enterprises. In the many, business connections which he has made, none were dearer to him than Ward-Belmont, and evidences of the great thought and large amount of time he unselfishly gave to the institution can be seen on every hand. Neither the hand nor tongue of man can pay a greater tribute to him than the lasting monument he has built for himself in our midst.

To his family the HYPHEN staff extends its deepest sympathy, and shares with them, as a part of Ward-Belmont, their great loss.

In less than six weeks will school be out, and many of us will then have closed forever our college days. Do we realize the opportunity that this year has been to us, and have we made the most of every situation?

If we have lived this year well, we can look back over it with a feeling of satisfaction and of time well-spent. But if we have idled and have shirked responsibility we will feel a sort of discontent with ourselves and our year's record.

During even these last few weeks we have time to at least partially redeem ourselves and make up for our shortcomings. There are themes to get in, exams to take, and numberless tasks to perform before school is out. If we keep our work up from day to

day these will be no hardship, but if we leave them until the last few days they will necessarily be poorly and hurriedly done. So let's take advantage of the few remaining weeks of school, and put forth our best effort that the results may be such as to warrant pride and satisfaction.

ALUMNAE NOTES

The engagement of Edna Lawrence to Mr. Firmin Desloge Fus, Jr., was announced recently at the Hotel Coronado in St. Louis. The wedding will take place in the fall.

Alex Morrison writes that she is very happy to give toward the Chimes Fund and hopes that the goal will soon be reached. She returned in October from a visit through Egypt, the Holy Land and Europe, and since has been busy teaching small classes in French and music.

Mary Clover Kishler sends a letter saying that she is most anxious to have the chimes for Ward-Belmont and that she hopes her daughter will enjoy them sometime in the future.

A letter from Ann Richardson tells of her hope that the chimes will soon be ringing for Ward-Belmont.

Elizabeth Pater gladly gives to the chimes cause which is "the dream of all us" and says, "I shall never forget the happy days I spent at Ward-Belmont and am always so glad of any news from school."

Thelma Hardman (Mrs. Lewis E. Smith) sends with her donation to the chimes a letter saying, "Many times I find myself humming *The Bells of Ward-Belmont*. My most cherished memories are centered around the old campus. I like to live the days over again and think of the lifelong friendships I formed there. My 'baby girl' happens to be a 'baby boy'; therefore he can't go to my Alma Mater."

I am sending a check for the chimes. It is lovely that Ward-Belmont is to have them—I am glad that the piece whose animate voices taught me a glorious idealism that stands in the face of all things, is to have another beautiful though inanimate utterance," says Olive Walton Pepper.

Elizabeth Haynes of Randolph-Macon sends her contribution to the chimes and says that she is anxiously looking forward to the time when she can return to Ward-Belmont to hear them.

Lois Elliott, another member of the Alumnae Association, was here last week.

WEDDINGS

Mr. and Mrs. George Abner Johnson announce the marriage of their daughter, Irene Louise, to Mr. Virgil Loren Marsh, on Tuesday, February 22, 1927, Belleville, Kans. Mr. and Mrs. Marsh will be at home after April 1, 1927, in Merriam, Kans.

THE CURRENT EVENTS CLUB

The Current Events Club at last Thursday's meeting had a general current topics discussion. The discussion was led by Mr. Dobb, the sponsor of the club.

Several very interesting topics were investigated, but the one which attracted the greatest interest was the Chinese situation. Everyone took part in the discussion so that interest ran very high.

Before the meeting adjourned, the club had not come to a definite decision about the speaker for next meeting,

SHOES

Shoes. Inanimate things. But as I look at the shoes in my closet I see the story of my days here at school mutely reflected. There they are, side by side, telling as best they can the main events of my school life.

First there are my moccasins. They have a faculty of becoming invisible every morning as I search wildly in the depths of my closet for them, while the breakfast bell peals out over the campus. These moccasins, huge, barge-shaped, and colored a dirty gray, are most intimately connected with me, for it is this pair of shoes which takes me to classes, where they are impatiently scuffed one against the other for an hour. These shoes carry me, sad or jubilant, as the case may be, from the post office into chapel every morning. They have taken me noiselessly down a hall during study hour and over the slippery rocks of Mammoth Cave with equal dexterity. Faithful, ugly old things that they are, I feel like patting them on the back for their usefulness every time I put them on.

Next to the moccasins are my uniform shoes, brown oxfords of alligator skin. They go past the observant eyes of the monitors on Sunday morning with an impertinent glance, as if to say, "I know my heels are not too high, thank you." Hurriedly they chase the chaperone's fast-disappearing back, and vainly try to find a tiny space in the street car. Theirs is a varied life, from a leisurely stroll on the walking limits to climbing up the steep steps of the Ryman Auditorium to hear some musician.

The shoes I like best are two pairs of pumps, one of tan kid, and the other of black patent leather. These are worn to dinner, after the hard school day is over. If they could speak, they would tell only happy tales of week-ends spent at the hotel with my mother, and of Sundays spent with day students. A scuffed place on the heel of one tells of the evenings spent in the gym learning the difficult steps of the Charleston.

Most perfect of all are my silver slippers, wrapped in waxed paper, and worn only on state occasions, such as a club dance or Saturday night, or the lovely birthday dinner given by Dr. and Mrs. Blanton. Their shining, high-heeled daintiness seems to twin-

kle up at me and say, "A week from tonight you will be dancing my soles off at the Country Club."

Over in a corner of my closet is a pair of tennis shoes, which must be kept clean and white or else gain an unfavorable comment from Miss Morrison. They fairly seem to shout, "Left, right, left, right. Heads up, weight on the balls of your feet," and I can see them land on the floor, too. I can see them straight ahead, as they diligently keep time to the music. See the round mark on the left one! That was left by a hard-hit hockey ball with which I came in most uncomfortable contact.

My riding boots also have their place. Stiff, unwieldy things, a struggle to get them on or off. I always have a sinking feeling when I put them on, as I wonder whether or not Beauty will be frisky and try to throw me.

Shoes, inanimate things, but together on my closet floor they reflect more clearly than anything else the story of my days here at school.

IS IT BEST TO THINK?

The underlying purpose in the life of every individual is, or should be, to give to the world the best he has. Service is said to be the road to happiness; the former, not the latter, is the goal.

Knowing the purpose of life, the next consideration is how to accomplish it in the easiest and most efficient way.

Men know as great usually have one passion for one work, and center all their energies upon this. But there are people who are great, and who are not recognized as such—the normal man or woman.

To be up to this standard there is no need to be unusual or spectacular in what one does; the requirement is that the individual develop all sides of his nature, for the benefit of all mankind.

Self-development is as interesting as it is necessary; the essential quality is *curiosity about the right sort of things*. Develop a sense of good judgment, and one will have more time to learn the things that will broaden his own personality.

First, acquire the facts—for a background, second, think for yourself. Third, don't take your thoughts too seriously, for that would hinder the happiness of yourself and those around you. Last, be willing to use the personality that you have developed for the bettering of the world—no matter how small a part you seem to be playing.

TRIOLET

Three stars crept over the garden wall,

Three stars looked into the shadowy hall.

Two lovers sat there, but not alone—Across from them at the chaperone.

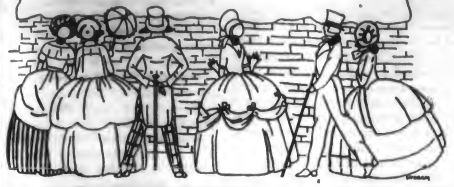
II

A fat-faced moon looked over the wall, A fat-faced moon peered into hall.

Two lovers sat there all alone With their feet on the corpse of the chaperone.

—"The Phoenix"

The Diary of Mistress Belle Ward



Tuesday, April 12.

Never have spent such a hectic day. Arose at about five A.M. to play baseball, but was so sleepy that the ball socked me in the eye before I even saw it. But I'm a loyal senior, at any rate, arising at such unheard-of hours!

Ate much breakfast! Athletics increase one's imbibing capacity to a great extent—also one's waist line.

Answered two questions in English class and Miss Scruggs was so overcome she nearly died. I really ought to be more considerate, and not give the poor lady such a shock.

Dropped into chapel by mistake and had a fine time voting for May Queen. Almost got my throat cut for electioneering so extensively for my room-mate.

A few more classes and then lunch. Ate tons! My land—this baseball appetite sure does stay with me through the day.

Broke down and studied a bit this afternoon. Just out of curiosity I'd like to see what Miss Scruggs would do if I had my lesson two days in succession. Ear-trained a bit too—now that's one subject I don't crave! Was too weary to do anything this study hour—so I just wrote home and am about to drop asleep in the chair—so, good-night.

Wednesday, April 13.

I knew it was the thirteenth without even looking at the calendar! In the first place I was late for breakfast—now that that isn't bad in itself, but when I start being late at breakfast I keep it up all day! And I broke my record this time! I was late for everything—even May Day dancing! Gee, I had the best time shooting deer all around the gym. I'm almost tempted to go out in the dark of the moon some nite and practice on some of the animules around the campus!

Got all dressed for baseball and then we didn't have any! Hurray! Hope Miss Morrison is kindly disposed again tomorrow!

We're getting religious again so we all flocked into the chapel for hear Dr. Stoves.

Decided not to study because it being the thirteenth I most likely wouldn't remember it anyway.

Thursday, April 14.

Well—I can breathe easily now that the thirteenth is over with. They sure do worry me!

Slept soundly all through French class, so I was all pepped up for history. Told Miss Leavell the best

fairly-tale, all about a treaty, and she was so pissed and surprised that she asked if I had studied my lesson. I sure am an up-and-coming history student.

Another bishop at chapel! Got four letters, and nearly dropped dead as a result! That's a fine sign for Easter—they're beginning to think of me Hurray!!!

Misplaced Sunday dinner with the faculty as guests. Can't understand the fried chicken in the middle of the week—but I ate it, nevertheless! Dr. Stoves again! We sure are getting religious.

Wasn't sufficiently moved to study this evening, so of course I didn't.

Friday, April 15.

Good-Friday and Hot Cross Buns! Well—Spring sure is here. I've actually fished out my last year frocks—and, as further proof, we've begun having iced tea.

Struggled through four classes, with no results so far as brilliant recitations are concerned.

More mail again today; can't understand what's wrong.

Ate lots of lunch, and then Stern Duty called me library-ward.

Prayed lustily for rain but it didn't come so we had baseball as usual. That's where I rise and shine with great brilliance!

Read College Humor and played solitaire all study hour. Was tempted to sit up in the cubby after light bell but fell asleep thinking about it.

Saturday, April 16.

Well, I feel like the world's red-headed step-child—everyone's leaving for the week-end but me! Weep! Weep! Weep! And what's more I had four classes and not a sign of mail! And it rained and rained!

Loafed all afternoon just out of spite! Cut off your nose to spite your face, says the roomie—but I don't believe her.

Got fooled on the movie question tonight—we had a religious drama, and it was grand!

Came home and played the vic afterwards. Due to the fact that we have no new records we were forced to enjoy *Hi Diddle Diddle!* and *Toniomy Trail*.

Sunday, April 17—Easter.

Was awakened at the wee small hours by someone singing Easter songs under my window—so I was moved to go to early Easter service. It was lovely. Dr. Hill spoke, and he just looked the part.

Did I ever say I was the world's red-headed step-child? Well, I guess

I was mistaken. I got the world's most gorgeous corsage—and candy and everything.

Went to church with the rest of the common herd, and sure did feel like a walking add for Joys.

Wrote letters all afternoon by way of excitement. Otherwise not a thing happened!

Monday, April 18.

The usual Monday classes—and was bored stiff—also as usual. But I donned my regulation and hid me to town for lunch. 'Tis strange how a strawberry shortcake can drive the gloom away!

Studied all study hour, till my head seems to be bursting with knowledge—something new and different!!

"Q. E. D."

Taking pen in hand, I find there is nothing to write. One tries to be serious, it sounds like a fore; one tries to be amusing, it is censored; one tries to take it down, it becomes flat.

I look toward the future, but it's better told with cards. I look back into the past only to find that which is worth telling is worn out, or mustn't be told. I consider the present—what do I find?

The day is neither warm nor cold; the sun shines, and there is a bit of half-melted snow on the ground. The weather is as uninspiring as a mass of dirty dishes waiting to be washed.

Vance sleeps, with no thought of my helplessness. There is no one else here.

The room looks just as it has looked all these months—with the exception of clean curtains, which can't be mentioned, for we aren't prepared to handle a crowd!

The mail today was limited to two letters—one which has to be answered immediately, and one which can't be answered for ages.

Food and fatness—a wonderful subject—has to be dismissed. Not enough thin girls to see the humor of it.

So proving nothing, we have nothing, which was the theorem to be proved.

WE NOMINATE FOR THE HALL OF FAME

First, ourselves (this is editorial bunk—I mean myself, y'know) because long-suffering and yet sweet of temper we—(I mean I)—remain as we bear our burdens of life.

Lorene Banfield for kicking a mouse so hard the other night that she killed him dead—it is not quantity but quality that counts in pedal extremities.

The man who invented Deauville sandals to take the place of our moth-eaten moccasins.

The second-year college class for putting on such a good take-off of the Seniors.

Miss Lester for playing Easter bunny with the joyful gifts from Joys's. Mary Dorothy Walker for her "Slide, Kellee, Slide," at baseball the other day.

The man who invented calendars. The girls who diet because they keep down the number of suicides in the country.

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WHAT THE WELL-DRESSED GIRL WILL WEAR

The first and foremost articles of apparel which a Ward-Belmont girl demonstrates are found in the closet of her roommate or other closets down the hall. These are to bring out the desired effect of a wardrobe. Of course, some people have peculiar ideas—the watchman would say some girls think the less the better, and one girl has threatened to get everything in her wardrobe to be strictly black-and-white until she reaches her dotage—but as a rule, there are certain general rules which apply to all really chic (pronounced "sheik") wardrobes.

In the way of shoes, first in preference is the regulation moccasin. This is adorned with pictures and other peculiar hieroglyphics (if I spelled it right you wouldn't know what I meant). Then for town and church wear are the skyscraper-heeled pumps. There is a wide array of what is being worn at all other times.

Dresses are really the things by which a person's general social standing, moral character, and religious beliefs are judged. Even before women wear shoes or hats or stockings or even rings in their noses they wear dresses. For classes no dress at all is worn—only a gym outfit which is approved by Miss Mills and appreciated by the faculty. For chapel, wear a riding habit and be sure that it is worn also to lunch. It is very dainty, girlish, and ladylike. At night never wear a dinner dress—anything which is old and ready to throw away will do. For later in the evening, almost universally, pajamas are quite the thing. There are but two times when you must really dress up. First, is mentor's meeting and, second, council, where nothing but the cutest dress on the hall will pass.

Hats—well, there is but one hat which is worn much around the campus, and that is a big straw one, worn by one of the really biggest girls on the grounds. However, during church time and when shopping, black hats seem to be the style. Anyone who wishes immediate popularity need only to imitate a style in red hats for church and green ones for town.

Coats—now that fur coats seem suddenly to be not the thing, have gone quite out of style. At present no coat seems to be worn to a great extent. The next one which will become popular—with some even before vacation—will be a coat of tan.

But why waste time and effort trying to point out what the chic (see above) thing is to wear? Judging by what is being worn by most of the girls at present, it will make no difference what I say to anyone reading this article.

PERSONALS

Edyth Dixon, Ellen Robinson, Alice Ingram and Mary Jones spent Easter with Alice's aunt, Mrs. E. L. James, in Jackson, Tenn.

Elizabeth Goode and Sarah Tucker were entertained Sunday afternoon by Mrs. Padgett.

Myrtle Carter spent the week-end with her mother.

Josephine Holden was with her mother for Easter.

Annie May McCaskey and Betty Martin spent Sunday with Mrs. E. W. Goodpasture.

Virginia Farmer and Nell House spent Easter at Nell's home in Galatin, Tenn.

Katherine Standifer went home for the week-end.

Wain Weber spent the week-end with her mother.

Mary Bell Duvall went to Elkton, Ky., for the week-end.

Winnona Griggs was with her parents for Easter.

Elizabeth Franklin spent the week-end with her parents.

Viola Jay spent the week-end with her father.

Helen Moser was with Mrs. Goodlett on Sunday afternoon.

Estelle Meggs, Edna Langhridge, Carolyn Dodge, and Dorothy Ellington were out with Mrs. Hill of Paris, Tenn., on Monday.

THE OBSERVER

Miss Leavell's lectures about the little bird are heartrending. I should say we wouldn't want her to have the nest carried off. But that's what she's going to do if we don't manifest some interest in history all of a sudden. Take her word for it.

Miss Hollinger (assigning research work on different diseases to various people): "Who has fleas?"

We wonder whether Virginia Cooper is trying to recall the "age of innocence"? Why, the hanging strands, Virginia!

Our dear teachers are so considerate. We're wondering how we can do three months' work in the last six weeks. They have a lot of faith in us, say we.

Janet Sage should have been a plumber from all reports. What a waste of a difference a hairpin makes, eh, Janet?

Miriam's tired of being called a dumb bell eighteen times a day. Why don't you do something to remedy the defect, Miriam?

Beverly Freeland does try so hard to co-operate with Miss Wilson in keeping the library quiet, but Mary Jane and Edith just won't behave. Hard life, isn't it, Beverly?

Something tells us Miss Meroney wasn't a model little girl at all. She must have been more of an "our-gang" leader from all her accounts.

Stunny the clothes some of us buy. One would think Marion Blackman's taste ran along the masculine line, to see her purchase a man's belt and tie in town Monday.

They, say childish things are for childish minds. You ought to see the array of rabbits and baskets Georgia got for Easter.

Miss Cason is trying to summon her little Latin lambs back to the fold for next year. But it's pretty hard.

Helen Johnson is manifesting her varied talent along another line now. She made the girls of Pembroke look like a crowd of freaks one night.

We wonder which pin June wore Sunday.

CHAPEL NOTES

uesday, April 12, 1927
 "Religion," said Dr. Stoves, "requires the supernatural and the spiritual, but not emotionalism. The spiritual cannot be explained intellectually, but is that something which poets and musicians are familiar with; which lifts out of self-consciousness and makes possible the accomplishment of the impossible, immortal things. When Queen Victoria heard the Messiah she could not refrain from standing, although for royalty to stand was an unheard-of procedure. When praying one should, likewise, feel the proper atmosphere so that one will come into direct communion with God. The weakness of the twentieth century is the lack of intimacy with God who should be one's daily companion, who is everywhere and in everything. Secondly, our standard of prayer should be higher. We should have a definite purpose for which we are praying. We should have all not pray for insignificant, but for the big, worthwhile things."

Wednesday, April 13, 1927

The Athletic Association presented letters to those girls who made varsity in water polo.

Thursday, April 14, 1927

In a short but impressive talk this morning, Bishop Gallor left with us three ideals which should constitute human life—truth, beauty and goodness. Truth includes everything that is real. First, let us be true to ourselves because we will then be sincere and straightforward with other people. In truth there is knowledge and in knowledge there is power. Christ said to know truth is to make yourself free from sin and death.

It is among the Greeks that the most exquisite sense of beauty is found—so exquisite that even today their productions remain as unsurpassed models and as our standards. Today in Italy Mussolini has ordered that every child shall be taught along with the principles of religion, the principles of art. Just as beauty in material things is pleasant to the eye, likewise, beauty of human character justifies all civilization and education. And, lastly, if we are true and beautiful, goodness follows as the natural outcome of the combination of these two qualities.

Friday, April 15, 1927

Today, through the kindness of the second year college class, we met the Old Lady Who Lived in a Shoe and her many children.

Saturday, April 16, 1927

Claire Harper, a diploma pupil of Mr. Rose, played several very beautiful violin selections.

I'M THE NIT-WIT

I'm the Nit-Wit that is selfish. I think of no one except me. I work the personal pronoun I almost to distraction. But my conversation isn't at all offensive, if compared with my actions. I am inconsiderate of everyone. At dinner, I gorge on the things I like, never caring whether others get their share. If I dislike any dish, I'm very free to say so, and explain

why with the most unobscure adjectives of my vocabulary. If I get a box from home, I eat; if I don't I share someone else's. In the room, I grab the best towels. I ask for the first tub, and forget that others are waiting to dress. The room is arranged to my taste; the dresser is littered with my things.

I insist upon talking, while the roomie wishes to study. In the post office rush, I shove; I want my mail. In fact, everywhere, at all times, I think of myself, and only me. I haven't many friends; am not very attractive; and certainly not happy—But then, I get what I want!

DOGWOOD TIME

The hills of Tennessee are very lovely now. In their majesty, they dip and rise, dip and rise, under the white-flaked blue of the sky, which smiles benignly upon them. But they are softened, for their gnarled rocks are covered with Spring. Vistas upon vistas beaming as far as the eye can reach, on either side of the road which winds up into the heights. See this ravine, lovely in its quiet, its towering sides sloping down to a bit of a stream, a fairy-sized house, and two midgets of fields, a picture in a priceless frame. And see those hills, in their softened vigor, proud of their drapings of many-shaded green. For each tree and bush is able to boast that it is lighter or darker than its gracious neighbor. But the most beautiful sight of all is that of the dark fir, made strong by the contrast of glorious cream-white in the dogwood trees, as beautiful as old, old lace shawls, left there carelessly.

EXCHANGES

Frankfort High Life, Frankfort, Ind.—Your front page is very good.

The Babbar, David Lipscomb College, Nashville, Tenn.—Your feature "An Oakmont Miracle" is interesting.

The Hornet, Furman University, Greenville, S. C.—Your paper should have more jokes in it.

Cups' Coffee, Coffee County High School, Enterprise, Ala.—We like your publication.

Blue and White, Trinidad, Colo.—There is not much to your paper.

The Conglomerates, Centenary College, Shreveport, La.—Your paper is interesting.

The Harbinger, Bryant High School, Bryant, S. D.—You need more news in your publication.

The Megaphones, Georgetown, Tex.—Your article on "Why Have Athletics" is very good.

The Gold and Black, Birmingham, Ala.—An extremely good paper.

The Signal, Central High School, Columbia, Tenn.—Your publication has many original and well-written poems and articles.

BASEBALL

Baseball is in full sway, for the social clubs are practicing three afternoons a week. The Seniors and Senior-Middles are out every minute of their spare time preparing for the great contest on Senior-Senior-Middle Day.

Peeping Ahead in the Fashion Calendar!

THAT'S the everlasting job of Lebeck Bros. Buyers—and their alertness is reflected in the intriguing styles, the clever accessories smart women will wear now, next month and the month after.

To the girls of Ward-Belmont we extend an invitation to make Lebeck's your style headquarters—and if there is any way we can assist you we stand ready to do so.

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MR. E. A. HAIL ANSWERS SUMMONS

(Continued from page 1)
ered an authority on financial questions, and his advice was sought by many on important questions of this kind.

One of the finest things in his life was his generosity toward boys and girls seeking an education, and though he seldom if ever revealed the extent of his work along these lines, it is said that he educated many boys, sending them through Vanderbilt University. He also was interested and aided them in their ambitions. He was a member of the Hillsboro Presbyterian Church and a member of the Scottish Rite bodies of Nashville, F. & A. M.

He is survived by his wife; three children, Egbert O. Hall of Houston, Texas; Mrs. Frank C. Smith of Houston, Texas, and Mrs. Lyman J. King of Cleveland, Ohio; four grandchildren, Frank C. Smith, Jr., Jane Corlette King, Egbert O. Hall, Jr., and William D. Hall; one brother, Egbert A. Hall of Louisville, Ky., and a sister, Mrs. Eudora H. Bell of Fort Worth, Texas.

Egbert O. Hall, his son, and Frank C. Smith, his son-in-law, of Houston, Texas, will arrive here Thursday at noon to attend the funeral, and his daughter, Mrs. Lyman J. King, of Cleveland, Ohio, will arrive early Thursday morning.

Funeral services for Mr. Hall will be held at the residence, Belcourt and Villa Place, at three o'clock Thursday afternoon, under the direction of the Rev. L. C. Kirkes, assisted by the Rev. Pohanwan W. James.

Pallbearers will be as follows: V. I. Witherspoon, A. B. Benedict, Charles Nelson, Edward Potter, Jr., John W. Barton, W. E. Ward, C. C. Traboe, and Will T. Cheek.

Burial will be at Mt. Olivet Cemetery.

PEABODY-WARD-BELMONT SWIMMING MEET

(Continued from page 1)

Gustman—14.4 sec. Peabody

VI. 100-ft. Front Dash:

Northrup—21.7 sec. Ward-Belmont

Carthew—22.2 sec. Ward-Belmont

Morelock—22.6 sec. Ward-Belmont

VII. Fancy Dive: (a) Swan; (b)

Jack-knife; (c) Elective:

Neil Ward-Belmont

Simmons Ward-Belmont

Hudson Peabody

VIII. 200-ft. Relay:

Ward-Belmont 39.5 sec.

Peabody 47.1 sec.

The officials presiding over the meet

were: Miss Sisson, clerk-of-course; Miss

Marrs, assistant clerk; Miss

Morrison, Mr. Moore, Miss Jeter, and

Mr. Potter were the judges and timers;

Mr. Potter, judge of start; Miss

Smith, scorer; Miss Warwick, re-

cordier.

VENICE

(Continued from page 1)

Doges' Palace.) These cells really weren't half bad. No, they aren't my idea of a boarding house, either. Well, here's the palace. You bet it was some place at the time of Venice's highest glory? (They wander through

halls filled with statues to the Senate Chamber.) Well, here's the art monstrosity. Covers two whole walls. (They wander out into the street once more and stop before a church.) St. Sophia's Church, Fran. (They enter.) Miss Ross said these were some of the oldest mosaics. (They gaze at the numerous golden designs.) You feel like an antique and horribly rusty among these toms? Come on, let's leave. Say, we'd better get back for lunch. Miss Ross is going to take us to a lace factory, a bead factory and then to the famous Lido Hotel this afternoon.

KANSAS-MISSOURI ALUMNAE MEETING

Virginia Lou Sample, enthusiastic vice-president of the Ward-Belmont Kansas girls, wishes the Kansas and Missouri girls, both those in school this year and the alumnae, to pay particular attention to the following letter:

Dear old W.-B. Kansas Girls:

The annual meeting of the Ward-Belmont Kansas-Missouri Association is to be held June 14th at Hotel Muchleback, Kansas City. Let's all be there. The luncheon is at twelve-thirty sharp, the business meeting at eleven.

A beautiful program has been arranged that will be broadcast by the *Kansas City Star* at three o'clock sure. Definite arrangements have been made with the *Star*. Come girls, and have one more good time together. Send your state dues of one dollar promptly please, whether you can come or not.

Dear Cynthia

Sara said to me:
They say—love is
blind! Well, I'm
in love
all right!
I was just
going out
of town to
buy a new
gown when
I discovered
we have the newest
and most reasonable
things right here at



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— Boris

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PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

Volume XVI

NASHVILLE, TENN., SATURDAY, APRIL 30, 1927

Number 33

GIRLS NAMED AS CHARTER MEMBERS OF SCRIBBLERS' CLUB

"A very good set of papers," is the opinion of John Ransom, poet and Vanderbilt professor, who was one of the three judges of the writing submitted as tryouts for the newly-organized Scribblers' Club.

The other two judges, Miss Rachael Norris and Miss Anne Allison, members of Ward-Belmont faculty, join with him in their enthusiasm for prospects of the new club.

"It ought to be a great incentive for good writing," Miss Norris declares. "With the one or two unusually talented girls in the group, it will inspire others to do finer work."

"We know in psychology that people work better in the spirit of play. We think that these twelve girls, working together, with a zest and interest for the same things, will undoubtedly produce a great deal of better writing."

Enthusiasm of the judges is based not only on the individual merit of the papers, but also on the different kinds

(Continued on page 7)

MAY DAY

Doesn't spring always give you a back-to-nature' feeling? The more you are, the more intense the feeling. A sparkling, fresh, good humor, an exuberant happiness tingling through the atmosphere, sends you scampering to the fields and woods. And that is the reason for May Day.

May, half way between the fresh, tender, greenness of early spring and the full bloom beauty of summer, with the more of the charm of both, has been, since Roman days, the time for a spring festival. Then, they celebrated with the Floralia, or floral games, in honor of the goddess Flora. These games began on the twenty-eighth of April and lasted several days. Thus the precedent was set for the first day of May as a fête day. The custom has survived in southern France and in England, where its fullest development was reached during the sixteenth century.

The humbler classes, middle and lower, rose early on the morning of May first, and made a rush for the woods to gather flowers and hawthorn. On earlier days the ladies and gentlemen joined in the marriage Chaucer says, in his "Court of Love": "Forth with all the court, both most and least, to fetch the flowers fresh." Even Henry VIII's day, the nobility copied the rustics in their festivities, and when the Virgin Queen ruled, with her characteristic love of show, she made May First a courtly gala day. But had none of the ignoble innocence and simplicity that the pastoral setting and homely rustles gave it.

(Continued on page 8)

Macpherson's Recital

Ward-Belmont had triple pride in Friday evening's recital at the Ryman Auditorium when Joseph Macpherson, bass-baritone of the Metropolitan Opera Co., made his debut in Nashville.

For Macpherson, acclaimed by some cities as the greatest American singer, was discovered by a Ward-Belmont teacher, trained in Ward-Belmont's music studios, and prepared for grand opera by Ward-Belmont's great teacher—Signor de Luca.

This man who has been hailed so enthusiastically by critics and music lovers since his debut before the Metropolitan Opera Co. in New York last December, came Friday to prove his worth to his own city.

He had come to Nashville several years before. He had seen it. But Friday night he conquered it. It was his from the moment he walked onto the stage and was given the tremendous ovation of his townspeople rising in a mass to welcome him, until the last notes of his beautifully-toned, beautifully-ennunciated pieces of vocal art died away.

The Nashville Banner commented on his program as follows:
Mr. Macpherson's program opened

with a group of old and recent Italian and French songs. The older ones were "Bois epais" from Luky's "Amadisa," and "Per la gloria d'adoravi" by Bononcini. The newer things were Ponchielli's aria "Si, morir ella de" from "Giocanda," "Qand le roi part aux combats" by Koeneman and a Verdi aria, "Il lacerato spirito."

It was the Koeneman number, a militant thing, which seemed to combine best with the singer's own martial, mannish style. And this vital buoyancy came out again when he sang the grateful "Dio dell'or" from Gounod's "Faust," the corking song "Spanish Gold" by Fisher, "King Solomon and King David" (an encore) by Cooke, the "Tavern Song" by Fisher, "Comrades in Arms" (DeKoven) and "Three for Jack" by Squires. This type of work made perhaps the deepest impression on his hearers, even though these English songs did not show the detailed perfecting of coaching which was evident in his operatic arias.

An extremely pleasing rendition of the "Volga Boatman" song closed Mr. Macpherson's all too short program.

The recitalist was masterfully accompanied by Wilfrid Pelletier at the piano.

Mammoth Cave Trip

We were an eager, excited group that assembled Monday morning, April 25, to start for Mammoth Cave for we were to have the pleasure of another perfectly-planned Ward-Belmont excursion. The four-hour trip to Glasgow Junction, Kentucky, was filled with bridge, alternating Senior-Middle and Senior class songs, state songs, more bridge, more songs, and a general good time. We were very disappointed to find that neither Doctor Blanton nor Mr. Barton were able to come with us, but we knew who had planned and made possible our good time, and we appreciated it.

The real fun began with the Dinky-Hercules with oil lamps, wall paper and enormous candles. Every time the whistle blew Hercules would have to stop to get up enough steam to proceed but we were in a mood to like even that. Immediately after reaching Mammoth Cave Hotel we were ushered into the dining room where a most delicious country dinner was served us. After dinner we put on our gym outfits and started for the Cave. Just before entering each group had their pictures taken.

There are five routes through the cave in all covering one hundred and fifty-two miles (so our guide, Bill Lively, who has worked in the cave for twenty-one years, informed us.) The Ward-Belmont parties took route one. We descended solid stone stairs

down into the only opening of the Cave. After walking a few yards we were led through a little iron gate that would have shut us into eternal darkness had it not been for our faithful little oil lamps. We were then led through a "spooky" looking place filled with monuments and tombstones. Then through Dante's Gateway, the Wooden Bow Room, Black Snake Avenue, Wine Cellar, then to get a drink at Richardson's Spring, on by Side Saddle Pit over which lies Minerva's Dome, on to the Bottomless Pit which, much to our disappointment, had a bottom one hundred and five feet below. We passed on to Shelby's Dome, Bridge of Sighs, Reveler's Hall, Penicosa Avenue, Vibration Hall, Scotchman's Trap, Fat Man's Misery on to "Great Relief," which leads into the Bacon Chamber. Other places visited besides those too numerous to mention were Corkscrew Hall, a boat trip on Echo River, Broadway and Horseshoe Bend.

A country supper, equally as good as our dinner was waiting for us after our four hours in the cave. By five-thirty we were on the Dinky again. We left Glasgow Junction just before dark. We could still see the dogwood, which seemed to be our invitation to Kentucky, which we poetically thought resembled cherry lace shawls carefully draped over bare trees—and we considered if it were possible to have a better time.

PUPILS OF MR. GOODMAN WIN HIGH PRAISE IN CONCERT

BY ALVIN S. WIGGANS
(Music Critic of the *Tennessean*.)

The annual concert of the pupils of Lawrence Goodman, head of the piano department of Ward-Belmont was given Wednesday night at Memorial Auditorium. Heretofore the concerts have taken place out at the school. (From Nashville *Tennessean* of April 27).

"Mr. Goodman's reputation as pianist and teacher is nation-wide because of his concerting, his making of Duo-Art records, and because students come from many states to study with him.

"The nine young pianists participating were assisted by Miss Elizabeth Lusk, pupil of Kenneth Rose, director of violin at Ward-Belmont. All of the young ladies are very talented and gave a program of difficult numbers and were warmly applauded by the entire school membership and many Nashville music lovers.

(Continued on page 8)

THE POETRY SOCIETY

In the fall of 1925 John Crowe Ransom, Donald Davidson, and Mrs. John Reeves organized a poetry society for Nashville. Due to the fact that all other large cities had one and that the "Athens of the South" had always been a leader in cultural movements, they thought that Nashville should have a poetry society. Moreover, few cities had two such outstanding poets John Crowe Ransom and Donald Davidson to encourage and lend prestige to such an organization.

The inspiration for this society was a Vanderbilt organization which went under the name of the "Fugitive Group." Under the leadership of Mr. Ransom and Mr. Davidson some Vanderbilt boys had a club which published a magazine called "The Fugitive." The society was a remarkable example of the ironic movement in literature for which the South seems to stand. These boys wrote extensively and then read and criticized each other's works. They became known all over the United States. Their magazine had a wide circulation. The fame of the society had even spread to Europe, according to an English poet, who visited Nashville at that time, and it was likely to be copied abroad. The cost of publishing the magazine was so great that after a while it was abandoned.

Mrs. Reeves wanted to use the members of the Fugitive Society as a nucleus for her poetry club. Consequently, she and Mr. Ransom and Mr. Davidson met and organized the

(Continued on page 7)

THE
Sport Suit



EVERY SMARTLY DRESSED girl boasts a Spring Suit from Castner's—authority on street costumes. A new allure is presented in the latest arrivals awaiting your approval.

With Easter so near, one's thoughts naturally turn to colorful frocks and lingerie. We are offering some new designs in crepe de chine lingerie that you surely want to see the next time you are visiting the store.

This sport suit sketched in our Suit Dept., by Miss Edith Jones, Ward-Belmont.

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HOW TO FLUNK GRACEFULLY

As the time has nearly come for reckoning we might as well do what is inevitable gracefully. By all means give up hope of passing at once, instead of appearing dumb you can say with satisfaction, "I didn't 'crack' a book—too much trouble. I could have made all A's or B's if I had studied." Immediately after a statement like this it is usually appropriate to talk about the weather or something similar even before stopping to take a breath. It often saves embarrassing silences and catty remarks. Cutting as many classes as possible helps. Be sure and either lose, give away or destroy your book. Even the least evidence must be destroyed so you may flunk with a clear conscience. Talk or write letters during class, you may have the good fortune of having the teacher call you down publicly. In this way, your class at least will know that you didn't try, and it really wasn't on account of your feeble mind.

MR. GOODMAN IN DEMAND

Mr. Goodman's talents are much in demand, making his schedule a busy one. On May 2nd he will play in Paris, Tenn., for the Paris Music Club, and on May 5th in Tullahoma, Tenn., for the Tullahoma Music Club, giving descriptive recitals on both occasions.

On April 8th Mr. Goodman played in Springfield for the Tennessee Federation of Music Clubs. Two of his pupils also played during the convention: Nell Richardson on April 7th, and Rubye Briggs Sprouse on April 8th.

On May 5th a number of pupils of Mr. Goodman will broadcast from WSM from nine until ten o'clock.

MOVIES WE'D LIKE TO SEE

- The Blonde Saint—Mabel West.
- The Call of the Wilderness—Edith Jones.
- The Campus Flirt—Jesse Swain.
- Corporal Rate—Katie Amos.
- The Gay Deceiver—Kirtley Choiser.
- Exit Smiling—Blanche Motley.
- Casey at the Bat—Cleta Black.
- Fashions for Women—Valda Thomas.
- "It"—Mary Virginia Huff.
- Redheads Preferred—Edythe Dixon.
- The Music Master—Kat Rogers.
- It Must Be Love—Margaret McMullen.
- The Lily—L. Jackson.
- You'd Be Surprised—Elizabeth Gode.
- The Timid Terror—Ellen Robinson.
- Sunny-side Up—Marjorie Moss.
- Red Hot Hoofs—Dorothy Veasey.
- The Texas Streak—Edith Leavens.
- The Lucky Lady—Lucille Canfield.

Miss Emily Almstead, a deaconess of the Southern Methodist church, spoke in Vespers last Sunday evening. Her first work was among the negroes of Nashville, where only her sense of humor saved her from despair at their condition, but she says that although leadership is costly it pays. These little bits of wisdom in her talk are especially worth remembering. "The greatest carpenter is the one who builds the best character. The greatest mathematician is the one who adds the greatest joy and subtracts the greatest number of sorrows. The greatest artist is the one who paints the greatest smile on the face of sorrow."

After the vesper services Miss Almstead had tea with the girls in the Anti-Pan clubhouse.

Miss North was back last Sunday and met with her regular group. Both discussion groups talked about what they were going to do this summer; and how this year away from home had affected them and would affect the home folks.

The Ward-Belmont "Y" is feeling very proud these days. Miss Katherine Butler, national student secretary, who was with us not long ago, was especially interested in three of the ideas we have used this year. The "Y" week-end last November, and recognition service for new members; the Epiphany service just after Christmas, when a pageant of the giving of the gifts of the Wise Men to Jesus was held, and our gifts to the factory girls of Japan; and the dramatization of our "Minutes" in chapel. Miss Butler said that these ideas may be used by the National Board of the Y.W.C.A. as suggestions for other "Y's" throughout the country.

Virginia Bidwell has been accepted by the board of the inquiry conference, to be held at Blue Ridge, Virginia, this summer, as the delegate from the "Y" of Ward-Belmont. Each delegate must be approved by this board before she can attend. The number of delegates is limited to 200, and they are being chosen from the colleges and universities of the South.

The "Y" library! Open every Saturday evening from 5:30 to 6:00 in the "Y" room. Many girls are enjoying the best of the latest fiction over the week-end. Are you?

Y. W. C. A. TEA ROOM

Special Menu on Mondays for
WARD-BELMONT GIRLS

WILL YOU EVER FORGET THE TIME WHEN—

You got your first impression of our four gray walls and four gray eaves.

You had that funny sinking feeling the first night and the growing feeling of nostalgia which made itself more and more prevalent the first few weeks.

The first time you saw your roommate!

Flag Day!

The first monitors' meeting you attended where you got all hot and cold and shaky.

How you dreaded a whole year away from the family and the boy friend.

The first time you counted the days all Christmas.

The solemnity of club initiations.

Hallowe'en dinner and Thanksgiving dinner following the football game.

The time you went to Council. Whew!

The cowgirl shirts and sweat jerseys.

The day at Chattanooga—the view, the cold, the food, the orchestra.

When the time finally came when you packed your trunk and then the day to start Christmas vacation.

The trip home! Oh, what high spirits!

The gay round of parties at Christmas with new clothes and new beaux.

Then back—at first glad to see everyone and tell everyone everything.

The worst of all—the dread, down-and-out feeling, looking toward the lectures of mid-years, five months, and more.

Mid years—terrific and overpowering.

The Senior challenge and the Senior-Hello acceptance.

And so it goes and each day from now on will add another page to the joys and sorrows of the Ward-Belmont girl.

LIZA'S LETTERS

Tuesday.

Dearest Mother and Dad:

After recovering from the shock at the sight of an occupied mail box, I rushed madly to find a week's growth of newspapers delayed by the floods.

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SATSUMA TEA ROOM

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I could have wept bitter, salty tears for not having a letter but I fooled myself and laughed and laughed 'cause I knew all the time so one ever wrote letters on Sunday.

We had a most miraculous time at Mammoth Cave yesterday. It was very different from the other trips taken with a school party. Did we have fun? It was just like a second childhood for us old sophisticates. Fond parents, you would never have recognized your daughter wallowing in slippery mud, doing the Greelean (?) bend, corkscrew wiggle, and Mammoth stumble. At times I just could not realize it was me three hundred and sixty feet below the surface with bottomless pits, stony rivers and fat man's (as well as other's) miseries. We felt so Diogenes-like with our lanterns.

Everything would have been lovely had I not eaten so much. Alas! we learn by bitter experience and ham sandwiches, as you know, and bananas have been my weaknesses since childhood. I haven't the nerve to go to the infirmary so I'll drag to classes, and perhaps catch up on some sleep. Now how were we to recognize the chaperones when they all were dressed in gym suits? You would have blushed for family pride if you'd heard me yell at the chaperone to hurry up and not take all day just to climb a ladder. The look she gave me would have pierced the Bottomless Pit without a second glance. There's the lunch bell and I am forced to go! Thus endeth the trials and tribulations of your child for a few minutes at least.

Love,

LIZA.

IN PASSING

Spring is here! How do you know it? Loitering groups on the campus every evening with many soulful oh's and ah's about the beauty of the new moon; renewed activity in the post office; sterner looks on the faces of the faculty and warning against spring fever; prolonged discussions concerning who will be May Queen; and the suddenly-developed dignity of the Seniors-who-are-graduating.

By the way, the Seniors are stepping proudly this week—for wasn't it their hall which was struck by lightning? And some one of their midst has declared that lightning strikes bright things.

And while we're on the subject of Seniors—you know they have ordered graduation announcements saying something or other about how cordially they invite the receiver-who-is-several-thousand-miles-away to the exercises. Now, we've always admired frankness, so we would suggest something like this: "The Seniors of the class of 1927 realize that you cannot attend their graduation from Ward-Belmont, but we assure you that it is a very important occasion—and all gifts will be gratefully received."

Here's to Old Kentucky;

The State where I was born—
Where the corn is full of kernels
And the Colonels are full of corn.

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Style

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NASHVILLE,
TENN.

WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

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TON, CATHERINE LEAVITT.

Application for second-class entry

pending.

EDITORIAL

Warm spring breezes, showers, sunshine, blooming flowers, leafing trees—all evidences of the breath of spring. Spring—the period of growth and freshness—treads noiselessly, leaving youth, energy, beauty in her wake. Sorrow and melancholy melt away, for sunshine and happiness do not comprise a favorable element for misery.

A period of growth we call it. Are we too growing? Growing to be bigger and finer women, growing until our characters and natures can embrace the most of life and humanity possible?

Mental and spiritual growth are, undoubtedly, of far greater importance than is physical growth. A deformed and twisted body we know to be a terrible handicap, but how much more unfortunate it is to possess a warped and twisted soul, a perverted sense of morality.

Now that spring—traditionally the time for housecleaning—is here, let's renovate our minds, discarding the undesirable and leaving only the best as a basis to which we may add fine thoughts and noble characteristics.

This is the home stretch! There are only a few more days of school so we may call this the home stretch of the school year. Now that spring has made its appearance we feel a longing to neglect our academic work. It is much more pleasant to wander over the campus and become addicted to studying nature, in an amateurish way perhaps, but even so, it's lots of fun. Most of us if we could would never appear at class, but would spend every day on the campus idling.

We probably don't realize what a great deal of difference these last few weeks make, but they do. We don't want to let our studies go and then realize at the last minute, when it's too late, that we haven't made our grades. Home-going should be happy, but can it be if the failure we make must go home with us?

Let us get down to work and do every bit that belongs to each day as it comes. Then at the last there will be no great struggle to make up back work—nor worse still any complete

failures to mar the happiness of home-going. How much better to end a successful year leaving no dark record behind. Let's do our work now and enjoy real happiness the last days of school.

ALUMNAE NOTES

The engagement of Charline Mayes to Mr. Sidney Simms McKinney of Atlanta, was announced recently by her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Hinkle. Mr. Hinkle graduated from Washington & Lee and Harvard Law School. Charline took the Expression diploma from Ward-Belmont and then toured Europe.

WEDDINGS

Mr. and Mrs. W. V. Roesch of Shawnee, Oklahoma, announce the recent marriage of their daughter, Margaret Evelyn, to Mr. James Bernard Stubbs. Margaret graduated from Ward-Belmont and then went to the Oklahoma Baptist University. After receiving her teacher's certificate she has been instructing in the Junior High School of Shawnee for two years. Mr. Stubbs is interested in oil and after the close of this school year Mr. and Mrs. Stubbs will be at home in Amarillo, Texas.

WEEK-END GUESTS
AT WARD-BELMONT
APRIL 23, 1927

Ward-Belmont was visited during the past week by many out-of-town patrons of the school. Among them were:

Mrs. G. A. Lindsay, Portland, Ark.; Mrs. Peters, Pawnee, Okla.; Mrs. J. B. Daggett, Mariana, Ark.; Mrs. J. H. Threat, Dixon, Texas; Mr. H. T. Robinson, Saginaw, Mich.; Mrs. T. L. Foulds, Alton, Ill.; Mrs. L. O. Blanton, Dallas, Texas; Mrs. J. R. Aiken, Dallas, Texas; Mrs. DeLeon Carter, Rocky Mount, N. C.; Mrs. C. A. Martine, Urbana, Ill.

NAPLES

To the traveler who has just completed the long, hot, dusty journey through the many tunnels of the Apennines, the freshness and greenness of the countryside about Naples are most welcome. The hillsides are covered with vineyards. Here and there Roman ruins repose beneath the bluest of skies; resting places nestle as convenient roadway for the footsooter traveler. Above on the ridges old castles rise, almost unreachable in their rocky positions. On the outskirts of the city are the Indian-like houses of the villages are huddled amidst olive trees and gardens of lumpy, light material used in the rush bottom chairs. The train pulls into the station and after the usual bustle, so characteristic of Italian cities, the traveler is conveyed to his hotel. Before it spreads forth the Bay of Naples in semi-circular formation. To the left Vesuvius rises, awake, calmly smoking. At its foot lie the ruins of Pompeii, not discernable, however, among the many small villages sprung up about it. Along the waterfront

before the hotel wander singing Italians, enjoying the cool at the close of a humid day. Out into the harbor is built a dance pavilion and about are many pleasure boats! Music! Music! Everywhere! In the streets, waded over the water. Dusk descends, many lights blink on the distant hills and shores. Vesuvius assumes at its summit a red glow beneath a smoky cloud. High into the sky a full moon is climbing. Soon it makes silver the ripples of the gentian-blue of the Mediterranean and to the whole atmosphere lends a silvery, soft tone.

CHAPEL NOTES

Wednesday—April 20, 1927

The school was both shocked and grieved at the announcement of the sudden death of Mr. Hall. For twenty-three years Mr. Hall had been connected with the school and it was with great sorrow that the students learned of his passing.

Friday—April 22, 1927

Class meetings.

Saturday—April 23, 1927

The Senior Middles cleverly challenged the Seniors in answer to the challenge the mighty Vikings gave.

A mighty band of yomen appeared before us—yea, the time of Robin Hood has returned. Hark a whistle and Robin Hood himself arrives upon the scene. "Have you heard, my men, what the Vikings have dared to say?" "Yea," came the thundering answer.

"What say you then? Shall we ignore it or shall we teach these ruffians a lesson?"

Just then the village sheriff, decrepit and old, appears on the scene. "This old fellow," said Robin Hood, "we have always outwitted, and he is the leader of our enemies."

Then as the poor old sheriff departs from the scene the yomen assure their leader of their strength and skill and argue to accept the challenge. Then in quick and rapid succession, they run away into the roads to practice for the day when their strength and skill they will display.

PUPILS OF MISS LEFTWICH BROADCAST

A delightful piano recital was broadcast from station WSM on Wednesday night, April 27th, by the following of Miss Leftwich's pupils: Elaine Frost, Janet Sage, Katherine Kean, and Mildred Wood.

Mrs. L. B. Gamble, one of Nashville's best dramatic sopranos, was another feature of the evening's program.

I'M THE NIT-WIT

I'm the nit-wit that *grumbles*. Nothing suits me. I see the worst side of everything. I'm dissatisfied with school, my friends, and myself. I don't like the food, but I eat my share anyway. I like my room all right, but—well, I wish it had more windows, and it could be larger. I hate to wear black. What if I used to wear it at home? I didn't have to, then. Our club house hadn't as good a Victoria as I wish we had. I hate the monitors on our hall. Student government

is the limit, anyway! Who wants a date in "Rec"? I can't imagine anything worse! Don't you hate those concerts! What if I did say I wish we would get out. I'm dissatisfied with life in general. I don't really feel as bad as I act, but then, I think it sounds as if I'm somebody. Oh, I'm the chief grumbler!

W.-B. STUDENT
WRITES INTERESTING HISTORY OF
LOCAL CHURCH

A Ward-Belmont student, Ellen M'Clung Buckner, is the author of an interesting history of the First Presbyterian Church of Nashville, an article published in the *Banner*, Sunday, April 17. The church history prepared by Miss Buckner as a part of her course in English A summarizes the main points of interest in the life of the church. Some of the facts included in the article were secured from newspaper clippings, some from manuals, but many were furnished directly through conversation with citizens of Nashville long associated with the activities of the church.

To Ward-Belmont students who attend the church the paragraph describing the significance of the architecture of the present church structure, dedicated to God on Easter Sunday, 1851, "with much pomp and circumstance," will be most interesting:

"The interior of the church in its decorations is a reproduction of the ancient Egyptian temple. There is a mystic meaning in the colors used, which originated among the architects hundreds of years ago. The red represents divine love; the blue divine intelligence; the golden-yellow, the mercy of God; the lilacs, innocence and purity; the triangle, the trinity. The winged globe, which is carved in the dark woodwork of the pulpit chairs, over the doors, and in the casement of the organ, has its symbolic meaning also. The globe represents eternity, the serpent represents wisdom, and the wings represent the love. Though the symbols were taken from heathen temples, the members of the First Church look upon them as one of the earliest expressions of a belief in immortality and in one God."

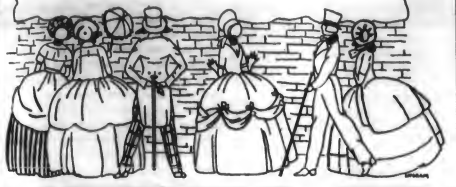
Miss M'Clung has received a letter from Mr. Leland Hume, historian of the First Presbyterian Church, praising her work in compiling this history, and stating his appreciation of it and his intention of placing it on permanent record in the archives of the church.

ACADEMIC NOTES

The History of Art classes are now studying seventeenth century Dutch and Spanish paintings. The classes are enjoying the human interest and historic background as well as the art proper.

The English G class is quite engrossed in the new play, *Sarpasocchi*, which has been such a success in New York this winter.

Miss Ellen Couch, practice teacher in Expression, will lecture at Vanderbilt College Hall before the rural teachers on religious drama.

The Diary of *Miss Belle Ward*

Tuesday—April 19

Arose at about three A.M. to play baseball. Now I may have been sleeping, but I can't remember when. Had an awful time playing because I just couldn't keep my eyes on the ball.

Lovely day! Wanted to sit on the campus, but for once the call of duty was stronger and I tripped into French a minute or two late. Didn't go over big at all with Mlle. She said something to me that I couldn't understand, but it sounded like a mixture of chop suey and Russian, so I really shouldn't be expected to. Anyhow, I don't believe I'll be late again very soon.

Went to psych class, too, and after holding my breath for a whole hour I wasn't called on after all!

Miserable lunch today, which inspires me to start reducing. Maybe when I lose sixty or seventy pounds I'll be able to pry myself into a few of my last summer's models, and goodness knows I'll be forced to unless some cash arrives P.D.Q.

More baseball! It's a shame I don't look stunning in gym clothes—I wear them enough.

Went down to the gym after dinner to dance, but no one arrived to play the piano, and since I can't carry a tune and dance too, I didn't dance.

Started doing a little outside reading for history, but was too bored to continue long. Did a little Spanish, too, and wrote two letters.

Am too tired to wiggle. Good-night! Pleasant dreams!

Wednesday—April 20

Well, I've never seen as much rain! It poured! and then poured and then poured some more! With thunder and lightning generously sprinkled in—and I'm scared to death of thunder so I just stunk my head under the pillow and slept all first hour. Cut class and everything—now isn't that desperate? But something tells me I won't feel as wild and woolly about it when I get my little invitation to call on Mrs. Armstrong.

Classes went on about as usual the rest of the day. There's an epidemic of exams in the air—and so far I've escaped them, but I might as well have them myself as have two suitmates and a roommate that do.

No baseball today! But athletic me went swimming instead. Nearly was drowned, but outside of that had a fine time.

Studied a lot this evening!

Friday—April 22

Was late for breakfast but Mrs. Plasket wasn't there, and I slipped in behind a two-hundred-pounder.

Miss Norris up and gave us a little exam. It was a complete surprise to me, but the rest of the class seemed to be expecting it, so I guess it was just a case of *absence in mente* on my part.

Getting real wintery! Nearly froze to death in spite of the fact that I had on everything I could catch. And then we hadiced tea for lunch! Soup on hot days and iced tea for cold ones—that's the way of the world.

Librarian a bit this afternoon. Got all dressed for baseball, and then we didn't have any! That's always my luck!

The whole school journeyed down to the Ryman to hear home talent. Made me feel right ancient. Gee, I can remember hearing him sing out here at school in knee breeches. Was properly bored as is usual when venturing out on such sprees, but guess I'll live through it.

Saturday—April 23

Well, it's still colder than fury, but at least we don't have to play baseball!

We sure are having little exams! I thought at one time I wasn't going to have to take any, but I was sadly mistaken. I'm a total wreck! Worn to a pink string, in other words.

No dance tonight, so we all went down to the gym on our own hook. The music was nothing extra but I got the needed exercise.

Sunday—April 24

Well, this being Sunday we got to sleep till eight o'clock. And this being the Sunday we didn't have to go downtown to church. I cleaned everything I could lay my hands on—from white shoes to windows.

Spent the entire day wishing some of my day student friends would take me riding, but they didn't.

Tea in the club houses—and I forgot all about dieting till I was all through. Guess I must have gained six pounds, but there's still plenty of time to reduce.

Monday—April 25

Mammoth Cave Trip! I!

Worn ragged! And haven't strength to write a thing, but I sure had one grand and glorious time!

THE MOVIE

Well, I takes the gail friend by the hand and we goes to the pitcher show. The name of the 'er masterpiece was "The Man Upstairs" but it was the man downstairs that caused all the row downstair. When the grapefruit lady trowed and the strawberry man got together

it was worse than senior-senior-middle day in the way they tried to put things over on each other. I've received letters and letters and some have had lines but never did I see one like the strawberry man's. That man really should have written movie plots instead of letters and then we might not have had to strain our minds on such as this. And I'm here to tell you that if I could write like I wouldn't be writing this.

APRIL BIRTH-DAY DINNERS

A note of springtime was carried out in both the birthday dinners for April.

Pink snapdragons in silver baskets, and green taper candles in silver candelsticks attractively carried out the color scheme of pink and green for the dinner on Tuesday evening, April 19. Individual roses were given as favors.

Honor guests were Mrs. Blanton, Miss Mills, and Miss Painé. Birthday guests were Dorothy Miller, Grace Freeman, Lorena Bafield, Helen Hynds, Wenella Witherspoon, Marian Gilbert, Inez Barnes, Evelyn Adams, Jessamine Daggett, Mary Wilder, Frances Hill, Katherine Whiteley, Martha Willis, Peggy McLarin, and Martha Kolts.

Spring flowers in Dresden colors were used for the birthday dinner Thursday evening, April 25. Shoulder bouquets, also in Dresden shades, were given as favors. An immense birthday cake with twenty-two candles, one for each guest, was a novel attraction of the dinner.

Guests were Alice Forgy, Anna Mae McCauley, Kathryn Wilson, Marcia Redinger, Geraldine Smith, Doris Yochum, Mary Niles, Doris Nathan, Winona Curran, Isabel Hefflin, Winona a Lutes, Lillian Walker, Hazei Martin, Beth Christian, Carol Cruse, Katherine Hughes, Mary Raines, and Shirley Davis.

WORDS

Nothing seems to be happening to talk about, so let's talk about words. We could not talk without them, most certainly. Now, now, don't worry, for we aren't going to get grammatical and give a pompous treatise on parts of speech and all that bothersome stuff. But it's true, isn't it, that words are certainly close to our lives? How terrible it would be, to become dumb (no, I'm not using slang!) suddenly, and be unable to speak our thoughts!

How convenient words are to sputter out our anger. Then they grow strong. Decidedly, too, are they convenient to meander all about the question you are given in the classroom. Why, the more words you have, the easier it may be to fool the teacher.

And aren't words lovely things in a poem? And another time they are lovely in accepted excuses. How wonderful they seem.

Where would a baby get much exercise or growth if he could not learn words? And where, I ask you, would a pair of lovers be, if they were speechless? True, they sometimes are that way, but they don't stay there long.

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V—arying styles—same quality
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THE OBSERVER

Some of us can get away with anything. Pretty lucky, aren't you, Mabel?

We're betting that someone had a stomach ache Sunday night. Oh when and oh where did the cookies go from some of the clubhouse?

'Twould be lovely if everyone could be brave and hold, wouldn't it, Annie?

Miss Leavell has strange ways of arousing her classes when they are inattentive. We surely did enjoy the Houly, Houly, Houly joke.

If you've never been out for baseball, you're missing a lot. Naomi surely swings a wicked bat.

Fie, fie, now we know that Margaret W. has it. Even a little country boy threw some flowers for her when she was on the dinky.

Ellen ought to wear stilts when she's driving. Bet you could reach the brakes then, Ellen.

It's become quite the style to go without breakfast. Well, Home, Sweet Home isn't so far away now.

PERSONALS

Catherine McKnight had dinner with Mrs. Craig on Saturday evening.

Annie May McCauley spent the week-end with her aunt, Mrs. J. W. Gillespie.

Sarah Tucker went home for the week-end.

Mildred Threat spent the week-end with her mother.

Elsenor Durham had dinner with Mrs. Page on Saturday evening.

June Edgar went to Springhill, Tenn., for the week-end.

Margaret Bradley went to Sparta, Tenn., to spend the week-end with Mary Potter, a former Ward-Belmont girl.

Katherine Clark and Marjorie Moss spent the week-end in Lebanon, Tenn. Ellen Robinson spent the week-end with her father.

Edna Johnson spent Sunday with her aunt, Mrs. J. N. Jones.

Rose Morrison, Virginia Farmer and Elizabeth Goode spent Sunday afternoon with Mrs. Crowell.

Katherine McKee and Kirtley Choiseur had dinner on Monday with Mrs. Meadors.

Elizabeth Finch spent Sunday afternoon with Mrs. Taft.

Dorothy Miller and Dorothy Veazey were with Mrs. Veazey on Sunday afternoon.

Virginia Hood spent Sunday afternoon with Mrs. Barney Pearson.

Ellen Robinson, Mary Jo and Alice Ingram, Edith Leavins, Virginia Buxton, Kathryn Rogers, and Edythe Dixon went on a picnic Sunday with Mrs. H. T. Robinson, Ellen's father, from Saginaw, Michigan.

WORK

Work can be done with the hands or with the mind. Which statement is a perfectly obvious and well-known fact. People differ as to whether manual or mental labor is harder. Manual work may be brick-laying, or sweeping, washing or piano-playing, and even knitting. The only kind of mental work which most people con-

sider is studying. But that is not all. Any sort of a plan is mental work, and even worrying for fear you said the wrong thing is mental work.

It is a common belief that mental work is more intense and wearing than manual labor. Whoever thinks that, just simply is wrong, for he never considered schools. There, mental work is usually a good excuse, and nothing more. If most students worked their minds as hard as they worked at a game of golf or tennis, they would be so utterly wearied that they would not even have the energy to quarrel with an occasional roommate!

Work may be enjoyable, or it may not. But work is usually a means to an end, and to reach that end successfully work should be enjoyed.

Well, well, we didn't say a thing, did we?

EXCHANGES

The Sandtonian, Sand Springs, Okla.—Your front page is very well arranged.

The Salina High School News, Salina, Kans.—A very good paper.

The Skirmisher, Marion Institute, Marion, Ala.—Your publication contains very little news.

The Hornet, Furman University, Greenville, S. C.—Your jokes are good.

The School Bell, Big Stone Gap, Va.—Your article on "Talent" was well written.

The Wfideat, Meridian, Miss.—Your publication contains a good number of original poems.

The Northwest Courier, Kansas City, Mo.—We like your paper.

The High Pines, Senior High School, Springfield, Mo.—The arrangement of your advertisements needs improving.

The Mercer Cluster, Mercer University, Macon, Ga.—Improve your front page.

SEARCHLIGHT FINDS

"I'm happy!"

"What's the matter, darlink?" lazily questioned Sue.

"I'm happy!"

"Why turn Pollyanna so late in life—or is it another special from Tobe?"

"No, it isn't Tobe, I didn't say thrilled; I said happy."

"Well, the sweet roomie has gone nuts."

"Oh, Sue, snap out of it—you aren't a million years old, and this is spring! Let's go for a walk, or—"

"You certainly are ambitious."

"Well, I'm going by myself. You would ruin the disposition of a saint! Here it is spring. Yet you are content to sit about inside and grumble; you don't even do that very enthusiastically. You're lazy."

"You are so attractive when preaching to your roomie."

"You little darling, I say I'm happy, and then talk like this! But everyone is dressed up in pretty, new spring clothes; there are birds singing; tulips, irises, pansies, and all the other spring flowers are blooming. The campus is beautiful."

"You ruin—we'll go," said Sue, who really wanted to go from the first.

HEARD THROUGH THE CORKSCREW AT MAMMOTH CAVE

My turn? Oh, horrors, I know I can never make it. Somebody help me quick—take this lantern. You won't, well, all right, if I fall, I'll never forgive you. Ouch, I've a splinter in my thumb. Hurry, did you say? Girl, you don't know what it is till you're in it. Oh, ouch, I can't move. I can't, I tell you, I'm stuck. And six rungs to go. Did that guide say to keep the ladder full? Was that sarcasm? I know I'm big, but—Lis, you get off of here this minute. Don't know this thing won't hold more'n half a dozen at once? Get off, I tell you. In another minute I'll set the ladder on fire and then where'll you be. Stop shoving me this instant. Oh, Lis, stop weeping, I'll let you wear my best pink silk and have my date for me Wednesday. Oh, oh, oh, my bloomers are caught. (To guide) Idiot! Don't you know enough to help a lady in distress? Well, that's true there isn't much room here. Oh, the last rung (relieved). Why, where is there to go from here? What! I have to crawl through that little hole? Nothing doing. To think that my mother's daughter should have come to this. Guide, will you please stop pushing me for two consecutive seconds? Oh, safety at last. Now won't mother be proud to have such a brave daughter. What're you laughing at, Lis?

THE POETRY SOCIETY

(Continued from page 1)

poetry society. For the charter members the requirement for membership was that they had had at least one work published. Miss Norris, the Ward-Belmont psychology teacher, was admitted by virtue of a poem she had had published in "Harper's." Mrs. Murray, a Ward-Belmont hostess, who was out writing at the time, was made a charter member on account of her previous writings for a newspaper. Miss Ransom, sister of John Crowe Ransom, was admitted not on account of any published work but because the value of her writing was recognized.

The qualifications for membership now are less strict. All those who are really interested in poetry may join. Some people who write only lit-

tle jingles for magazines, but who are highly paid for it, belong. Many are like Mr. Harris, head of the Public Speaking Department at Vanderbilt, who writes only for his own amusement. Miss Ransom seldom publishes any of her works but has written many truly lovely ones. Among those of the Fugitive group who belong the most prominent is Merrill Moore, a medical student, who is said to dash off twenty sonnets a day with great ease. Of course, Mr. Ransom and Mr. Davidson are the chief attractions and means of holding the club together. In the recommendation of Miss Pugh, Miss Campbell, Ward-Belmont teacher of English, was recently admitted. The membership of the club is about forty. They are very anxious to discover all the poetic talent in the city of Nashville and to enlarge their group to include all who are interested in poetry.

The society meets once a month in the winter time. The members are always privileged to bring guests. The programs are varied from month to month. One time during this last year Lark Taylor spoke to them on the Theatre Guild. Another time was taken up with the reading of poetry from Mr. Ransom's latest book, "Two Gentlemen in Bonds." Another time Merrill Moore gave a short talk on the sonnet from which he has studied thoroughly. Each month a committee selects from poems submitted by the members eight of the best and reads them. The best one each month is selected and at the end of the year one is chosen from all those as the best of the year. Miss Ransom's poem was chosen as the best one last year.

One of the interesting guests of the society is Mr. Jackson, conductor of the Nashville Symphony Orchestra. He believes that the Poetry Society, the Theatre Guild and the Symphony Orchestra should all unite in one society for the promotion of culture and the arts in Nashville.

GIRLS NAMED AS CHARTER MEMBERS OF SCRIBBLERS' CLUB

(Continued from page 1)

of writing submitted. Represented in the group there is a play, some poetry, description, sketches, character pictures, and short stories.

"We judged the papers for three standards," the judges explain. "First, was the writing of promising merit? Then, would it make for variety in the club? Lastly, would the author be interested in writing for its own sake and be willing to work with others in a club?"

On this basis, a few of the papers were chosen unanimously. Others created much discussion, showing that there was not just a small amount of good work submitted, but a great deal of it.

The following were chosen from a group of forty-two who tried out, as a nucleus of the club: Elizabeth Wenning, Clarice Dix, Margaret Alvie Lowe, Josephine Rankin, Katherine Grey Tabb, Janet Carter, Clara Dorchester, Olive Logan, Elsie Jester, Dorothy Lee Townsend, Mary Eleanor Gilmore, and Elizabeth Gwaltney.

Twelve others will be chosen from the college freshman class next fall.

Peeping Ahead in the Fashion Calendar!

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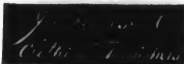
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PUPILS OF MR. GOODMAN WIN HIGH PRAISE IN CONCERT

(Continued from page 1)

"Miss Dorothy Brain, of Tiffany, Ohio, played Chopin's short but impressive Prelude in C Minor and Moszkowski's scintillating "Sparks" with strength in the chords and brilliance in finger work.

"Miss Lydarene Majors of St. Petersburg, Fla., played with graceful poise "The Lark" by Glinka Balakireff. She has a lovely touch.

"Miss Alice Katherine Wakefield, of Louisville, Ky., gave Chopin's Prelude in A Major and MacDowell's "Hungarian Dance" with fine technique and expression.

"Miss Virginia Shawhan, of Maplewood, Ill., and Mr. Goodman performed Arensky's famous "Valse for Two Pianos" and played as one in their shading. This is a difficult form of musical art which is becoming more popular lately. Miss Shawhan plays very artistically.

"Miss Willa Mai Ward, of this city, played the big Chopin Ballade in G Minor, and gave an excellent rendition of it.

"Miss Lusk, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Lusk of this city, has a sympathetic violin tone, and played Max Bruch's "Kol Nidre" with great expression. Mrs. Hazel Coate Rose is always excellent in her accompanying.

"Miss Margaret Stanton, of Dallas, Texas, gave Debussy's unique "Mistrels," and showed strength, temperament, and interpretative ability.

"Miss Nell Richardson, of Tullahoma, Tenn., gave a remarkable performance of Liszt's mystical "Legend of St. Francis Walking on the Waves." It is a big piece, and she has the technique and the insight into its meaning to convey it to her audience.

"Miss Virginia Wilson of Sand Springs, Okla., played a Dohnanyi Rhapsody splendidly. It is a serious work and she gave a fine reading of it.

"Miss Ruby Briggs Sprouse, with Mr. Goodman playing the orchestral part at a second piano, gave the first movement of Grieg's beautiful A minor concerto, and demonstrated her technical skill in this great composition. She played brilliantly and her interpretation of its poetry was of a very high order."

MAY DAY

(Continued from page 1)

The gathering of the hawthorn by the sixteenth century folk had become a fixed custom. The hawthorn had been given, by a natural transition, the name of "the may," and the early morning expedition was called "going a-maying." The garlands and branches were brought back to villages triumphantly at dawn, to the sound of horns. The rustics proceeded then to festoon all the windows and doors in the village with the gathered greenery. From this comes our present custom of hanging may baskets.

The fairest maid in the village was chosen Queen of the May, crowned with garlands, and placed in pretty

state to one side in a flowered arbor to watch the games and dances.

The lads and lassies, singing an accompaniment of folk songs, mingled light-heartedly in these dances around the maypole. The maypole was often a sapling with the limbs shaved off, or else a tall pole which, planted deep in a raised earthen mound, remained from year to year. Often it was painted in circular stripes, like a barber's pole, in the colors yellow and black, or red, white, and blue. Once a year, on May Day, it was gaily decorated with hoop-like garlands of flowers, flying pennants, silver balls, dangling pendants, and even carved figures.

The Puritans tore down all these Maypoles, and put a ban on May Day. And although the Restoration brought them back again it was only temporarily, for the natural, homely rural spirit which had given birth to these pageants was gone. Vestiges of the old custom in England remained in the mock fete of the chimney sweeps in London, the make-believe fetes of children, and the burlesque fetes of the milkmaid, who used to crown a cow with garlands and dance around her.

However, the schools and colleges of America have revived and modernized the old festival, making it more elaborate and adding to its natural graceful and cheerful spirit, the more dignified and artistic beauty of culture, Ward-Belmont among the rest. The first day of May is remembered here by the custom of the May baskets, while the real May Day comes later. But that May Day gives rebirth to the ancient spirit of the festival, a joyful, spontaneous, and admiring homage to nature.

Dear Cynthia

Sara said to me:
They say—love is
blind! Well, I'm
in love
all right!
I was just
going out
of town to
buy a new
gown when
I discovered
we have the newest
and most reasonable
things right here at



Bella!
— Boris —

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WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

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NASHVILLE, TENN., SATURDAY, MAY 7, 1927

Number 34

SYMPHONY HOLDS FINAL CONCERT

By GEORGE PULLAN JACKSON

The outstanding feature of the event was the violin solo work of Claire Harper. I am perfectly safe in declaring that the Symphony orchestra has never had a more exquisitely pleasing solo performer. For two years this youthful artist has been functioning unassumingly as one of the fifteen first violinists in this orchestra. For a longer term her unique musical gifts have been in the moulding process under the master hand of Kenneth Rose in Ward-Belmont College. Now she blossoms forth. And the blossom is so radiant, so gorgeous that we say to ourselves, involuntarily: "She is too good for Nashville. We shall probably lose her as we have lost others, to the bigger musical world."

In the Vieuxtemps concerto, No. 4, she showed perfect mastery of what she was doing, the style of a veteran, a man-sized tone, an amazingly exact intonation and a technical equipment which seemed to make the difficulties of this exacting composition and, later, the fireworks of one of her encores, the Kreisler "Tambourin Chinois," into child's play. And all this was brought to her hearers with a gracefulness and childlike simplicity of manner which struck to the soul.

The perfect storms of applause that followed the concerto and her two subsequent shorter offerings, and the

(Continued on page 8)

SENIORS WIN IN TOURNAMENT WITH 2ND YEAR COLLEGE

The score of 4-4; 6-3; 6-3 was carried by the Seniors at the end of the tennis tournament between Senior and second year college last Saturday afternoon. One day last week the second year college class challenged the Seniors to display their skill in tennis. The challenge was accepted and the tournament played at 2:30 on Saturday afternoon.

Doubles was played with Jessamine Daggett and Margaret Daggett representing the Seniors and Bill Jackson and Caroline Braak playing for the second year college class.

The first set was a close one and hard-fought with the second year college carrying the score of 6-4. The next two sets were slower, but the contestants steadily made some "neat" plays. The score of the last two sets was 6-2; 6-3 in favor of the Seniors.

Pearl Jones was referee, being assisted by Catherine Blackman and Dorothy Jones as line-men.

There was a fair representation of Seniors and second year college class; and a number of the Senior-Middles composed an enthusiastic spectators' box on the sideline.

Agnes Bevington's Concert

Agnes Bevington, who has been the accompanist and assistant artist for a number of Metropolitan stars, made her first appearance in Nashville as a professional, Friday night at the War Memorial Auditorium under the auspices of the Colonna Club.

Miss Bevington played a number of unusual numbers on her program, which opened with the classically tinged "Caprice" by Glock's "Alceste," "The Swan," by Saint-Saens exhibiting her beautiful tone work, was followed by the first movement of the "Nurse Sonata" by McDowell.

Her next group consisted of two numbers of Chopin—"Scherzo" and "Berceuse"—with "Habernara" by Chabrier.

The program continued with three Debussy numbers—"The Girl With Flaxen Hair," "Nocturne," and "Cliffs of Anacape." Debussy seems especially suited to her.

The "Blue Danube Waltz" by Strauss, arranged by Schultz Elver, with its rhythm carried the audience. It was followed by "Humoreque," by Rachmaninoff, and the "Tenth Rhapsody" of Liszt.

The encore for her last number,

"Home Sweet Home" was very effective. Her sister sang the words, while she played.

Although the program was big, she seemed entirely capable of handling every number. Her playing is exquisite in its delicacy and in the temperament shown; her touch is most unusual and her tone beautiful. Her stage presence was unusual—a combination of graciousness and dignity.

Her audience was splendid and very enthusiastic.

Agnes Bevington studied with Edward Poles here at Ward-Belmont for three years, and showed unusual talent the whole time.

In chapel, playing Prelude and Fugue by Bach she won favorable comment from the whole music department.

She, then, went to the New England Conservatory in Boston, where she studied with De Voto. She next studied with La Forge, in New York City, and began her professional work at that time.

Becoming accompanist and assistant artist for a number of Metropolitan stars, she toured South America and Europe, where she received a great deal of praise for her playing.

ILLINOIS DANCE

A formal inter-fraternal dance—with all the gayety and excitement of a university—was given by the Illinois Club, Saturday night.

Long streamers of orange and blue—the colors of Illinois—and huge fraternity seals about the walls made one wonder whether, in reality, one were at Ward-Belmont or at Illinois U.

The special number of the evening was full of interest and variety. Miss Virginia Shawhan rendered a beautiful number on the piano. This was followed by an apache dance, given by Barbara and Marion Blackman. The feature of the special number was very effective, carrying out the idea of the dance—nine girls, dressed in white, wearing blue capes and orange caps, marched out; formed the letter I; and sang some university songs. The girls in the band were Doris Yoehum, Ruth Browning, Betty Stone, Marion Thompson, Sara Swain, Josephine Strain, Katherine Wood, Ruth Barnhard, and Lucille Machieis.

The refreshments consisted of orange and blue ice cream, individual cakes with the letter I frosted on it, and mints.

The dance programs were in the shape of pennants. The favors were tiny souvenir footballs.

Miss Sison, sponsor of the club, Lorraine Spiess, president; Mary Jane Pulver, vice-president, and Alice Goulding, secretary and treasurer, received the guests.

WEEK-END GUESTS AT WARD-BELMONT

Ward-Belmont had the pleasure of the visit of the following parents during this past week:

Mrs. T. W. Brown, Minneapolis, Minn.; Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Banfield, Tulsa, Okla.; Mr. J. C. Meek, Greensburg, Ind.; Mrs. F. L. Wood, Columbia, Ky.; Mrs. F. H. Standifer, Sheffield, Ala.; Mrs. D. Carter, Rocky Mount, N. C.; Mrs. Gale, Mt. Sterling, Ky.; Mrs. C. H. Ritter, French Lick, Ind.; Mrs. T. L. Founds, Alton, Ill.; Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Boyd, West Baden, Ind.

HYPHEN RECEIVES INTERESTING BOOK

Just recently an interesting book, "Copy, 1927," was received by the Hyphen from D. Appleton and Co., New York. "Copy" is edited annually and is made up from the published work of the Writers' Club of Columbia University. This unique anthology contains a splendid selection of short stories, interesting essays, poems of rare charm and one-act plays that make for effective acting and pleasant reading. The contributions are representative works of a group of authors who are being watched with attention by readers everywhere.

The Hyphen gratefully acknowledges the receipt of this book and wishes to express its thanks to the donor. The book has been given to the library.

MACPHERSON GIVEN OVATION IN ATLANTA

Joseph Macpherson, Nashville bass-baritone, who made his operatic debut in the South in Atlanta Saturday afternoon, in the role of the Duke of Verona in "Romeo and Juliet," received an ovation.

The Atlanta Journal's critic, Frank Daniel, singles the young singer out for special praise, and his name is the only one in the headlines, which were as follows: "Joseph Macpherson Given Ovation in 'Romeo and Juliet.'" The following excerpts are from the Journal:

"Lucresia Bori and Beniamino Gigli were immaculately effective and roundly applauded Saturday afternoon when they appeared before an audience taxing the Atlanta auditorium's capacity in Gounod's 'Romeo and Juliet,' presented by the Metropolitan Opera Company as the next-to-last performance of Atlanta's seventeenth opera season.

"Louise Hunter and Joseph Macpherson combined to give a hail-and-farewell performance and were accorded a proportionate share of the enthusiastic laurels. Miss Hunter bid Atlanta what we hope is an only temporary goodbye, for she is leaving the Metropolitan for comic opera, and Mr. Macpherson, who had his first audition before Metropolitan officials when they were in Atlanta a year ago, appeared effectively in a bit of a role which showed a voice we will doubtless hear in more ambitious parts in coming seasons. Miss Hunter was Stephano, Romeo's page, and Mr. Macpherson was the Duke of Verona, Romeo's nemesis.

"Miss Bori was absent from the scene in which Miss Hunter and Mr. Macpherson appeared together—the death scene of Mercutio—and Mr. Gigli had the obvious pleasure of taking curtain calls with the two younger

(Continued on page 8)

THE FRENCH ALLIANCE

The Ward-Belmont members of Nashville's French Alliance enjoyed the last meeting of the season, on Friday afternoon at the Centennial Club.

Ward-Belmont was again well represented on the program. Miss Martha Lindsay gave two delightful selections on the piano, followed by Miss Pearl Harper, a pupil of Miss Boyer, who charmingly sang a selection from "La Boheme." She was accompanied by Miss Boyer. Then Miss Whitfield Morell, who graduated from Ward-Belmont last year, played in her lovely manner, a beautiful selection.

The program was followed by election of officers for the next year. When all business was complete, delicious tea was served.



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There was a 100 per cent welcome for Dr. Holt last Sunday at vespers, and Dr. Holt assured us that he was 100 per cent glad to be with us.

Dr. Holt told the story of a little Jewish girl, taken captive by the Syrians, who, although far from home and in the midst of hard surroundings, served her master and mistress faithfully. Through her help this man was cured of leprosy and became a believer in the God of Israel.

We will certainly miss Dr. Holt's talks this summer.

One of our Sunday school teachers sometimes attends the picture shows, and she showed us that she can find just as good, and really a little bit better story in the Bible on the same theme. The story of Hoses, which she told us last Sunday, was of a man who had suffered because his wife sinned against him. His home was broken up and his life temporarily wrecked. Now the movie would have left it there, but the Bible shows how Hoses began to see that other people also suffered and that God was suffering with them. Through the realization that came to him of the love of God, he had the courage to redeem his wife and re-establish his home.

The other Sunday school groups talked about the little book, "The Changed Life."

This gorgeous weather has given us an idea. If possible we are going to have Sunday school out on the campus next Sunday, so watch the bulletin board and the weather.

Charlotte Wettack has contributed "The Vanishing American," by Zane Grey to the "Y" library. Carol Tremuth brought several magazines to the "Y" room which are waiting to be read.

LIZA'S LETTERS

Dearest Peg:

Another week of spring days, iced tea, strawberries, classes and dreams has gone by. Now we can say, "In less than a month when we're home" (or wherever we're planning to be). Doesn't that sound gorgeous? Still all the old girls tell us that we'll be sad and cry, and I suppose it's true.

Though 'tis hard to believe, the Senior-Senior Middle banquet is due to come off Thursday. I was afraid

it would be like our spring vacation! Of course everything is planned for the days. I have lat until 5:30 so I'll go looking like the usual wreck. I'll be recognized at any rate.

I can hear a train whistle blowing from 'way off. It sends the funniest little chills—thrills I guess they are—up and down my back. Won't we have the heavenliest time this summer! Are you still planning the house party? We're going to have a Ward-Belmont reunion in our town in July so you'll get to meet all the girls you've heard so much about.

I have to write an auto biography. Its just my teacher's hard luck 'cause she ought to know what an uninteresting life I've had from my blank expression in class. My epistles to you sure would help because I've told you 'most everything write-able. However, I won't embarrass you by asking for them. I know mine aren't tied up with pink ribbon like Bob's are! Oh well, I'll forgive you.

Be good and don't do anything that I wouldn't consider. I hope your graduation is perfect. This time next year I hope to be doing it all over again too.

I must close. The Seniors are disturbing my peace by practicing songs to old familiar tunes as W. and L. Swing. Friday the big bout comes off. I can't wait!

Affectionately,
Liza.

PERSONALS

Helen Cody had dinner Saturday evening with Mrs. Clements.

Anna Earle French had lunch Saturday with Mrs. Griffin.

Margaret Dixon was with her uncle, Mr. Knight on Saturday night.

Catherine Blackman spent Sunday with Mrs. Baird.

Nell House went home for the day, Sunday.

Blanche Motley, Kirtiye Choiser and Mabel West spent Sunday with Mrs. Blair.

Velma Jones had tea with Mrs. McKinney on Sunday.

Virginia Farmer was with Mrs. Jones on Sunday afternoon.

Margaret Inault, Virginia Wilson, Pauline Jackson, and Ruth Rathell were with Mrs. Bircher on Sunday afternoon.

Dorothy Duncan and Olga Dye had dinner on Monday with Mrs. Hollinshead.

Mary Lou Ritter spent the weekend with her parents.

Laura Fortson spent Monday with Mrs. Farmer and Estella.

Mary O'Brien spent Monday afternoon with her aunt Mrs. Smoot.

Lydarene Majors and Mildred Byrd went riding on Sunday afternoon with Miss Payne.

Kate Boyd and Louise Moxley spent Sunday afternoon with Mrs. Whitefield.



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CHAPEL TALKS

Tuesday—April 26.

Regular chapel exercises.

Wednesday—April 27.

Miss Morrison made announcements. We learned of an unexpected pleasure.

Thursday—April 28.

The unexpected pleasure materialized. It was the Vanderbilt Glee Club, which came to sing to us, on their advertising tour. Of course we were all encouraged to come to their concert, on May 3, and of course we all wanted to go. No danger, after we heard them. Miss Morrison introduced the President of the Glee Club, who spoke briefly on the work of the Club, and on the subject of friendly relations between Ward-Belmont and Vanderbilt, which he hoped would continue. Then the boys sang "The Belle of Saint Mary's" and their Alma Mater—"On the City's Western Border." They were most enthusiastically applauded. We were sorry to have them leave, and we hope they may come back sometime.

Friday—April 29.

Some class meetings, although most of us took Hygiene examination during chapel time.

Saturday—April 30.

Mrs. Bryan spoke to us about Camp Co-Hee-Chee, our school's "summer resort" in the White Mountains. Mrs. Bryan spoke most interestingly, and most humorously. She made a summer at camp sound so very alluring, that most of us were ready to leave on the next train. Mrs. Bryan said that camp was one of the great summer attractions that Ward-Belmont had to offer, and the other is the European party.

ALUMNAE NOTES

Evelyn Babers was presented in her Senior organ recital recently at the Southern Methodist University. She is a former music pupil in the Ward-Belmont Conservatory of Music.

Mildred Cressler who now attends the University of California at Berkeley writes as follows: "Ward-Belmont is about to realize one more of her dreams, and I am so happy to be able to contribute to the best of all her dreams—the Chimes."

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EXCHANGES

The Ward-Belmont Hyphen acknowledges the following exchanges:
Delta Portland Memorial School News, Richard City, Tenn.
The Inkpot, Chenoa, Ill.
The Vanderbilt Hustler, Nashville, Tenn.

The Santonian, Sand Springs, Okla.
The Mercer Cluster, Mercer University, Macon, Ga.

The Kangaroo, Austin, College, Sherman, Texas.
Frankfort High Life, Frankfort, Ind.

The Agonistic, Agnes Scott College, Decatur, Ga.

Wild Cat, Lake Charles, La.
The Ceciliaan Chatter, Nashville, Tenn.

The Flash-Light, Searcy, Ark.

We noticed in *The Kangaroo*, Austin College, Sherman, Texas, the poem "Responsibility." This is a good poem to be published. The last verse should be especially noticed:

"Learn to share your work with others;

And share its profits, too;
Then you'll find an extra measure
Of reward will come to YOU."

The following paragraph found in *The Agonistic*, Agnes Scott College, Decatur, Ga., should be emphasized for the benefit of our students also:

"The problem this spring seems more vitally a question of observing walks. The campus has been kept fairly clean. Just a little more care will make it above reproach. But the numerous paths that are beginning to show through the grass—those we must watch. Let us realize that wires have not been put up for hurdle purpose."

OXFORD SEX WAR

... Pretty were the sight
If our old halls could change their sex,
and flaunt

With pruders for proctors, dowages for deans,
And sweet girl-graduates in their golden hair.

—Tennyson.

A sex war is on at Oxford, competent observers declare. From time to time the Isis, the men's journal, comes out with an indictment of the policy of harbouring women in the ancient citadel of men. Ever since women have been admitted to the University the men have been hostile.

Jealousy is the motive of the men, the women declare. Every woman at the college is an honor student. So rigid is the examination system that none but the most intellectual girls pass the gauntlet. One Somerville girl recently said that for the eighty vacancies at her college last autumn there were 240 applicants. It is extremely irritating to the men, many of whom are content with merely the pass degree, that they should be outshone intellectually by mere women.
—*The New Student*.

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WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

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Application for second-class entry pending.

EDITORIAL

Did you ever stop to think what fortune in life is most worth while. Well did you ever think that the most valuable thing you can find to help you on life's way is an aim in life.

You may ask where you can find an aim in life? Now some may think it queer that there are people who have no aim in life but there are. If you haven't decided what yours is to be, begin now to decide. Don't make the mistake of expecting to find it out in the big world after graduation or to find it in Europe or the Orient for the aim of any life lies in a place closer than any of these. The aim of your life lies in your heart—why not investigate your inner self and get an aim for your life. It would be too sluggish to continue long in life with no aim.

Why is an aim in life so necessary? Because without it ambition dies and without ambition none of the heights of life may be gained.

Some days when the campus is bathed in shimmering sunlight, does not a flood of joy surge over you, a feeling happiness enrich you? And yet such moments bring in their wake an eternal yearning of the human soul, a yearning toward the Spiritual, the Unknown, a yearning which only beauty will quiet. The beauty of outdoors, the glory of nature, that evidence of the perfection of Almighty creation. Man may falter, but Nature never! Majestic in her sterner moods, quiescent in her unruffled serenity, she bespeaks always of the loving and guiding hand of Him who fails us never.

The flowers of Spring breathe out a fragrance and purity which cannot be reflected somewhat in our daily lives. Delicately cut tulips—thin, clear bubbles of colored crystal—add their share to the beauty of the picture. Floating clouds, white masses of heaven sown—intangible as purity—angels of rain, watch over us always and through them we know shines the face of our Heavenly Father, ever present, ever watching.

MR. BARTON RETURNS FROM TRIP THROUGH CENTRAL STATES

Mr. Barton returned the early part of this week from a week's trip made in the interests of the school. He visited especially Illinois, Ohio, Iowa, and Missouri. Friends of Mr. Barton had made several engagements for him in different places, especially in Chicago and Des Moines.

"I was interested as well as pleased," said Mr. Barton, "to find college people everywhere interested in the Junior College movement." Enthusiasm runs high, it seems, among the young people of the country in favor of this movement.

Mr. Barton stated that the reception which he received at the Junior College idea was not only with reference to Ward-Belmont, but with reference to Junior Colleges in general. The general trend of universities seems to be to lay more emphasis on Freshman and Sophomore work, whereas these two classes have formerly been neglected in the interests of the last two years' work.

The trip was extremely gratifying to Mr. Barton not only because of his interest in and association with Ward-Belmont, but also because of the realization that the country is at last awakening to the opportunities offered in a Junior College course.

THE OBSERVER

It must be nice to receive three letters from one person in one day, isn't it Bobby?

Helena has acquired so many shoes this year that she had to put on a heavy sale one night. Every shape and style.

"We certainly do envy people who can get by with everything. Ask the Pembroke girls.

What this school needs is more people like Miss Ransom. She gave "time out" the other day so the girls could write notes to Margie.

It's hard having a proctor for a roommate, isn't it Georgia? One has to depend on her friends in such a case.

Miss Leavell gave a regular dissertation on "stringing recitations" one day. She knows all about 'em, so bluffing won't work in history. Innocent, beware!

SPORTS

Tennis

On Monday, the inter-club tennis tournament will open. Two players from each club will be entered. Much enthusiasm has been shown this past week among the Seniors and the Senior-Middles, each class holding a tournament to find its two best players for Senior, Senior-Middle Day. There should be just as much interest shown in the inter-club tournament as in the Senior-Senior Middle match, for there are girls in school who really

play tennis extremely well, and their clubs should certainly give them their hearty support.

Baseball

The social club teams are practicing vigorously three times a week for the inter-club baseball tournament to be held after the Senior-Senior Middle excitement is over.

SENIORS HANG MAY BASKETS

Many of the doors opened by the members of the household of Ward-Belmont were opened to a most pleasant greeting on the morning of May the first. In front of the door of every faculty member was placed a gay basket filled with bright, May flowers, fresh from the woods.

Saturday afternoon a group of girls from the Senior class and the sponsor, Miss Mills went for a drive into the woods on quest of May flowers. A few hours later they returned, arms laden with beautiful sprays of blossoms. Sunday morning, May day, saw a group of silent girls, up with the sun, creeping about the campus to the doors of the members of the faculty household and a few friends off campus who have been very kind to Ward-Belmont and the Senior class. The Seniors left these gay bits of cheer as a token of their appreciation to these many friends.

The hanging of May baskets has long been a tradition of Ward-Belmont and the Senior class.

BELLAGIO

Ever since the time of Catullus and Cicero, descriptions have been written of the Italian lake district. Down through the centuries people have sought this region to build their charming villas on the shores of some of the world's most beautiful lakes, nestling beneath gentian blue skies at the foot of snow-covered Alpine peaks—

I say peaks, and peaks they are, majestic in their grandeur, but only foot-hills in comparison with the still dizzier altitudes of the Swiss Alps. Catching an excursion boat at the town of Como, the traveler glides smoothly along over the waters of Lake Como, the famous honeymoon region der mondes. At the close of several hours sailing, the boat casts anchor at Bellagio, one of the quaintest of the many numerous villages. Situated at the base of a mountain, its tiny shops display in one long, continuous row, not only windows of linens, beads and all kinds of novelties, but most gorgeous shawls. Bellagio is noted for its shawls and it is there that the buyers for the big stores seek their purchases. The Hotel Grande, slightly elevated looks down over terraced gardens to the water's edge. It's huge living room with a big fireplace, filled with dozens of Oriental rugs and tapestried chairs, opens into these celestial gardens. From the rear of the hotel a road winds up the mountain until on the opposite side near the summit, another hotel, the Villa Serrelloni, affords an excellent panorama of the lake surrounding three sides of the mountain, joined only by a narrow

strip of land to the mainland. Following from the Villa Serrelloni a narrow path for ten or fifteen minutes, one soon comes to the mountain top where upon the vine-covered ruins is a fort of former times. Wild flowers and pine surround this monument of feudal power, once a magnificent bulwark of strength, now crumbled and peacefully scattered beneath the sun rays.

FINAL EXAMS IN PROGRESS ABOARD FLOATING UNIVERSITY

S. S. Ryndam, April 26. Final examinations are in full swing aboard to S. S. Ryndam college ship now in the middle Atlantic on the last lap of a school year around the world.

Students "cranking" in little groups on deck or writing furiously in the study halls to the roll of the ship is the present picture of education afloat. No one can "cut" an examination, without jumping overboard—and all entertainments aboard ship have been suspended during "exam week on the high seas."

The now famous College Cruise Round the World left London April 19, and will reach New York May 2.

Informal graduation exercises held in the ship's assembly hall at sea, will end the first year of this unusual school. Certificates granted for subjects and courses completed, represent study in all parts of the world.

WEDDINGS

Lyle Caldwell to Mr. Frank Eriel Carls on Thursday, May 19, 1927, at seven o'clock in the evening in the First Baptist Church of Lumberton, N. C.

Mr. and Mrs. Luther H. Caldwell will receive guests for their daughter at their home immediately after the ceremony.

Mr. and Mrs. Carlyle will be at home in Lumberton, N. C., after June first.

Helen Lindsley to Mr. William Spear Riddle on Saturday, April 16, 1927, at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Trimble Lindsley of Nashville, Tennessee.

Tully Beth Conner to Mr. Gilbert William Reimeman on Tuesday, April 19, 1927, at the home of the bride's parents, Judge and Mrs. Earl Conner, of Eastland, Texas.

The couple will be at home after May 1, 1927, in Eastland, Texas.

Sarah Gerard Todd to Mr. William Edgar Connell on Saturday, April 23, 1927. The ceremony took place in Peoria, Ill., at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Hiram Eugene Todd, the parents of the bride.

Louise Elizabeth Wells to Mr. Lee C. Hall on Saturday, April 13, at Platte City, Missouri.

Mary Jo Lazarus to Mr. Charles Edwin Gheens on Saturday, April 13, at Bowling Green, Kentucky.

The Diary of Mistress Belle Ward



Tuesday—April 26.

Fair and warmer—and it sure is warmer. All of which means that we are forced to play baseball extensively. Arose bright and early and studied one page of history and then gave it up as a bad job. Something tells me I never was cut out for a student—I lack the necessary ambition.

Attended a couple of classes—but not much excitement one way or another. English sure is an awful bore—especially when one has one's lesson.

My stars and sky rockets! I actually had some mail! After not receiving any for nigh upon a century it was quite a blow. And what nearly proved fatal is the fact that one was a ten page letter from Ted. Was I ever overcome! Since that I've almost decided I could like that boy—some of these days I'll take time out, and write him.

Had study hour extra heavy this P.M. and I was crushed because of my interests with baseball.

Judging from my success as a second Babe Ruth, I'm almost certain that May day dancing would have been more in my line.

After dinner the whole school journeyed down to the War Memorial. Didn't have to wear reg. and it's one good thing, because I'd have been sure to par boil if I'd worn my suit, and that's all I have since I sold the maid my one and only dress for seventy-five cents. Well the program was right good—home talent—not imported this time. I sat well toward the back and slumbered peacefully through it.

Wednesday—April 27.

Was late for breakfast—I haven't done that much lately—but Mrs. Charleston seemed to think I should be severely chastised—and she proceeded to do it. But I'm still hale and hearty.

Spent all chapel period donating my last penny to the food relief. Personally and confidentially me thinks they should spend the money giving swimming instructions down there—it's a shame to miss such a grand chance to teach the entire population of a city to swim.

More classes after chapel. In English Miss Scruggs assigned "several chapters in Amy Lowell's John Keats" and we thought we were getting off easy—she usually doesn't stop at a little thing like a whole book. Well—I took one glance at that book—and each chapter is at least two hundred

pages. Isn't that just the way of the world!

More baseball today. Game's getting a little rough—two legs and an arm misplaced today.

Club this evening, but nothing exciting happened.

Studied psych the rest of study hour—really I'm getting too ambitious.

Thursday—April 28.

Another letter from Ted! It's a good thing I answered that other one he wrote me—if this keeps up I'll not be forced to weep and weep over an empty mail box.

Much excitement! Vandy glee club favored us with their presence in chapel this morning. I never saw as many members of the opposite sex out here at one time before. They sure had fine voices and reminded me strongly of the Agony Quartet up in our suite. It seemed as though the faculty was as thrilled as we were to have them here—judging by their actions.

Friday—April 29.

Psyched a bit—bit is right! She asked me five questions and I only answered one. But at that I'm improving—last time I didn't answer any.

Baseball is still jazzing merrily on—no casualties today—though.

Spent study hour doing nothing at all—and then sat up 'till twelve-thirty in the cubby—making a history outline.

Saturday—April 30.

As usual Saturday was an awful bore as far as classes were concerned.

I'm worn to a pink string trying to think up excuses for cutting—and now that I've run out I have to attend classes.

Mrs. Bryan talked about Camp Co-He-Chee in chapel this morning—and that's one place I must go, else I shan't consider my education complete. We'd have to mortgage the kitchen stove to send me, though, so I guess there's no chance.

Attended the dance tonight with the Girl Friend, and had a peachy time in spite of the deadness of Vito.

Sunday—May 1.

Hurray! Another month gone—and next month we go home.

Spent the entire afternoon wishing I knew someone to take me riding. Also spent a little time writing six letters and darning socks.

Dr. Holt talked in Vespers—and it seemed like old times to have him out here again.

Seniors had tea in Senior Hall. It

sure is fine to rate—and I've never eaten as much before!

Monday—May 2.

One month from today we leave! Hurray!

Miss Mills wouldn't let me go to town because I stayed home from church yesterday. I was crushed to an atom because I'd set my heart on a good old chicken sandwich and shrimp salad at Kleeman's—sounds awful but it's really not.

Went to the dance this P.M. but pulled the heel off my pump from trying to struggle on the tiles—otherwise I had one grand and glorious time.

F. F. NOTES

It sho' was grand to have a club meeting once more; this was our first for several weeks. The business meeting was short. Plans for a trip to "The Hermitage" were discussed but not definitely decided upon depending on the plans of our sister club, Penta Tan, who will accompany us.

After the business meeting we sang and danced until the bell rang.

DEL VERS' DOINGS

The regular Del Vers meeting Wednesday evening was occupied with a very short business session, during which plans for a trip to the Hermitage were discussed; and a program of music was given by Elizabeth Hoover. Some new songs were taught to the club members.

THE SPIRIT OF THE ALARM CLOCK SPEAKS

Well, I must say that in some ways Ward-Belmont is one of the most democratic institutions anywhere. My mistress certainly has no scruples in lending me nor the neighbors in borrowing my services. Now you understand I don't mind public service, no sir, that's my mission in life, but what I do object to is this: someone makes a date with me to wake her up at 5:30 A.M. Well, I obediently ring and ring and ring 'till the slumbering one finally reaches out a cruel arm, hugs me under a pillow and lets me ring until my lungs are really ring out besides the suffocating effect of so many chicken feathers encased in a pillow. Or the abusive one simply snubs me—doesn't make any pretense of heeding my call and I simply peter out. No sir—it isn't fair, it isn't democratic. But I don't know what to do unless to get screwed up sometime so tight I'll never unwind.

WE WONDER

If Allee Goulding ever tires of traveling 'round the circle? If it is possible to invent another rule?

If Ellen Yobe will weaken before her hair gets long?

If Virginia Bidwell could ever be mean and heartless?

If Sarah Hilton will always be so pretty?

If Anna Earle will ever grow up to be painfully dignified?

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ACADEMIC NOTES

Miss Ross is leading her English B class deep into an understanding and an enjoyment of Robert Browning's poetry.

Miss Norris' classes have begun school observation, for Psychology. Monday, many of the girls visited Tarbox School and Peabody Demonstration School. The observation is very interesting.

The French Literature Class has commenced a study of the Romantic movement in France.

The English B Classes are following the fortunes of the English Romanticists.

THREE WEEKS IN PARIS

Now I'd hate to get married and then have my husband rush off to spend three weeks in Paris, but that is exactly what Matt Moore did the other night in the movies. Have you ever seen one of those scared-cat men who get all down and out if you look at them cross-eyed. Well, he was that kind and would you believe it—as scared as he was he had just enough sense to get into a duel mix up with a Count over an American girl in Paris. While they were engaged in this duel one of the noted French police came along and poor, unlawful Mr. Moore had to peel potatoes in the French State Pen for six months. It was after he got out of the institution that he discovered he was dead—at least to his insurance company and his wife in America. The latter had made good use of his \$75,000 insurance policy and rather than get himself and his wife in dutch he remained dead but returned to be a butler for his wife. Of course, as it is a movie it finally ends happily.

SCANDALETTES

By A. Nonymous

Many Ward-Belmont girls study with too much ease. Maybe that's why they get so many.

Have you heard the latest on Jay? She bought a bunch of cuspidors for a dog just because it was a Spitz.

We're afraid that some of the girls around here who affirm to be dieting have a wrong conception of the word "diet." For their convenience a dictionary will be given the position of prominence in the library during the next few weeks.

After last week's scrap out on the campus we've concluded that Motley is such a good boxer that they'd have to put her picture on a postage stamp before they could lick her.

That seems to be about all this time though April was a pretty windy month and we ought to have scooped up more dirt.

WERE YOU EVER—

Financially embarrassed
on the Monday morning
"That you had planned
To go down town

To buy those long-needed
Shoe strings?
And you just wouldn't
Give up going
And you went
With faltering step
To the bank
And asked Miss Nellums
If you could overdraw
Five dollars (\$5.00)
And she scanned you
Up and—down?
And finally said,
"When will your
Check be here?"
And you said,
"At least by
Thursday,"
And she at last
Acquiesced
(See Webster, page 51)
And then you
Came out of your
Day-dream
And found out
That it was all
Balloon-juice
And that Freud
was right
After all
When he said that
Dreams are
Suppressed desires.

I'M THE NIT-WIT

I'm the Nit-Wit that goes to Council. I don't like to go, but I think it sounds cute to say I've been. So I've made it a habit—something to add to my charms! I do anything and everything that gets me there, except the dangerous sort, because I don't want to "get shipped"—that would ruin the effect I've created. (Then, too, there are the folks to consider.) I do silly little tricks, am careless about the rules, and occasionally, play a practical joke—more often, I go for accumulation: that is when my high heels, rouge, lateness to chapel, and undue noise mount up to three majors! I know that going to Council is no accomplishment—anyone can do it! Serving my sentence, whatever it be, isn't pleasant. The things that send me there are usually as uninteresting as they are unnecessary. But I get a great deal of free publicity—flattering or not. I'm the Nit-Wit that goes to Council.



AUTOBIOGRAPHY

This being the night before my autobiography is due I take my pen in hand and write with merry vigor and much gusto. My life has been short and uneventful—very much so.

I was brought into this world in chapel one morning by Blanche Motley (little did she know what a Krankensteiner I would be). From my youth I have been robust and healthy. I would hate to disclose my total tonnage! I am, even if I do say so myself, full of pep, very popular, and quite the traditional bery of beautiful girls.

During my early childhood I did nothing of much importance, but after Christmas I began to be somebody. One of my playmates, Viola Jay, has helped me in my growth more than I can ever appreciate. She and my other friends have kept at me 'til now I am full of confidence, full of power, and rarin' to go!

I have some very vivid recollections of the first time I learned to talk. I lisped out words something like this:

Seniors Beware

We're four hundred strong
So Beware, beware!
We're living to beat you
We're living to defeat you
Seniors Beware, beware!

That very same day I learned to walk. I did a most effective snake dance all around the campus just to show everyone I was alive and kicking.

Among the other great events of my life I count the day I put Motley at half mast on our flag pole. I tore one of my prettiest dresses and scratched my knee and mamma was mad and sent me to bed without any supper. But, my goodness, the next day she was so sorry she had hurt little Im's feelings like that.

And now, my goodness gum drop, but I'm busy! The supreme moment of my life is near. I am in love with and about to marry The Senior Class. Never will I forget the night he proposed and my acceptance:

Sing a song, loud and long—Senior
Middles

Rah! Rah! Rah!—Rah! Rah! Rah!
She's a winner
She's known from the East to the
West

As a mighty company let Seniors
beware of her name

As an omen of fear and disaster
She's known for her wrath and her
fame

And she will beat them, she'll defeat
them
She's a winner.

What busy days these are getting my trousseau ready. I get up in the morning and play basketball—how sleepy I am! And in the afternoon I nearly go pop-eyed trying to play baseball, tennis, bowling, and water-polo at the same time. But—ah!—time will show the rewards of our labor.

Our wedding feast on Thursday night keeps me all in a flurry. Who will I get to put next to that uninteresting Miss — and what kind of vegetable does everyone like. Why worry, though, everyone's bound to have a grand time.

And the wedding! Oh, I am so afraid my dear Senior Class will back down at the last moment and not promise to love, honor, and obey me forever. Never, oh, never will I forget my wedding march. It will ring through my ears when I am old and gray and I will sing it to my grandchildren.

Senior Middle Class

We're out to win this meet
Son on, on, on, to victory
We will meet them
And we'll soon defeat them
So all you Seniors wait and see
Onward, Onward
On against the foe
Forward, Forward
See our banners blow
Senior Middle Class
We're out to win this meet
So on, on, on to victory.

STATISTICS SHOW

That 239 Ward-Belmont girls are letting their hair grow out; the remaining 411 are yet undecided.

1,711 cinnamon rolls are consumed, compared to 1,497½ cheese balls at one meal.

The average mail for a Ward-Belmont girl is three letters, one special and ½ of a telegram per day.

One-fourth of a box of rouge and one-half a lipstick serves the six hundred from September 1st to June 1st, excluding Washington's birthday.

The average age of a W.-B. girl is seventeen years, eleven months and two days, while the average age of the faculty is still being debated.

The number of boys' pictures in girls' rooms for the entire school, 2,113. Senior Hall leads the list with Heron a close second. (Movie actors were not counted, but we couldn't be sure whether the girls knew all the boys or not.)

The number of sundaes eaten in the tea room for the entire school year amounts to 2,237½ (the last one had ice cream salt in it). You wouldn't believe the number of apples, oranges, Hersheys', cookies, etc., so we won't waste time in giving the fabulous sums.

Six hundred and nineteen books of different classes are lost every semester. Ten books are found and two books are bought to replace those lost. Five hundred and forty-nine fountain pens are lost.

As for gaining, six thousand pounds are gained each year. One girl was reported to have lost two pounds without trying but we don't have the doctor's certificate yet to prove it.

And that these facts may not be true but who is going to prove it?

The wife asked: "Hubby, what kept you out so late last night?"

Hubby (intoxicated): "I (hic) been out with a chiffonier."

"Chiffonier! Why, you don't know what you are talking about. A chiffonier is a cute little dresser."

Hubby: "Yes, that's her."

Clerk: "My salary is not what it should be."

Employer: "But do you think you could live on it if it were?"

Peeping Ahead in the Fashion Calendar!

THAT'S the everlasting job of Lebeck Bros. Buyers—and their alertness is reflected in the intriguing styles, the clever accessories smart women will wear now, next month and the month after.

To the girls of Ward-Belmont we extend an invitation to make Lebeck's your style headquarters—and if there is any way we can assist you we stand ready to do so.

If you keep up with the traditions of your Alma Mater you'll be sure to be intimately acquainted with this big, friendly store.

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The season's most desired fashion at the town's lowest prices—ALWAYS!

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—Dress Shoes
—Evening Slippers
—Hosiery for Every Shoe

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Mother's Day is Near

"One of life's haunting shadows is forgetting anniversaries one should remember."

Flowers fade—but photographs last always.

The time—*now!*

The place—*Schumacher's!*

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oh! so comfortable; they really
flatter the feet. Developed in
three beautiful combinations.

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SYMPHONY HOLDS FINAL CONCERT

(Continued from page 1)
beautiful baskets and bouquets of
flowers that were laid in her arms
were only partly significant of the
girl's accomplishment and her great
promise.

Miss Harper's piano accompani-
ments were most effectively played by
Hazel Coate Rose.

—Nashville Banner.

Miss Harper also played at Fisk
University on the evening of Friday,
April 29. Mrs. Hazel Coate Rose
played her accompaniments.

MACPHERSON GIVEN OVA- TION IN ATLANTA

(Continued from page 1)

singers. He gallily bowed first Mr.
Macpherson and then Miss Hunter be-
fore the curtain and left them there
to get their full warm portion of the
salvos. And then after the audience
had greeted them both, Miss Hunter
and Mr. Macpherson led Mr. Gigli be-
fore the audience, acknowledged his
generosity and signaled for him to ac-
cept the larger applause which the
audience bestowed on him."

Sunday's Atlanta Constitution in its
account of the two final operas of the
week paid tribute to the Nashville
singer. A huge crowd attended the
opera Saturday afternoon, the Con-
stitution reports, saying in part:

"Saturday brought two unique trib-
utes to two members of the Metro-
politan Company who were not sing-
ing in leading roles. One was the en-
thusiasm with which the work of
Joseph Macpherson, basso, was re-
ceived in the afternoon and the other
was the ovation accorded Antonio
Scotti when he walked on the stage
for the first time during the local
season in 'Madame Butterfly.' Mac-
pherson was given a big ovation in
the lobby of the auditorium after the
performance by a group of people
from Nashville, his home, and other
Tennessee cities, who came here to
hear him sing."

—Nashville Banner.

Joseph Macpherson was a pupil of
Signor de Luca, and received here in
Ward-Belmont all his training pre-
paratory to entering the Metropolitan
Company.

FIVE EPITAPHS

THE ATHLETE
I won a heap of medals and renown,
But classes and outside readings got
me down.

THE CHEATER
An A+ was to me the highest aim,
But I got caught up in my crooked
game.

THE SHIRKER
I did my best, my duty e'er to shirk,
Whenever it led toward the land of
work.

THE LIAR
I've lied so much, so much,—and yes,
so well,
That try though I may, the truth I
cannot tell.

SUCCESS
I went to Ward-Belmont when I was
young,
My Alma Mater song how oft I've
sung;

I learned while there of loyalty and
right,
To cherish honor and truth with all
my might,
She taught us the best way to live
our lives;
Earth's richest joy, and blessings to
derive,
Yes, I've played the game the best
that I know how,
The dusk of life creeps fast upon me
now,
But I am not afraid I say
To greet the dawning of a different
day.

TRAGEDY IN ONE ACT

Scene: Senior Hall, room 502.

Time: Monday night—you remem-
ber.

Lollie loquaces:
"Marietta, take that frozen look off
your face. Are you dead? Oh, Mar-
—ow! There was another one nearly
as bad. D-do you guess Julia and
Irene are d-dead? Please say some-
thing—please! Were you struck? Do
you hear funny things bumping down
like bricks? Couldn't you get the
strength to crawl over here with one
so long as you won't talk. I'm awful
nervous. I think it struck the bath-
room and maybe Julia and Irene.
Poor things, if they aren't dead, I'll
bet they're scared to death. I wish
I had the nerve to go in there but I
can't move a thing 'cept my tongue.
Quit shaking, it makes things worse.
Well, I'm not shaking much—nothing
compared to you. I'm sure glad you
can talk but you still look funny when
it lightnings. Has it quit or am I
dead? If I ever live through this
nightmare! Oh death!"

Dear Cynthia

Sara said to me:
They say—love is
blind! Well, I'm
in love
all right!
I was just
going out
of town to
buy a new
gown when
I discovered
we have the newest
and most remarkable
things right here at



Bella's!

— Boris

Bella's Booteries

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Second Floor 504 Church St.

WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

WELCOME ALUMNAE

WELCOME ALUMNAE

Volume XVI

NASHVILLE, TENN., SATURDAY, MAY 14, 1927

Number 35

ALUMNAE MEMBERS ATTENDING "HOME-COMING"

Lucille Hyman—Illinois.
 Margie Lou Moore—Texas.
 Ethel Maine—Miss.
 Rebecca Thacher—Kans.
 Mrs. Geannie Chenault Brown—
 Ia.
 Catherine Moore—Texas.
 Mary Snodgrass—Ala.
 Gladys Perry—New York.
 Lucie Neal Dekle—Florida.
 Elizabeth Carrigan—Texas.
 Mary McLarty—Texas.
 India Jones—Tennessee.
 Lucy Green—Tennessee.
 Roberta Wike—Tennessee.
 Susie Spragins—Ala.
 Helen Holmes—Ala.
 Helen Hutchinson—Mich.
 Nina Carr—Mich.
 Myrtle Thomas—Tennessee.
 Grace Hicock—Wis.
 Marion Henschel—Wis.

IT'S A GREEN-EYED MONSTER CALLED ENVY

"Oh, do you remember when we used to sit there and hopefully watch the cars go by and wish we were a thousand miles away? That old bench isn't even what it used to be—has a new coat of paint and everything. And here's my old window in Pembroke! What that doesn't make me think of! Remember the time we tried to make some brew in the bath tub and blew the tiles out? And oh the time we reared the stairs and some of the aid faculty came tumbling down? That was too good. Well, then days are gone forever."

Such were the remarks heard by a W. B. Senior Mid, as she crossed theampus one day this week. Directing her gaze to the source of these remarks, she beheld a group of older girls whose divine thinness failed to stand them as one of the regular five hundred. And then complexions—oh, the delicate pinkness of their cheeks and the cherry redness of their lips were enticing enough to strike envy to the heart of any "pale face". And the high heels—they were the competing touch. The Senior Mid, looked mournfully at her own heavy fat poccasins and then remarked Pollyannically, "Oh well, it's mighty good to see a little bit of real civilization once in a while; and besides it won't be so very long before I can "home come," too.

TO THE ALUMNAE

The year has once more rolled around
 And spring days now are come;
 And girls from all corners of our land
 Now turn their faces home.

Welcome home, old girls of other
 years,
 To these classic halls so dear,
 To the old friends and the new friends,
 Who wait to greet you here.

We've missed you since you left us;
 But as you've journeyed on,
 You've made a record just as fine
 As you did here in days now gone.

Though you will be among us
 Only a few short days, it's true,
 We love you and hope we can show
 you
 The love Ward-Belmont has for you.

WARD-BELMONT CELEBRATES HOME-COMING

Four years ago, through the tireless and enthusiastic efforts of Miss Mills, Ward-Belmont alumnae were banded into a definite organization. All girls who have attended the school since 1913 are eligible for the club, no distinction being made between Ward and Belmont students. The final roll is divided, however, into two groups, the regular members and the honorary. This marks a distinction, between graduates of the institution, the regular members and those who have attended perhaps for only a year and are thus honorary.

At the time of this organization officers were elected to carry all the business of the group. At present the officers are Miss Linda Rhea and Mrs. M. E. Nellums, tentative president and vice-president filling unexpired terms. Mrs. Nevills, secretary, and Miss Nellums, treasurer. Friday afternoon there will be held a business meeting at which is expected a large attendance, and at which time new officers will be elected to continue from the expiration of the present terms.

Although all alumnae are equally welcomed, this year marks the special entertainment and reunion of the classes of 1917 and 1922. It is customary that each annual homecoming shall be special for two definite classes five years apart. A program to fill completely the time of our visitors is planned and will be carried out during these days. This year marks the first time that many of our former students have seen the new club houses, and inspection of these, and

chatting with old and new students will fill any possible spare moments.

Perhaps we can obtain a better realization of the greatness of the alumnae association, if we recall that it is nation wide. These before mentioned officers stand at the head of a group whose members are women from practically every state in the union. Hundreds of letters have been mailed out to these same women as invitations to the events of the week. Each member is catalogued by name and address, thus keeping definite ties with the girls who leave Ward-Belmont school on graduation day.

And this same organization has accomplished a great deal for its Alma Mater. It is they with their slogan, "A Thousand Two Dollar Subscriptions," who have futhered the chimes fund. Although this spring they have worked toward securing a sufficient sum to make possible this dream.

Throughout the country, in each state there are smaller divisions of this organization that hold yearly meetings and get-together luncheons. Through the efforts of the enthusiastic people come many of our new students, for they meet the parents of prospective girls and talk with them on the advantages of Ward-Belmont school.

Thus we see the broad field which our alumnae organization covers, and thus realize what a great deal it means to them "to meet once again" on our own soil. Miss Mills put heart and soul into creating this organization and we can see how great a thing she has thus accomplished. We have loved having with us these former students, and thank them for all they have done for us.

PROGRAM FOR "HOME-COMING" MAY 11-14

A most delightful program was arranged for Ward-Belmont guests, the Alumnae who are visiting us during Homecoming.

On Thursday at one-thirty o'clock there was a picnic luncheon at the X. L. Club House. On Thursday evening, the alumnae attended with the student body the opera, "Cavalleria Rusticana," presented by the students of Signor de Luca and under his direction.

Friday afternoon at two was the annual business meeting. On the same afternoon, from four until six, Dr. and Mrs. Blanton entertained the alumnae, Seniors, and Second Year College class at tea.

Saturday at one-thirty a luncheon at Belle-Meade was well attended and greatly enjoyed. Then tonight, of course, will be the weekly movie at seven o'clock. At eight-thirty the visiting "old girls" will be the guests of the Tennessee, Arkansas, and Florida dance.

WONDER WHAT AN ALUMNAE THINKS ABOUT?

I've seen several of the species *alumnarum* around the premises lately. Wonder how they react to old scenes? Oh, I suppose they feel like hooting, "Scum!" at us, and winding up with, "Hm! Don't you wish you was out!" (See any English teacher for interpretation.)

Still I dunno. They may have acquired an exaggerated sense of patriotism for Alma Mater. People do. You know—they wax teary 'round the lashes and sigh for the days of yore and usefulness. I'm willing to stake a cheese ball to a cinnamon roll that they'd like to corner a few of us and tell us how grateful we should be to the gods above that we are Ward-Belmonters.

Furthermore, unless they are Woman's Clubbers and Rotary Anns and Sunday school teachers, they'll decide that their class and their girls are superior to ours—we being the terrible modern generation.

It won't be long now until some of us will be the big girls, too. Will the congregation rise and sing, "The Bells of Ward Belmont" to the accompaniment of the Chimes? Thank you!

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Alumnae:

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"Always Lovely"



Anxiously we have been waiting for some word to tell us of the safe arrival of Mistress Belle Ward and Ann Belmont in Japan. At last our desire has been satisfied.

When Mary Rhoda Jones went to her mail box the other day she received a surprise; a long, pink envelope with a blue stamp reposed within. The writing was rather stiff and queer, and on the back were all kinds of queer characters; Japanese of course. Inside was a very interesting letter. In childish handwriting with Japanese letters beside was: Usukijima Elementary School, Usukijima, Honjo, Japan, Mar. 3, 1927. The letter itself is printed and expresses their gratitude for our "nice and attractive doll." They promise to take good care of Ward-Belmont's messenger of friendship and keep her from feeling homesick. It is signed by T. Okamoto, for the schoolmates of his school.

With such kind friends around them we know that our representatives will not be lonely, and we feel sure they will conduct themselves in such a way as to bring new glory to the name of Ward-Belmont.

I don't know what you thought but I know that I enjoyed singing at veepers very much last Sunday, because they were such good, old-fashioned songs. Margaret Insull also read a lovely poem, "The Dwelling Place," by Angela Morgan, and Mary Belle Johnson sang a beautiful solo, "In My Father's House Are Many Mansions," by MacDermid. She was accompanied by Miss Boyer. Alice MacDuff is playing the organ for us this month.

The weather Sunday was pleasant; so we had our Sunday school groups out of doors. Miss Van Hooser fitted together for us the scanty spreads of the life of Mary, the perfect mother, and the story of this Greatest Mother helped somehow to start Mother's Day off in the right way.

If the weather is nice we are going to sing and have Sunday school out of doors next Sunday. Watch for the announcement, or come to chapel as usual.

HONOR ROLL

These girls who are on the high school honor roll for the third quarter deserve commendation for their

superior type of work and their earnest endeavor:

No grade less than B—

FIRST YEAR

Ann Lee Akers
Carmen Barnes
Dorothea Castleman
Elizabeth Cowan
Mary Alice Farr
Frances Dorothy Gibson, not less than A
Ethel Hamilton
Geneva Knox Jones
Betty Logie, not less than A.
Mary Elizabeth Ryan
Mona Stewart
Jane Sutherland, not less than A.
Anita Toey

SECOND YEAR

Lucy May Bond
Grace Caver
Ann Dillon—not less than A
Jane Everson
Evelyn Ewing
Eleanor Fleming
Elizabeth Gilbert
Helen Grizzard
Elizabeth Howe—not less than A
Willie D. Johnson
Ella Puryear Mims, not less than A.
Willis Mima Nooe
Mary Louise Phelps

THIRD YEAR

Mary Laurent Brown
Margaret Keller
Martha Washington

FOURTH YEAR

Grace Carr
Wilona Curran
Francis Denica—not less than A
Ethel Hawkinson
Wendell Johnson
Lucy Dell Leathers
Martha Pine

WARD-BELMONT TO HAVE GRECIAN MAY DAY

An elaborate and beautiful May Day, annual fete of Ward-Belmont, is being planned by those in charge. Although the exact date has not yet been decided upon, it will likely be either the Saturday or Monday before Commencement.

According to Miss Morrison, the entire plan is to carry out characters of Greek Myths related to the gods. The May Queen, chosen as Ward-Belmont's fairest, will represent Juno and her attendants will represent Fortuna and Hebea, crown-bearer, Cupid, Eras, heralds and others. Among the dances will be a dance of the Sirens, Pan with his Fauns, Vulcan accompanied by his flames, Iris and her rainbow dancers, Diana, goddess of the Moon with her band of hunters, a band of Amazons, Venus' dance with her flowers, dance of the Sea Nymphs, Bacchus with his revellers, and Apollo with his chariot and horses. These dances will be interpreted by the gym classes. The clubs have not yet been assigned dances.

Y. W. C. A. TEA ROOM

Special Menu on Mondays for

WARD-BELMONT GIRLS

SENIOR—SENIOR— MIDDLE DAY

Early last Friday morning there was evidence—yes, strong evidence that the members of the Ward-Belmont campus were away and busy long before the accustomed hour. From the windows of all the dormitory buildings were floating gay streamers of purple and white, or yellow and white. What was the occasion is doubtless the next question. This was the beginning of Senior—Senior-Middle Day. On this day each year the two classes meet to test their strength on the athletic fields. At the end of the day the cup is awarded to the winner of the most points.

To continue, as the hour of 6:45 drew near that morning the steps of all the buildings were crowded with girls from both factions, who carried arm loads of their side's colors. These girls as soon as the bell rang made a mad dash for all objects on the campus, strewing them with colors. The Seniors secured the much-coveted fountain and decorated it while the Senior-Middles were more lucky in obtaining the summer house on the central walk. Senior colors floated from the top of the Academic building. The Senior-Middles placed their colors well over the campus, too. The Senior flag was raised, amid cheers, to the top of the old historic tower while the Senior-Middle flag in colors—purple and white fluttered gayly from the bell tower on Recreation Hall.

As the breakfast bell rang out the two classes formed a line of march starting to the dining room. The Seniors were dressed in yellow and white while the Senior-Middles patriotic, too, wore purple and white. When Senior-Middles were seated in the large dining room decorated as Robin Hood's merry green wood the Seniors made triumphant entry singing their songs and in their wake came certain members of their class giving a little skit of a funeral to bury the Senior-Middles. At last the Seniors were settled in the small dining room which they had decorated in yellow and white streamers and balloons. Now the Senior-Middles were to have their fun, so they enacted a little scene taken from a hospital where most of the Seniors were either dead, dying or crippled and maimed for life.

After breakfast a very pretty part of the day's performance was enacted. The Seniors had their Viking Parade, which has become traditional. In the float a viking boat bearing huge sails lettered SENIORS and carrying out the color scheme rode Miss Mills, Senior sponsor; Mrs. McCarub, Senior mother, and Miss Morrison, Senior advisor; Dr. Blanton, Mr. Barton and the Senior class officers. They were all dressed in yellow and white viking costumes as were the members of the class who marched behind. The parade took in the campus driveways, the street about the school and ended upon the baseball diamond. Behind the Senior parade came the sponsor of Senior-Middles, Miss Ransom, Mrs. Blanton and the class officers in a wooden chariot drawn by a mule. This vehicle was decorated in purple and white. At the baseball diamond Robin Hood, chief of the Senior-Middles, who had been a captive of maid Marian, a Senior in the parade, was freed and time for the games had come.

The baseball field was in bad condition, due to heavy rains but the Seniors in yellow and white suits and Senior-Middles in purple and white suits gave a bright aspect to the drab field. Both fought well, hard, heartily and cleanly. The spirit of both classes was fine when the score in favor of the Senior-Middles was read.

At bowling—mid tense excitement and wild yells of cheer from both sides—the Seniors staged a comeback and took bowling for themselves.

Water polo was a close and hard-fought game. Every one played well and in the end the Senior-Mids were triumphant.

During lunch and for two hours after every one rested while a drizzling rain fell. It was really too bad for tennis so after the first set which went to Seniors, the game was called. Basket ball came next! It was a wonderful game and the enthusiasm of both sides was the highest point. The game was close and the sides well matched but the Seniors were the victors in the end. In this game the fine spirit was noticed everywhere.

Tennis was finished in the late afternoon and gave the Senior-Middles the victory. They were thus victors of the day. Winning one major sport and two minor sports while Seniors took one major and one minor sport.

Both classes must be commended on the fine caliber of sportsmanship they displayed. Every athlete who represented either side showed wonderful spirit and courage and were fine winners or losers as the case was. The whole day from beginning to end was perfect in every respect.

While the Seniors lost in games they surely won for a hearty spirit and the Senior-Mids could but say they were worthy opponents. The Senior-Mids won in games and the Seniors could but say that had they been able to choose they could not have found a finer or more worthy class to lose to. There was not a Senior who did not think as much as she saw Dr. Blanton present the cup to the Senior-Middle president. Both classes had wonderful leaders and could but be the fine classes they were under such leadership.

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ESTABLISHED 1910

NASHVILLE,
TENN.

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Application for second-class entry pending.

EDITORIAL

Many of us have chafed under rules and restrictions this entire year, and have expressed innumerable times the desire to be home. But now that the time draws near, we who are Seniors feel a pulling at our heart-strings, and a recurring lump in our throats. For when you have spent a year or more in a place which you have learned to love—which has become part of your very life—you know it isn't easy to think of leaving. Never again to feel that this is really our home while we are here—for though of course we'll be back often to visit our Alma Mater, yet we can never again feel as much a part of things as we do while here in school. For when we do come back, new girls will have taken our places—it will be their home then.

Times will arise often when to be back in Ward-Belmont carefree and happy, will be perhaps our greatest wish. Have we while here realized how exceedingly lighthearted we have been? Oh yes, there have been times when we have thought that we just couldn't possibly get all our work in on time—when we have been so dead tired that we felt we couldn't go on. But those other happier times, outnumbering and counterbalancing the "blues," are the ones which we shall remember always.

If we have lived this year fully and rightly it will afford us much retrospective satisfaction, and if we have not done our best, let it be a lesson to us—that next year, wherever we may be, will be a credit to us and to our families.

This week is one which Ward-Belmont, with due justice, may feel proud to celebrate. It is Home Coming Week! Ward-Belmont is proud, and justly so, of all her old girls returning once more to their Alma Mater. They are now coming back after succeeding in various lines out in the world that Ward-Belmont tried to prepare them for in the days they spent here. They have not forgotten their lessons either for every one of them has been a success in her line.

The school has doubtless changed in a great many ways for those who

have not seen it in the past five years, and also to those who have not been gone longer than a year or so there will also be changes. It is hoped that the Alumnae will find the material changes to their liking and that they will find every ideal and teaching, for which they have loved their school, unchanged and more stressed than ever before.

DR. MIMS LECTURES
NASHVILLE HIGH
SCHOOL ENGLISH
CLASSES

"To understand our own time we must read and understand the literature of today," said Dr. Mims, head of the English department of Vanderbilt University in an address made to the high school students of Nashville at Neely Memorial Auditorium.

Dr. Mims is conservative, disapproving of what he terms "intellectual smartness" as well as the other extreme—dullness.

"Literature is essential in the making of an interesting personality," Dr. Mims continued, "one should learn to discriminate between the good and the bad."

His lecture ended with an appeal to youth—asking them to uphold the ideals of America, in literature.

ANOTHER DUO-ART
RECORD BY MR. GOOD-
MAN RELEASED

Another Duo-Art record, *Pierrot, the Dreamer*, by Schuetz, made by Mr. Lawrence Goodman, of the Ward-Belmont Conservatory of Music, was released in May.

This is the fourth record made by Mr. Goodman for the Duo-Art Company. The others are: *Ecstasy*, by Wiggers; *Humoresque*, by Rochmaninoff, released in March; and *Old Vienna*, by Godowsky, released in April.

EXPRESSION
STUDIO RECITAL

An interesting examination was held orally, Wednesday afternoon, May 4, in a studio recital in expression.

The A Expression class passed a test upon (a) conception of ideas, (b) interpretation through character, and (c) imagination as revealed through voice and pantomime, as exhibited in the readings given.

A large and enthusiastic audience of fellow students filled the studio.

The following students passed the test creditably: Frances O'Donnell, Virginia Turner, Macon Johnson, Ellen Bates, and Helen Hynds.

The program was as follows: *Midshipman Easy*, Virginia Turner; *Violent Remedy*, Martha Robbins; *Fatsy*, Emily Krouse; *Vanity and Some Sables*, Myrtle Duncan; *David and Jonathan*, Maybelle Hansen; *The Saleslady*, Helen Hynds; *The End of the Path*, Edna Johnson; *Afternoon Ride of Paul Renvers Dobbs*, Frances O'Donnell; *Soul of O'Senna San*, Macon Johnson; *Tom's Last Furage*, Evelyn Doble; *The High Brotherhood*, Ruth Eberle; *The Poor Old Maid*,

Virginia Cooper; *The Jester's Second*, Ellen Bates; *Nightingale and Rose*, Margaret Carthew; *Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary*, Venia Featheringill.

On Tuesday, May 10, at 7:30 o'clock and on Wednesday, May 11, at 2:30 o'clock similar recitals were given.

"ELECTRA" TO BE
PRODUCED AGAIN

At the invitation of the City and the Park Commission, the tragedy Sophocles' *Electra* will be repeated at 8 o'clock Tuesday evening, May 17, at the Parthenon—the most perfect building in the United States.

The play is under the direction of Miss Pauline Sherwood Townsend, the director of the Ward-Belmont School of Expression.

A beautiful system of lighting is being installed, and the lines and choruses are again in rehearsal.

Mr. Edmond Stockman, a professional actor, will take the part of Orestes, as Mr. Robert Alexander is out of the city.

Misses Catherine Winnia, Ellen Couch, and Marie Louise Pittman will take the roles of Clytemnestra, Chrysothemis and Electra.

Mr. Washburn, Mr. Smith, and Mr. Love will take the parts of Agamemnon, aged attendant, and Pylades.

Choruses will be sung by the senior and certificate expression students, and the remaining parts will be taken by other expression students.

The Hymn to Calliope will be sung by pupils of Miss Florence Boyer, instructor in the Ward-Belmont School of Music.

The choruses are arranged from ancient Greek music by Henry Weson, Head of Musical Science in School of Music of Ward-Belmont.

The play will be open to the public. Many citizens of Nashville will recall the very finished production of *Electra*, which was given early in November. Notice of that production and many favorable criticisms were made in such publications as *The Drama*, and the *New York Times*.

IN THE BIOLOGY LAB

AU—AU—AUK! AU—AU—AU—AUK! What a queer sound issued from the realms of the Biology laboratory! Upon entering I was astonished to see Miss Hawkins frantically clutching a poor, little, wriggling frog. Its croaking was all in vain, for she firmly held the hind legs while her efficient fingers slowly rubbed its "tummy." Girls, we have a new magician in our midst! The excited froggie lay motionless on the table. Suddenly, however, it jumped into the air only to be recaptured and replaced in its usual habitat.

There in an aquarium the eager students observed the actions of the live animals before the dead ones were dissected. With screams of horror and fear the first frog was picked up by a timid blonde. After each girl had bravely secured her specimen, Miss Hawkins gave the directions in her brief, exact manner.

When I left, her eyes were still sparkling with interest as she explained the cause of the AU—AU—AU—AUK!

THE LITERARY CLUB

At the last meeting of the Literary Club the officers were elected. It was really a very hard job, for all those charter members seem to have the necessary ability. However, after many motions and discussions these girls turned out to be the chosen few: the president, Margaret Lowe; the vice-president, Josephine Rankin, and the secretary-treasurer, Janet Carter. At present, the club is working toward two goals, first, to make a "go" of Ward-Belmont's first and only literary club, and, second, to have some good looking pins.

Have you heard the name of this new club? You haven't? Well, it certainly is a "dandy" and as clever as its author, Clarice Dix. But the name is a secret yet!

PLAYS PRESENTED
BY HIGH SCHOOL EX-
PRESSION STUDENTS

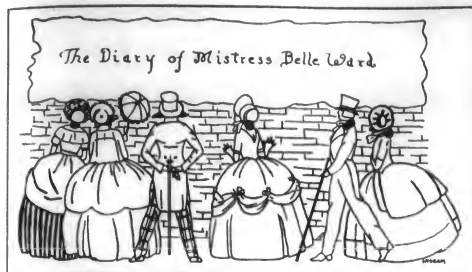
The Dear Departed and *Down With Love* were the two plays presented by the High School Students, May 10.

The characters in *The Dear Departed* were Mrs. Slater, Jane Carvey Folk, Mrs. Jordan, Catherine Blanton, Henry Slater, Ruby Meyers, Ben Jordan, Frances Gray, Victoria Slater, Florella Byrom, Abel Merryweather, Catherine Funk.

Those who took part in *Down With Love*, which is an original play by Jane Carey Folk, were Catherine Blanton as Nancy Black; Catherine Slater as Frances De Grafy; Frances Gary, Edna Appleton, Jane Carey Folk, Calotta Crusa, Florella Byrom, Victoria Overton, Ruby Meyers, Poetry Salesman.

PICNIC AT THE
HERMITAGE

No matter how many times a person may have visited the Hermitage, the old home of Andrew Jackson, to picnic there is most enjoyable and seems to enable one to feel much more the atmosphere of the place. One seems to realize more acutely how pleasant life within the great house surrounded by so many acres of beautiful countryside must have been. For long Ward-Belmont students have looked forward in the spring of the year to a picnic at this lovely place. Each spring the clubs take their girls for an outing. A big bus may be seen to drive up and stop before South Front, where a group of anxious girls are waiting. In less than an hour the girls have gone through the Jackson home, viewed and admired the furniture and finery of a bygone age, thence to wander about the formal gardens at the right side of the mansion. Down the long walk then to the spring house they go where their sponsor and some of the girls have spread a delicious meal. There on the lovely lawn under the great trees one can almost imagine that the wheels of Time have once more turned back and that she is once more in Anti-Bellum days. So far this year the following clubs have taken this trip: Tri K, Penta Tau, X. L., Oisron, F. F., and Anti-Pandoras.



Tuesday—May 3.

Woke up at five a. m. to study history, then went to sleep again at six and forgot it all. Consequently I felt like nothing at all when Miss Rheo gave us a test. Her tests always make me feel that way though, so it's a small matter.

Took in a few more classes but didn't enjoy them especially. This spring weather isn't conducive to concentration.

Spent the afternoon in the library—outlined twenty pages in two hours. At that rate I might be able to finish my psych outside reading by January 16, 1932.

Played baseball as usual. Got my thumb smashed—and was scatted with a baseball bat—and sunburned my nose, otherwise the game was uneventful.

Librariad again this evening. This excess studying is sure to make me reduce—and goodness knows I need it—many more weeks before we'll be hieing ourselves back to civilization.

Wednesday—May 4.

Cut psych class and made a visit to Peabody and Tarbox. It was more fun—but all the time I was strolling along Hillaboro I felt as though I was doing something wrong—very wrong. It was all right as long as the teachers let us be plain visitors, but when they started making us tell our pedigree at Tarbox I was ready to leave. Now I'm not usually troubled with stage fright but I had a bad case of it's first cousin when I tried to talk to those fifth grade cherubs.

Baseball again today. No casualties this time, consequently no excitement.

Club tonight—and I sat on the steps and translated French by way of excitement. Duty before pleasure every time!

Wrote to several of my one-time playmates during study hour—got to let them know I'm still alive, so maybe I'll rate something or other when I return to the family circle.

Thursday—May 5.

Slept till the breakfast bell—now that's something that hasn't happened lately, and I had one awful, so maybe I'll rate something or other when I return to the family circle.

Was properly bored in classes—and that is, till I got to history—and then I came within an inch of swallowing my chewing gum when Miss Leavell finally settled Russia up for us. Sure was scored for awhile for fear Russia wouldn't hitch up with Austria. It's

not good for me to get so wrought up over classes, I lose my appetite—and it'd be a shame for me to lose any weight.

Well—it rained all afternoon—and it meant business, too. I was nearly drowned and cried for help on the way home from the library. It would rain just so I could park out in front of Senior and holler for my date for the banquet. We finally got up to "rec" without having to be towed, but it was an awful struggle. Anyway, it was well worth it. The banquet was grand—the decorations swell, and the food swell-er. And I'm not saying it just because I'm a loyal Senior-Mid.

Wasn't sufficiently wooed to study the rest of study hour, so I sent a list of my favorite foods home—just a gentle hint!

Friday—May 6.

Senior-Senior Middle Day!
It poured angora cats and puddle dogs all day!

We heat! But never in all my life have I felt so measly about winning anything! Those seniors sure are the world's best sports.

Saturday—May 7.

Well—I'm dog tired—and didn't have a single lesson. Wish some of our dear teachers had a little more school spirit and a little less desire to fill us with knowledge.

Horse show this p. m., and I sat out on those hard bleachers from the minute the band arrived. Nearly passed out of the picture at the classy Vandy delegation.

Hoped and prayed for a horse to run away, or most any thing to create a little excitement, and then of course wasn't looking when Miss Lowrey was nearly squashed. I've never had freckles before but I know I'll have them now after parboiling in that hot sun all afternoon.

Swallowed my dinner whole and got a front row seat for the movie—and then it was dumber than usual. Just my luck!

Sunday—May 8.

Well—I'd give a nickle to know what they fed us yesterday! The whole school is dying off. Wasn't even able to attend church, and for a religious girl like me, that's going some.

Monday—May 9.

Hale and hearty once more—and celebrated by going to town—something new and different!

It's hotter than ever! I'm suffering from an advanced case of prickly heat!

WARD-BELMONT CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC RECITAL

The pupils of Miss Sloan gave a recital of outstanding excellence on Wednesday afternoon, May 11, at four-thirty. The program was as follows:

- (a) La Primavera D'Or. Glosouzov
- (b) The False Prophet.....Scott
Miss Glory Davis
- (a) The Jasmine Door.....Scott
- (b) Ella of the Starry Night..Wood
Miss Virginia Bell
- (a) Spring's Awakening. Sanderson
- (b) Sunbeams.....Ronald
Miss Mary Jane MacPhail
- (a) At Parting.....Rogers
- (b) Dawn in the Forest.....Ronald
Miss Aileen Rauch
- (a) Maigre Mol.....Pfeiser
- (b) Bedouin Love Song.....Pinsuti
Mr. Ralph S. Mooney
- (a) Shy Mignonne.....Brahe
- (b) Counsel to Nina.....Wekerlin
Miss Ethel Broyhill
- (a) Song of Sunshine.....Thomas
- (b) Farla.....Arditi
Miss Dorothy Cook
- (a) The Danza.....Chadwick
- (b) Nymphs of the Rhine.....Wekerlin
Miss Julia Wylie
- (a) In questo Semplice (Betty).....
- (b) Birds are Singing.....Donizetti
Mrs. Sam Averbuch
- (a) Dearest, I Bring You Daffodils.....Forster
- (b) La Capricciosa.....Mattei
Mrs. Hunter Leftwich
- (a) Charmant Oiseau (La Perle du Bresil).....David
- (b) Nymphs et Sylvains.....Bemberg
Miss Nancy Baskerville

WARD-BELMONT GIRL WINS THIRD PLACE IN ATLANTIC MONTHLY CONTEST

"Men of the Pig-Iron Furnace," by Hortense Ambrose, Ward-Belmont high school student, won third place in a contest sponsored by the *Atlantic Monthly Magazine* and in which thousands of essays from the entire country were entered. Miss Ambrose also won first prize for her notebook of literature compilation in a recent *Current Literature* contest.

All winners in the *Atlantic Monthly* contest will be announced in the June number of the magazine. The prize-winning essays will be published in booklet form later.

The high school English department is also winning recognition from *The Magazine World*. In a letter to Miss Anna Pugh, this magazine extends a special invitation to the high school students to send them some of their best essays and poetry material before school closes in June.

Donald Snyder, editor, writes in closing, "Our Round Table for the opening number next October is to be made up from the manuscripts which we will receive during May and June this spring, and I have learned to look to your school for the type of things we are eager to find."

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**MARGARET ELLEN
DOUTY WINS
HORSE SHOW**

The Fourth Annual Spring Horse Show of the Ward-Belmont Riding Club was held at the riding ring at two o'clock last Saturday afternoon. After a test of her skill in almost every event held, Margaret Ellen Douty was awarded a medal and a silver loving cup (for the X. L.'s) for winning first place.

Beautiful riding and exceedingly good management was displayed by the following girls in showing the five gaits—walk, trot, canter, rack, and stepping pace:

1st Place—Margaret Ellen Douty.
2nd Place—Rosella Ehrenwald.
3rd Place—Katherine McKee.
4th Place—Mary Stuart Norton.
To canter in and out through six posts and jump two hurdles requires skillful horsemanship. The following competed in this number and won the following places:

1st Place—Margaret Ellen Douty.
2nd Place—Elizabeth Lowry.
3rd Place—Katherine McKee.
4th Place—Mary Stuart Norton.
Miss Early's ability as an instructor was shown through the girls who have learned to ride during the year. They showed three gaits—walk, trot, and canter.

1st Place—Meredith McKee.
2nd Place—Lela Owen.
3rd Place—Betty Stone.
The other girls were: Betty Barnard, Helen Hynda, Elise Jester, Gladys McDonald, Anita Pettit, Nancy Rabenu, Helen Scott, Lula and Geraldine Temple.

Park riding in couples made a very pretty sight as the girls displayed their capability to ride together and show three gaits.

1st Place—Rosella Ehrenwald and Elizabeth Lowry.
2nd Place—Margaret Ellen Douty and Mary Bellock.
3rd Place—Mary Stuart Norton and Katherine McKee.

4th Place—Eloise Wilborn and Virginia Baird.
A most unusual and interesting event took place in the ring race, which was judged on the management of horse and the number of rings obtained.

1st Place—Margaret Ellen Douty.
2nd Place—Mary Stuart Norton.
3rd Place—Katherine McKee.
4th Place—Elizabeth Lowry.

The management and riding of the girls with the three gaited horses must be highly commended. They showed the walk, canter and trot.

1st Place—Catherine Henderson.
2nd Place—Mary Bellock.
3rd Place—Lucy Dell Leathers.
The other contestants were: Harriet Condit, Mary Louise Niles and Eloise Welborn.

A display of excellent horsemanship was portrayed in the five gaited combination. The horses were driven and then ridden, the riding and driving each counting fifty per cent.

Taking the show as a whole: Margaret Ellen Douty placed first; Katherine McKee, second; Rosella Ehrenwald, third.

The judges of the show were Mr. Joe E. Yowell, Mr. Ray H. Hare, and

Mr. John Early. They were assisted by Miss Emma I. Sisson as clerk of events, and Mr. L. R. Duncan was superintendent. Dr. Blanton held the pleasant job of presenting the awards.

The school turned out big for such a warm day, and with the aid of the band and a few umbrellas the contestants held the intense interest of every spectator.

MONTREUX

The traveler no sooner enters Montreux than he immediately senses a change in the atmosphere. The German appearance noticed in Interlaken is changed entirely to one strictly French—for Montreux is in the French section of Switzerland. His hotel, surrounded by terraced gardens, overlooks Lake Lemon. From the balcony of his room he has a wonderful view of the Castle of Chillon, only a short distance away on the left shore. Behind it rise snow-capped peaks and on the right the town nestles. This Castle, immortalized by Byron, one of the most ancient and typical of its kind, has often been in times past, the prison of political offenders. In its halls now stands a new monument of white marble given by the French in recognition of Switzerland's aid during the World War. The lake, its waters smooth as glass, mirrors the white-topped mountains and the soft, fluffy clouds, delicately tinted by the rays of a dying sunset. The countryside with its fresh green vegetation lies peacefully at the foot of the Alps—symbolic of the peace and independence that the little republic of Switzerland has maintained for centuries.

ACADEMIC NOTES

The English A students are unearthing their early lives, to the benefit of autobiographies.

Mr. Dodd's Economic classes are making Income Tax Reports. His Psychology classes are preparing to observe schools.

On May 2, Mr. Goodman and Miss Emmeline Boyer gave a well-received concert at Paris, Tennessee, on the invitation of the Music Club.

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VANDERBILT GLEE CLUB CONCERT

About thirty-five Ward-Belmont girls trolleyed Orpheum-ward on Tuesday night, May 5, to hear the Vanderbilt Glee Club concert. Several of the Vanderbilt fraternities, Beta Theta Pi, Phi Kappa Psi, and Phi Kappa Sigma, reserved boxes for their members and the girls accompanying them; and the Commodore Club occupied two blocks of orchestra seats.

The program consisted of many beautiful numbers as "The Bells of St. Mary's." The guest soloist for the concert was Douglas Wright, who is very popular with Nashville audiences.

The Ward-Belmont girls enjoyed the concert and regretted that they could not attend the dance given afterwards by the Commodores.

LIZA'S LETTERS

Tuesday.

Peg, Honey:

There has been so much excitement here lately—just like a circus. We have had more fun. Thursday night was the Senior—Senior-Middle banquet. It was gorgeous even if I do say so myself. It made me feel so Robin-Hoodish that I dreamed of bold, brave men all night.

Friday was Senior—Senior-Middle Day—words can't describe it. You'll have to experience it for yourself. Everybody woke up at the most unearthly hour, but we couldn't have slept if we wanted to. After patiently waiting alone for the 6:45 bell the two armies dashed madly in all directions to hang colors. After that and breakfast I rather expected the remainder of the day to be an anticlimax. I surely got fooled!

Soon after we had eaten, the parade took place. 'Twas grand and glorious. There we marched behind the vikings with our noble chariot with precious cargo leading us to the navigating station where baseball took place. Senior-Mids came out victorious in spite of the wet weather. Seniors gave the victory cry after bowling, but we gave the horse laugh after water polo. You just *oughter* have seen it! Tennis came next. The game was called on account of the weather with the Senior's set. Then basket ball gave the Seniors another taste of victory, leaving tennis to decide the day. *We soon*—I was too dumb founded to register for minutes after. I couldn't grasp it at all. The Seniors were so wonderful about it that I just couldn't help but feel sorry that it was they we had to beat. Motley made such a *wonderful* speech and Jay is being there is a more *wonderful* feeling between us all.

The horse show was Saturday. I'd never seen one before and thought it was good. My eyes just popped out at some of the feats.

Yesterday our club went to the Hermitage on a picnic with the Osirons. We had a gorgeous, scrumptious time (my adjectives are getting low.) I spent half the afternoon looking for a four leaf clover. All I got were four score red bug bites and an awful dis-

position. I came home feeling somewhat like the better half of the school's been feeling since Saturday. Fleeces always affect me that way.

Three more weeks!

Affectionately,
Lisa.

SENIOR—SENIOR-MIDDLE BANQUET

I think there is not one,

But he of Robin Hood hath heard and little John,
And to the end of time the tales shall ne'er be done,

Of Scarlet, George a Green, and Muck, a Miller's son.
Of Tuck, the merry Friar, which many a sermon made

In praise of Robin Hood, his outlaws and their trade.

—Drayton.

Robin Hood and his hearty outlaw band, holding sway in Sherwood forest, were merry hosts to the court of King Richard Thursday evening, May 5; for the Senior-Middle Class, in its role of Robin Hood's outlaws, entertained the Seniors at the annual class banquet Thursday in a gay forest forest room.

Guests entered this forest home of the outlaws over a rustic foot bridge—perhaps the very one where mighty Robin met his overthrow by Little John. Green-wrapped posts, leafy branches covering the walls, bowls of bright spring flowers on the tables, and jaunty feathered outlaw caps for the revellers, made the banquet seem truly a woodland feast.

Robin Hood and a small chosen band, dressed in the typical Sherwood Forest outlaw costume of green, entertained with rhymed welcomes and sprightly dances and Sherwood Forest songs. Dr. Blanton, as King Richard, presided over the merriment.

The following program was given: *The Greenwood Trees*—Robin Hood, Viola Jay; *The Sherwood Clan*—Maid Marion, Blanche Motley; *The Lay of the Sherwood Minstrel*—Allan a Dale, Dorothy Cook; *King Richard and His Friends*—Muck, a Miller's son, Margaret Lowe; *The Lincoln Green*—George a Green, Dorothy Calbert; *Morris Dances*—Merrie Makers Glory, Davis, Virginia Baird, and Helen Dean; *The Bugle Horn*—Reynold Greenleaf, Marion Sherman; *The Nut Browne Ale*—Friar Tuck, Catherine Blackman; *The Old Bow String*—Robin Hood.

The menu was also arranged in woodland style.

Merry Cup of Welcome
Brittle Herbs Elves' Marbles
 Spitted Fowl
 Wild Berry Juice
Forest Stems Fruit of the Pod
 Arrow Sprouts
 Penny Buns
 Nut Browne Ale
 Jellyed Fruit
 Crisps
Starry Stars Strawberry Custards
 Black Wine
Squirrel's Dainties Sweet Meats

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WARD-BELMONT PRESENTS OPERA WITH ALL-NASH- VILLE CAST

As a spring time gift to Nashville opera, "Cavalleria Rusticana," by Ward-Belmont offered at the Ryman Auditorium Thursday night the grand pupils of Signor Gastano S. De Luca. For two months Signor De Luca had been planning for an all-Nashville talent presentation of Mascagni's "Cavalleria Rusticana."

Associated with Signor De Luca in the enterprise which may eventually mean that Nashville will enjoy a municipal opera as larger cities in the East and North do, are F. Arthur Henkel, well-known organist and director of the Nashville Symphony Orchestra, who conducted the presentation of Mascagni's two-part opera and Miss Sarah Jeter, teacher of Physical Education at Ward-Belmont, who trained the ballet for the production.

Indicative of how ambitious the plans of Signor De Luca and Mr. Henkel are, is the fact that besides the fine principals, all the Nashville singers who have been taught by Signor De Luca there were thirty-seven of the best voices in Nashville trained by the same master in the chorus and Mr. Henkel directed an orchestra of thirty musicians drawn from Nashville's Symphony Orchestra as accompanists. Thus the total cast was about eighty counting the ballet.

For several years Signor De Luca had hoped that he might introduce Nashville to its own singers in grand opera but never before this year has he felt that he had enough talent of the high character which he has now drawn on.

So far as is known to him, this is the first time that a school or city in the entire South has attempted anything quite so ambitious in a musical way. Signor De Luca with the enthusiasm for Southern voices which led to the placing of his pupil, Joseph T. MacPherson with the Metropolitan Grand Opera Company believes that the presentation of "Cavalleria Rusticana" last Thursday night is the introduction of great things for musical Nashville.

No admission was charged. Ward-Belmont gave this as a present to Nashville for one evening. Scenery was painted in a near copy of Metropolitan opera scenery by E. Ambrose Matthews of Nashville. Costumes came from a New York firm. Not one detail was overlooked.

Principals in the opera were: Franco Golda, soprano as Santuzzo; Blanche Campbell, mezzo as Lola; Arthur W. Wright, tenor as Turiddu; John Lewis, Baritone, as Alfio, and Louise Tanksley, contralto, as Lucia.

Members of the peasant chorus were: sopranos, Myra Bender, Nelle Moran, Ruth Rathell, Margaret Rich, Eula Skinner, Sara Swain, Virginia Turner, Catherine Warren, Marion Thompson, Pauline Jackson, Alice Miller and Mrs. Frank Nolen; Contraltos, Mrs. Barton Brown, Mrs. John Sullivan, Josephine Kelly and Christine Lamb; tenors, Wesley Barton, William Perry, Donald Rouse,

Paul Manchester, Ralph Mooney and Edgar Patterson; basses, Eugene Bugg, Henry Hollinshead, Clarence Lebeck, Gilbert Marshall, Burton Wilson, Norman Cordon and John Irwin.

PERSONALS

Margaret McMullen had lunch on Saturday with Mrs. Gilbert and Polly. Annie May McCauley and Betty Martin spent Saturday afternoon with Mrs. Gillespie.

Myrtle Carter spent the week-end with her mother.

Lily Jackson spent Sunday with Mrs. Killebrew.

Jean Haynes spent Sunday with her aunt, Mrs. Shelton.

Mary Pearl Moores spent Sunday with Mrs. Gary McLaughlin.

Virginia Farmer and Elizabeth Goode were entertained on Sunday by Mrs. C. D. Jones.

Agnes Bickley was with Mrs. Frank Bunch on Sunday.

Emily Carter spent Sunday with Mrs. Robert Lusk and Betsy.

GUESTS AT WARD-BELMONT LAST WEEK

Ward-Belmont was visited by the following friends and patrons of the school during the week-end starting May 7:

Mrs. W. B. Burwell, Jackson, Miss.; Mrs. R. W. Witwer, West Palm Beach, Fla.; Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Kearney, Wauwatosa, Wis.; Mrs. D. Carter, Rocky Mount, N. C.; Mrs. T. L. Foulds, Alton, Ill.

Dear Cynthia

Sara said to me:
They say—love is
blind! Well, I'm
in love
all right!
I was just
going out
of town to
buy a new
gown when
I discovered
we have the newest
and most reasonable
things right here at



Bella!
—Bois

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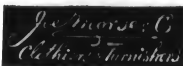
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WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

Volume XVI

NASHVILLE, TENN., SATURDAY, MAY 21, 1927

Number 36

WARD-BELMONT ESSAYS RANK HIGH IN ATLANTIC MONTHLY CONTEST

Four essays written by Ward-Belmont high school girls were included in the thirty best themes that were given final consideration by judges of the *Atlantic Monthly Essay Contest* for the prizes. Four other essays by Ward-Belmont girls were mentioned as ranking very high.

Men of the Pig-Iron Furnace, by Hortense Ambrose, ranked third and received third prize. *The Disadvantage of Being Healthy*, by Billy Wanser; *The Spirit of the Parthenon*, by Lucy Delle Leathers; and *Ten Cent Stores*, by Alberta Guffigan ranked ninth, eleventh, and eighteenth respectively.

In addition to these honors the following essays were commended very highly: *On Liking to Argue*, by Eugenia Wilson; *Mount Rogers*, by Winona Curran; *Old Houses*, by Pauline Holladay; and *The Romance of the Perfume*, by Lavinia Rose.

CHAPEL TALKS

Tuesday—May 10.

Miss Norris spoke about her trip to Washington. She went to the meeting of the American Association of University Women as delegate from Vanderbilt, which has heretofore not been in this national organization. The association meets every two years, and every fourth year the meetings are at Washington.

This organization wants to support and forward the idea of women's scholarships.

Miss Norris spoke of the wonderful work of the association, of the loveliness of Washington, and of the many interesting women she saw and met. Her talk was greatly enjoyed.

Wednesday—May 11.

Miss Morrison made announcements.

Thursday—May 12.

All of us signed slips stating where we would attend school next year.

Friday—May 13.

Friday, the thirteenth is usually unlucky. But we were at least lucky in our chapel program.

Miss Amis brought over her registered troop of Girl Scouts, who conducted their meeting for us. These girls are doing as much of their Scout work as possible, in French, which is very unusual.

The troop repeated their oath, and sang both in English and in French, and sang both "The Star Spangled Banner" and "The Marseillaise." After that was finished, they sang a

(Continued on page 8)

Inter-Club Baseball Tournament

The inter-club baseball tournament began on Wednesday, May 11. Many spectators enjoyed the excitement of the games, as well as the players themselves.

The first game played, between the Osirons and Anti-Pans, proved most interesting for even though the Anti-Pans held the lead in points at the first of the game, the Osirons won by a score of 25 to 23.

<i>Oseiron</i>	<i>Anti-Pan</i>
Ravn.....C.....	Cobb
Johnson.....P.....	Huff
Kolling.....1-B.....	Carter
Bidwell.....2-B.....	C. Cotton
Ellington.....3-B.....	E. M. Cotton
Gale.....L.S.....	
Ryerson.....R.S.....	Moser
Dreyfus.....L.F.....	Sage
Gove.....R.F.....	Day
Miller.....C.F.....	

The F. F.-Tri K game was a fight for runs. At the final moment Rose Morrison caught a fly making the score 39 to 38 in the Tri K favor.

<i>Tri K</i>	<i>F. F.</i>
Jackson.....C.....	Baird
Scott.....P.....	Brabston
Strain.....1-B.....	Robbins
Weiborn.....2-B.....	Campbell
Morrison.....3-B.....	Foots
Northrup.....L.S.....	Laughridge
Proctor.....R.S.....	Donica
Gilbert.....L.F.....	Hamilton
Steger.....R.F.....	Ellinger
Haynes.....C.F.....	Wright

The Betas won a close game from the A. K.'s, 30 to 28.

<i>Beta</i>	<i>A. K.</i>
Boyd.....C.....	Buston
B. Smith.....P.....	Meggs
Hayes.....1-B.....	M. Blackman
Barthell.....2-B.....	Robbins
Dowlen.....3-B.....	Walker
Smith.....L.S.....	Trombly
Hayes.....R.S.....	Townsend
Graham.....L.F.....	Anderson
Washington.....R.F.....	Weber
Keller.....C.F.....	Jury

(Continued on page 8)

STUDENT COUNCILS ELECTED

Mary Elizabeth Cayce and Margaret Ellen Douthy were elected presidents of the Day and Boarding Student Councils, respectively, in the elections held Friday, May 13.

The presidents chosen for next fall are unusually strong in capability and leadership. Mary Elizabeth Cayce, many years a Ward-Belmont girl, is thoroughly imbued with the spirit to stand for the best in the school. She was first vice-president of council last semester. Margaret Ellen Douthy, winner of the Ward-Belmont horse show, shows a remarkable capability for student leadership as well.

Other members of the councils are equally capable for their positions. Those elected to the Day Student Council are: Mary Padgett, first vice-president; Elizabeth Bevington, second vice-president; Orlean Henderson, secretary; Nancy O'Connor, treasurer, and Elizabeth Barthell, proctor.

The Boarding Student Council is as follows: president, Margaret Ellen Douthy, Portland, Oregon; first vice-president, Mary Helen Foulds, Alton, Illinois; second vice-president, Frances O'Donnell, Ellsworth, Kansas; secretary, Elise Jester, Corsicana, Texas; treasurer, Alice Rodes, Bowling Green, Kentucky; general proctor, Catherine Blackman, Tullahoma, Tennessee, and chapel proctor, Dorothy Jones, Hannibal, Missouri.

TENNESSEE-ARKANSAS-FLORIDA DANCE

A fan dance, with immense pastel-shaded fans for decorations, was given as the last social club dance of the year by the Tennessee, Arkansas, and Florida state clubs Saturday evening.

Those who received the guests were Miss Leavell, Mrs. Charlton, and Miss Nellums; and Ruth Moore, Lavinia Rose, and Frances Hassel, sponsors and presidents of the Arkansas, Florida and Tennessee clubs respectively.

The entire dance carried out the fan idea beautifully. Invitations were fan-shaped. Room decorations were also in the shape of fans, the intervening spaces brightened by strips of vari-colored crepe paper. The special act was a man dance by Dorothy Cook, Maxine Erwin, Margaret White-spoon, Martha Lindsey, Jean Haines, and Margaret Carthew. The solo work of Margaret Carthew was particularly lovely.

Guests were presented with small, jeweled picture frames after the grand march.

Refreshments of lemonade freeze and dainty sandwiches were served.

ACADEMIC NOTES

Exams seem to be around the corner, judging from preparations. The Economic classes are writing term papers.

Last Friday Mrs. Blanton took Mary Dunn and Edith Rogers to the Richland Country Club, where they sang for the Virginia Women's Club.

WARD-BELMONT TO PUBLISH BOOK OF HIGH SCHOOL WRITINGS

Work of approximately one hundred pupils of the high school department will be represented in the *Ward-Belmont Book of Verse, Story, Short Play and Essay* to be published soon.

The book, containing examples of the best poems, fables, short stories, personal essays, short plays, book reviews, criticisms, and reports on lectures and plays for the past three years, will be used next year to illustrate different types of work done in high school.

High school students are keenly interested in the volume, since all four classes in the department will be represented and names will be signed to the contributions.

Foreword to the book is being written by Miss Anna Pugh, head of the high school English department. The work will come from the press some time this summer.

PARIS

The train pulled in at eleven o'clock and a few minutes later the traveler saw Paris for the first time. The traffic by night seems almost as mighty as by day and certainly the speed of each individual vehicle is greatly accelerated, to cross a street on foot is a matter both of brains and providence. The visitor to this famous capital has a very enchanting first glimpse of the Louvre, the Royal Palace, and the gardens of the Tuilleries as he arrives at his hotel, which is just opposite on the Rue de Rivoli. A late breakfast the next morning, is followed by a visit to the many shops which are fascinating in the great variety and number of things they display. There, before ones very eyes, is everything one had ever thought or dreamed of. Particularly does Paris seem to abound in hat shops, each with its sign, le plus chic, and in branch departments of Coty's establishment.

Coming out on a broad avenue, one enters the public gardens which are in a straight line with the obelisk, marking the place of the old guillotine, the Place de la Concord, and beyond, is the Arc de Triomphe. In these gardens is the famous statue of Gambaetta, founder of the French Republic; in a statue resembling Sarah Bernhardt, is symbolized the "spirit of Paris" from 1914-18—courage, endurance and steadiness.

In the afternoon if one is fortunate one may be present at a display of linens and lingerie exhibited in most lovely fashion.

(Continued on page 8)



The Smart Ensemble for Street Wear

FROM her smart ribbon hat to her pumps, the summer girl must choose carefully, piece by piece, the garments that suit her style. The outfit shown here is similar to many entrancing effects you may secure by shopping at Castner's.

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Marjorie was right in the first place because the best was saved for the last. Mr. Charles Washburn, a former voice teacher of Ward-Belmont, who was out for vespers last Sunday evening left with us many thoughts worth remembering. Thoughts are interesting things, and Mr. Washburn says that the things one thinks about when one is quiet and alone reveals his character to himself, and would reveal it to others if he would tell them. To follow the life of Christ one must think of those things that are true, honest, lovely, good, and just. Another thought that is well to remember is that personalities influence one most of all, and it is usually inspiring people who influence our school-life more than books ever could. Mr. Washburn completed his little talk perfectly when he sang Harry Lauder's song, "The End of the Road."

Miss Tsey, a student from Shanghai, China, will speak at Sunday school tomorrow morning. Remember to come as this is the last Sunday, and the speaker is a very interesting one.

Candlelights, soft music, and girls in white! The installation service of the new "Y" cabinet officers will take place as vesper's Sunday night instead of the regular service.

Mr. Duvall, of Scarritt College, came out to talk to the Sunday school groups last Sunday. In connection with what we are going to do this summer he says we must have a adventure; not the kind that explores wild places and shoots Indians, but adventure into the realm of ideas and ideals. Life must be full of adventures in friendships and in personalities; adventure in reasoning out the problems of the world, and in learning new things. One must experiment with his highest ideals of life in order to gain the most of it. The last and greatest adventure is the search for God, and this will be long because He is not easy to find; but this is wholly worth while and the most rewarding of them all.

THE CHAPEL SPEAKER

I hate the chapel speaker. He is of the species of the family born to death. He appears in many variations. There is the fat, bald-headed

man with a beam and a fatherly manner. He rubs his hands and rocks back and forth from his toes to his heels in such a vigorous manner that there is nearly loss his equilibrium. There is the woman speaker—as if this place weren't already full to the brim with females! She wears regulation gunboats and a face that looks as if she'd been sent for and couldn't come. Her clothes fit her like a flag fits a flagpole and she wears them with the style and grace of a long and lanky cross-eyed boy on his first date. Then there is the violent speaker who, with much gusto and merry glee, goes through the gesticulations of a toy monkey on a string—and ends up looking like a pretzel. The funny speaker—he is the most deadly of the whole race! His puns are pale and tottering, his sarcasm is that by which we made Adam eat the apple and his jokes contain all the humor of a can of sardines with out a can opener. Bring your hanky for the funny man.

Oh! I'm tired of having people looking into my fresh young face! I'm tired of being a garden of roses! I'm tired of hearing how I can make my life bigger, better, and more beautiful!

I hate the chapel speaker.

EXCHANGES

The Ward-Belmont Hyphen acknowledges the following exchanges this week:

The Kangaroo, Austin College, Sherman, Texas.

The Green and White, Parker Senior High School, Chicago, Ill.

The Megaphone, Georgetown, Texas.

The Broadcaster, Ann Arbor, Mich.

The New Student, New York, N. Y.

The Sandtonian, Sand Springs, Okla.

The Optimistic, Agnes Scott College, Decatur, Ga.

The Westport Crier, Kansas City, Mo.

The Bugle Call, Columbia, Tenn.

The Conglomerate, Centenary College, Shreveport, La.

The Glean, Independence, Mo.

It's not that the sky is gray today
Or that lessons are not done.
It's inside you that makes the hurt
Ere the setting of the sun.

Perhaps you forgot some kind word
Or some letter you did not write,
Maybe some flowers you didn't send
Make you sigh tonight.

But some day when you're feeling
blue,

Some day in after years,
Without the slightest warning to you
The deed forgotten will appear.

Perhaps you did say some kind word
Or some letters you did write.
Maybe you did send someone flowers
That make you glad tonight.

Y. W. C. A. TEA ROOM

Special Menu on Mondays for

WARD-BELMONT GIRLS -

THE PERFECT GIRL

Young ladies should read the following and give it serious consideration: "The following are the attributes of the perfect girl, as seen through Harvard eyes, and some fifty bachelor graduates having recently and after considerable discussion, agreed on them for the 'girl that's worth while.'"

"She is attractive, graceful and healthy, but not necessarily pretty, and can cook cake as well as rare-bit.

"She can make bread as well as fudge.

"Her dancing is not necessarily up to standard, but she is appreciative of the dance and of the sports.

"She is broad-minded, sympathetic, tactful, unselfish, optimistic, thrifty of disposition and moderate in all things.

"She can stand reverses without worry. She is gentle to children and kind to older people, especially her parents.

"She has a broad education, but not necessarily a college one.

"She is modest and true and home-loving.

"She has good standing, is of a religious nature and is not too proud to pray."

And this is the "perfect girl," as seen through Harvard eyes.—*The Colo-Wo-Co.*

IF A BEDSPREAD COULD TALK

Well, I don't feel so good this week. If people would only keep off and let a fellow have a little rest once in a while! But the lamates of this room surely do make frequent use of poor me. Lazy things. Bad enough to be tossed around all night without being pummelled all day. Wouldn't think a fellow had any self-respect the way they spill mustard and pickles all over him. Must think I've missed my calling and should have been a tablecloth. And those sardines I was exposed to last week! Well, I can hardly stand to live with myself now—I never did crave oil or bones—have always done very well as I am. The occupants of this room sure do gripe me. I wonder what they think they have study tables for anyway. In those rare

times when they do feign studying, they always turn to poor me instead of the desk. Well, nobody can say I'm not versatile anyway. It's no wonder I'm getting somewhat old and thread bare in spots with all this hard usage I've been subjected to. This is about the worst place I've ever been in—hope I never come back.

I can hardly wait to have my bi-weekly bath and get some of these crumbs off me. Mighty uncomfortable.

Ouch, here they come again—might have known I wouldn't have much peace. Go easy there girls. Oh—oh, I'm crushed. 'Twas ever thus.

PERSONALS

Marjorie Moss, Katherine Clark, Elizabeth Franklin and Lucile Canfield had lunch on Saturday with Mrs. Canfield.

Annie May McCauley and Velma Jones spent Saturday afternoon with Mrs. Gillespie.

Pearl Coggins and Evelyn Strongwood had lunch on Saturday with Mrs. E. Jackson.

Blanche Motley and Katherine Meeke spent Saturday afternoon with Marion Henschel.

Nell House spent Saturday night with her mother.

Lavinia Rose was with her mother last week-end.

Ruth Hughes spent Sunday afternoon with her brother.

Catherine Francez had tea on Sunday with her sister.

Margaret Hickman and Margaret Dixon were entertained on Sunday afternoon by Susan Vaughn.

Laura Fortson, Irene Patterson, Julia Smither and Marietta Duncan spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Tyson.

Mary Louise Wilcox had tea on Sunday with her father.

Dorothy Ellington, Mary Rhoda Jones, June Miller and Frances Donica spent Monday with Mrs. Hardison and Frances.

Estelle Meggs and Edna Loughridge spent Monday with Mrs. Hill.

Margaret McMullin was with Mrs. Gilbert on Monday.

SEE THE POINT?

We hear that some one has been tactless enough to sit down on a tack which they themselves had placed for another person. It would appear that this blundering tactician is in danger of attack, or being tackled at least, because of his tacturn or rather tactless use of tacks, which tactics have rendered unintact the organs of contact and injured the tactician himself through his tactility.—*Kentucky Wesleyan.*

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WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

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Application for second-class entry pending.

EDITORIAL

Our last lap. Like the jockey that puts all into his mount for the final run towards the goal, striving to win the race, not for others but for himself, so we, on our last lap putting everything into the last few weeks to make ourselves show that we have the restrained energy and will-power that has heretofore been galloping along at a medium pace waiting to run, now start toward the goal at Ward-Belmont.

Though it seems a year to some and two years or more to others, each one has accomplished much: socially, mentally, and spiritually. And as each one goes on to do something else, to complete her other lap at another school, to start out to share the responsibilities of life, to share community problems or maybe to have a home of her own; each one turns back a little and calls forth the many memories which are so imbedded in her mind, that she feels as if her last lap at Ward-Belmont was not futile, socially, mentally or spiritually; yet she has gained so much and her mind has so broadened that she may cope with the others without any hesitancy or embarrassment.

Last Thursday evening the student body of Ward-Belmont was given the rare opportunity of seeing a grand opera well done. The opera was given by the pupils of Signor de Luca and they seemed professional in their every move and tone.

Some of the audience, apparently, was there against their will and intended to let everyone around them know it. It is often very hard for people to realize that if they are not enjoying something, that anyone else could be. Those who were there last Thursday night for the most part were enjoying the beautiful music, colorful costumes, and attractive settings; they did not care to hear audible conversations carried on between those few who were forced or had been unwilling to come and were going to say so. The dissatisfied two or three talked about everything from the closeness of exams to whether they should have a rose georgette or a

green chifon and were very disturbing. Now such conversations are very necessary and do have their place, but their place is not during a public performance of any sort, when hundreds of people are trying to enjoy the evening and do not care for personal conversations. It would be well to remember this fact.

In less than two weeks this year's work will be closed—the total score will be reckoned. We have before us final exams, undesirable enough in themselves, but nevertheless a necessary means to an end. Important as they are, however, our honesty and self-respect are far more so. To stop below the ideals of honor and truth now would be to mar our whole year's record.

Cheating, in any form, is not only despicable—it is pitiable. To know that you have not the moral stamina to go through life living up to the standards of right must be condemning to one's faith in one's self. And without faith in one's self, how can one have faith in anything or any person?

For after all, it's not so much the final score as it is the way we've played the game that counts. Let's be true to ourselves, to our school and to our ideals in going through these last few days, and remember that He who sees our every act is watching us and is trusting us.

STUDIO RECITAL

The pupils of Miss Leftwich gave a finished recital on Friday, May 20, at 4:30 p. m. The following is the program:

- Prelude in C-sharp Minor.....*Chopin*
- Julia Ann Ross
- Impromptu.....*Thome*
- Virginia Bledsoe
- Hunting Song.....*Mendelssohn*
- Mary Bell Glasgow
- Romance.....*Arnold*
- Katherine Kean
- Polonaise in A.....*Chopin*
- Mary Louise Wilcox
- Autumn.....*Chaminade*
- Virginia Donaldson
- Minuette Scherzoso.....*Liebling*
- Frances Bledsoe
- To Spring.....*Grieg*
- Kathryn Johnston
- Romance.....*Sibelius*
- Mary Ruth Smith
- Reflections on the Water.....*Debussy*
- Elaine Frost
- Impromptu C-sharp Minor.....*Reinhold*
- Nathalie Maynard
- Valse Brilliant.....*Mann-Zucca*
- Janet Sage

A SECRET REVEALED

The following clipping from the "Journal," 1928, will be of interest to the many friends of Margaret Ellen Douty:

"Oregon Agricultural College, Corvallis, May 15.—Margaret Ellen Douty, riding for the Portland Hunt Club, rode demurely across the finish line as winner of the O. A. C. gymnasia invitational steeplechase here today. Jack Herring of the University of Oregon, riding club, was second, and Dr. Pickering, of the Port-

land Hunt Club, was third. Miss Douty took the hazardous jumps with graceful recklessness, and rode in the winner far ahead of a field of ten. O. A. C. had no entries. The University of Washington riding club was unable to enter as was first intended."

Miss Douty recently took first honors in the Ward-Belmont Horse Show.

DEL VERS' DOINGS

The Del Vers meeting last Wednesday night was devoted to bridge which everybody enjoyed. The girls were asked to think over possible candidates for officers for next year.

F. F. NOTES

Home-Coming Week was well represented by the alumnae of Ward-Belmont. We had open house on Wednesday evening; several visitors called. The evening was spent socially.

The business meeting was short and well conducted by our president; plans for the all-club dinner were discussed and voted upon.

We were quite pleased to learn that so many F. F.'s are returning to Ward-Belmont in September.

THE SELF THAT LIVES INSIDE

I sing of the passions and pleasures, The joys and the sorrows of men. I tell all their innermost secrets And nothing can stop my pen. I care not if they weep at my writing They do not know I am a friend. I make them and mar them; I help them and scar them; I teach them the ways of men, I do not care when I make things go wrong. But I always stop the tide— I'm a nuisance to many and a friend to few, I'm the Self that lives inside.

ADVICE TO FUTURE SENIORS

Well, Senior-Mids, a lot of you will be returning next year as high and mighty Seniors. Naturally you all want to be the very best sort of Seniors and of course you can't do this unless you know all the little "ins and outs," superstitions and private traditions upheld and cherished by Seniors. Now one thing that seems to please the office a lot, (and needless to say, Seniors Always Strive to Please) is for all Seniors every Sabbath morn to sign their Sunday intentions in a little book on Mrs. Charlton's desk. Now this is one little point you don't want to forget—every Sunday flock up to the office, preferably a lot at a time just to show what great sports you are and how much spirit you have, enthusiasm et cetera; try to push in pell-mell and each attempt a grab for the scribe's instrument. Chew your gum good and loud, discuss this or that probable church that you might go to, and then when you finally do get a chance, write illegibly in that clear and unmistakable penmanship possessed only

by college students, your christian, given and surnames, including all titles, the name of the state in which you were born (also the town) and by what railroad mail most quickly reaches your home, in case you get lost to or from church and it should be necessary to inform your parents of your apparent absence. It is even nice to paste a snap shot by your name, but this isn't strictly necessary. If you don't understand as clearly as you might the method of procedure herewith set forth, address all questions to Dorothy Dix, and they will be answered next time along with some more needed and completed advice.

WARD-BELMONT CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC RECITALS

The pupils of Miss Sloan gave an excellent recital on May 18, at 4:30 o'clock. The program was as follows:

- Sweet, Sweet Lady.....*Spross*
- Miss Frances Lou Vinson
- A Song of Spring.....*Neidlinger*
- Miss Mary Louise Ritter
- A Little Thief.....*Stern*
- Miss Wardine Good
- Dance the Romaika.....*Warr*
- Miss Edna Johnson
- An Open Secret.....*Woodman*
- Miss Frances Watts
- Greatest Miracle of All.....*Gruen*
- Miss Julia Stiles
- Break O' Day.....*Sanderson*
- Miss Mary Laurent Brown
- The Brownies.....*Leoni*
- Miss Allie Brown Clark
- Valley of Laughter.....*Sanderson*
- Miss Novice Graves

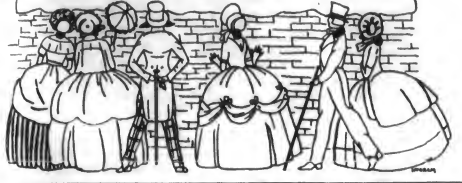
The following program will be given this afternoon, May 21, at 4 P. M., by the pupils of Mrs. Estelle Roy Schmitz at her apartment in the Tarrymore:

- Romance.....*La Forge*
- Elizabeth Rogers
- The Little Shepherd.....*Debussy*
- The Music Box.....*Barth*
- Jane Everson
- Dawn.....*Cadman*
- Margaret Smith
- Persian Song.....*Burnmeister*
- Murmur of Spring.....*Lack*
- Betty Frantz
- Tempest Tossed.....*Burleigh*
- Jennette Verser
- Water Wagtail.....*Scott*
- Mildred Starnes
- Forest Sounds.....*Dennee*
- The Mountain.....*Brainard*
- Inez Scroggs
- Petite Ronde.....*Dreyschok*
- Louise Locke
- Crap Shooters.....*Eastwood Lane*
- Gringo Tango.....*Eastwood Lane*
- Mary Frances Prewitt
- Russian Dance.....*Friml*
- Harriet Parks
- Humoresque.....*Rachmaninoff*
- Elizabeth Yelton

Little Bo-Peep
Began to weep
And sobbed,
"Dear Prof., be kinder."

Leave her alone
And she'll come home
Dragging an
"A" behind 'er.
—Exchange.

The Diary of Mistress Belle Ward.



Thursday—May 10.

Well, due to the fact that I have two wisdom teeth that are mighty active, I got excused from classes. Planned on staying over in my room and having a big time, but Miss Rucker fooled me and kept me up there. Gee—'ll be a fine day before I go up there again.

Came down after dinner and rejoiced to find that nothing had happened in my absence. There were six letters in my box—I might have known no one would bring it up to me.

Well, thanks to Miss Rucker's good nature, I managed to get an excuse from studying tonight, so I spent the entire evening writing a letter to Bob. It was a real cheery one—I know he'll be thrilled to a polka dot when he gets it. Told him how I was letting my hair grow, and it had just advanced to the stage where some times I do it up, and sometimes I don't, and how my weight was increasing because of too many hot rolls, and how my nose was two inches deep with freckles because they make me play baseball. Well—I've no doubt but what my bid to the finals will be renewed on the strength of it.

Wednesday—May 11.

Had a big time in psych doing problems. My mathematics are sadly lacking, so I'm not surprised I had difficulties hunting out a new way to compare children.

Well, Miss Scruggs surprised us with an extra little assignment. These teachers get so playful around the end of school when we have at least six million things to do.

Library-ed all P.M., at least I stayed in there all P.M., but as far as getting anything done was concerned, I might as well have stayed home and written letters.

Club *ce soir* but nothing unusual happened.

Spent the rest of the evening working like the dickens on my autobiography of all interesting things! My only hope is that friend teacher will fall asleep over the gem, and feel so refreshed after a cat nap that she'll give me a good grade. I need it!

Thursday—May 12.

Got up at 6:45 to play baseball—and nearly fell asleep waiting for the ball to come my way. I never did think baseball was a fair game—making one poor batter play against the other whole team, so I always miss the ball and help the poor girl out.

Had a little French test. Mademoiselle failed to ask me anything I knew so I just ignored those questions and wrote about the things I did know.

Knew my history lesson today so I just sat there and stared out of the window. It worked! Miss Leavell called on me six times and I answered every time. She was so overcome she forgot to assign us a lesson for next time.

Study hour four—'till five-thirty—and tonight the school trolleyed down to the Ryman to see home talent in *Cavalleria Rusticana*. It did right well, as such things go, but I fear I haven't been educated up to the point where I appreciate real opera. Had a fine time cheering for my little playmates and identifying my jewels in the ballet.

Friday—May 13.

Well—keeping late hours is too much for me—I yawned copiously all day.

Classes limped along in the usual way. Recited in a more or less connected way in English, and gave it up entirely in psych class, and slept peacefully.

Attended the tea for Seniors and Alumnae this P.M. Didn't know any of the alumnae but where there's food, there's me—

It poured and poured! I sure was glad, because I'd planned to go to the library, and then I stayed home without hurting my conscience.

Saturday—May 14.

Saturday's classes are always such a bore—glad it isn't possible to have more than four—I couldn't stand more.

Swallowed my dinner whole tonight, and got a front seat at the movie. It was horrible! Wish I hadn't gone!

Rated the dance, it being the season's last, I made the most of it—and had a grand time.

Sunday—May 15.

Attended Sunday school and was all for going to church, but they forgot to order the cars so we didn't have to go! Was I ever tickled!!

Spent the afternoon studying French and wishing someone would take me riding.

Monday—May 16.

Didn't have a cent so was forced to stay out here instead of going to town with all the playmates. It's awful to be poor!

AIN'T IT A GRAND AND GLORIOUS FEELING

Folks may talk of the thrills they've had,
But they've none to equal mine—
For the greatest thrill on earth is to get
A home-going blank to sign.

It's a one way ticket to heaven
And we want no other kind;
For we're headed straight for home
and fun,
When we sign on the dotted line.

Folks may talk of magic carpets
Of enchanted wands and such,
But to me just one of those little white
slips
Means about ten times as much.

It gives you the grandest feeling
Just to take your over-worked pen
in hand
And write down "Home" and all those
other words;
Say! Doesn't it make you feel
GRAND!

THE OBSERVER

We wonder who forgot to order the street cars last Sunday for church. Can't blame Dr. Blanton this time. Whoever did deserves a vote of thanks.

It's somewhat hard to distinguish between trunks and trunks at times, isn't it Georgia?

Wonder what Ruth Barnard thought she was at the baseball game when she wore horn rimmed glasses and an old hat. The "tragic comedian" as someone suggested, isn't half bad.

It's hard to tell whether "Ac" is a skating rink or a staid hall of learning sometimes when little Anne Townsend sets out to amuse herself.

A real, live Russian prince was here last Sunday and some of us didn't know it. Wish we had a brother-in-law like him, Betty.

'Tis rumored that four girls ate a whole cake in an hour. Who did you say ate the largest piece, Belle?

Pretty bad, Katie, when you have to use opera glasses to inspect all the girls on the street car for rouge.

OSIRON OWLETS

The Osirons met last Wednesday evening to be entertained by some of our own talent.

Margaret Stanford, pupil of Mr. Goodman, opened the program with a beautiful number. Smitty then entertained with a group of vocal selections and received her due applause.

The next number was a surprise and welcomed. A piano number by Ruby Sprouse, also a pupil of Mr. Goodman, and a diploma student in piano.

In conclusion, Vallory Rose taught the club members all attractive little songs with actions, which sent us all home in the best of spirits.

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EXPRESSION RECITAL

On May 11, at 3:30 o'clock a play written by Jane Carey Folk was cleverly given in the Expression Studio, by students from the High School classes in Expression. The cast, an excellent one, was as follows:

Down With Love Club
. Jane Carey Folk
Scene—A Modern Town.
Characters—Modern Girls.
Edna Appleton Frances Gary
Nancy Black Catherine Blanton
Frances De Grafney Catherine Funk
Virginia Overton Florella Byrom
Poetry Salesman Ruby Myers
Carlotta Cruz Jane Carey Folk

Miss Folk deserves commendation for her originality, as do the cast for their fine work.

The following program, given by class "A" students comprises the remainder of the recital:

Character—Interpretation.
Monologue—From Long Ago to Now Anne Johnston
Monologue—Buying Rings
. June Edgar
Dramatic Story—The Little House Mary Esther Johnson
Monologue—Buying Rings Helen Reed
Humorous Story—An Experiment in Matrimony Audrey Lane
Character Studies—The Ladies of St. James Sara Settle
Character Studies—Angelina Sara Settle
Pathos—The Comforter Pearl Jones
Character Story—Merton of the Movies Doris Trombley
Monologue—A Leap Year Leap Louise Graves
Story—Shoes Sara Jane Hengel

HOW TO BE POPULAR

By POLLY POPP

Dear girls, since school is so near out I shall reveal to you the wonderful secret of my popularity. I have noticed some of you giving me envious glances so I have decided that you want the desired information now or never.

First, being a monitor is a very good start. Call everyone down whether it is under your jurisdiction or not. You will at best be known. Invent a nice little speech about it being your Christian duty but talk to 'em like a heathen sailor.

Next, impose upon everyone. Never wear your own clothes—dresses, hats, hose (especially). Borrow hair pins, stamps, fountain pens, stationery, note book paper, books and soap.

The above suggestions will give you a running start. The rest comes naturally.

LIZA'S LETTER

Tuesday.

Beloved parents:

I am just petrified! Exams in a week and I lose less every day. What will Mademoiselle say when I draw a map of Jerusalem in French and mark Trig in English, to say nothing of zoologing in Bible!

I have one consolation—my auto-

biography is in—yes, all in for an E, but just the same it isn't out. (I know I sound silly but I am not in my right mind.)

I have skipped all kinds of meetings from mere lack of memory. Just watch me skip a few other things tomorrow and get my memory recalled. They take such good care of us up here that they won't even let us forget.

Two more weeks! It's just unrealizable. . . . In case you do not recognize your pet when she falls off the train just pray for the best and I'll wear a purple Senior-Middle stocking on my right leg. I am really doing my best to get normal looking, so please encourage me with something decent looking in the way of raincoat to wear home. Also rush the check so I can be premier to buy my *billet Mercé*. (Do you think my knowledge of three words in French could pass me? Mile. says, "No" very emphatically, but I am just optimism personified—sometimes). I have to go draw the bee's knees in bugology, so good by and pray for

Your frantic,
Liza.

"ROSE OF THE WORLD"

"Say, Jane, did you see the movie Saturday night? You didn't! Well you surely missed a lot of excitement. Never screamed so much in all my life—almost burst my throat!! The beginning was tame—same old story 'rich man loves poor girl—social standing separates them', but the end made up for it—whee!! The lost contract—oh! yes, we guessed where that was as soon as old Gramp mentioned the lost volume COD—DEM of the set of encyclopedias. I was just a wreck when I got out of there after seeing all those mad, goofy people, faces staring in at windows, storms, a house on the edge of a quarry oh! I was worn completely out. Hit the girl sitting next to me so much in my excitement that she moved. Oh! yes, I almost forgot something, the villain married the heroine and the villainess married the hero. But it all turned out all right as both the villain and the villainess died. We were all so relieved when our lovers had each other again. You know, I think Patsy Ruth Miller is a darling; don't you?"



DAYS IN DOZE!

Awoke betimes, me thinks it was six or thereabouts, as I had my forty winks after the alarm first roused me. Took myself in my roommate's dressing gown and rushed into the room and there found Mary asleep over a chemistry quiz. Betty Jones alternately reading the cover of "Galahad" and writing a book report of it, and Helen trying to coax the crinkles of her brain to compose a thesis on the Book of Kings. I did sit down and blink with much vim and vigor for half an hour at my Latin prose, but a sudden wave of disinclination to work flooded my soul. I departed from hence to practice life-saving in the bath tub.

I was much wrought up at breakfast, for when I ordered milk I got buttermilk and had to leave the table in much hurry and confusion. The only thing which seems to give me pleasure at breakfast any way is scooping the raisins from out the midst of the bran.

This being the morning for changing sheets, I made my bed just to fool them and got so big hearted as to make the roommate's. How was I to know—my mother never told me! A sad mess I made of History class. Begun by answering the roll with I don't know and got so downhearted with the treaty of Hapsburg—or what have you?—that I spent the rest of the hour writing down the names of all the people I'm going to visit this summer.

"And what, no mail!" Also suddenly and with much gasping astonishment and dizziness I remembered that the next hour I was to have the pleasure of handing in a French paper I hadn't even read up on. I suddenly developed a headache and after examining the roommate's mail box, to see if the check from home were hidden within it, I assumed the facial expression of a movie heroine about to be rescued and climbed the steep ascent to the infirmary. Gargled the preverbal salts and then wrote five letters.

When I returned to civilization I was utterly overcome by the unholly appearance of a package slip in my box. But, oh bitter irony! It was only a picture of myself sent me by a poor mortal who had had the misfortune to get two from me Christmas instead of one.

The usual lunch, etc., etc! There was no gym this week and so afternoon found me wandering around like the lost chord. Decided to bleach my hair but ended up by dying a dress. The poor thing surely looked dead enough when I finished.

I became most suddenly engrossed in the idea of making the honor roll this quarter and stuck a busy sign on the door. Everyone came in to see me because they thought I must be having a feed. However, I accomplished cleaning out three note books and getting my memory book up to date.

Wore my own dress to dinner for once and created such a commotion. I think I'll have to look into the matter and see if I haven't another. The girl next to me at the table informed me I had pretty legs which I had

always thought but I don't see what she said it for as they are always under the table. (She kicks me to the average of twice a meal to see that they haven't got up and walked out.)

Had a big time during study hour. Oasifer, our mouse, caused general disturbance by reading the College Humor in the waste basket. It would have been all right if he hadn't seen that joke about the traveling salesman and laughed out loud.

And so to bed. But tossed and tumbled waiting for the monitors to stop making such a racket in the hall. Finally overcome by such a strenuous day, I fell into the arms of Morpheus.

WHY WORRY?

You have two alternatives: Your teacher is either easy or hard. If she is easy, you have nothing to worry about. If she is hard, you have two alternatives: Either you study hard or you bluff. If you study hard, you don't need to worry. If you bluff, you have two alternatives: Either your bluff works or it doesn't. If it doesn't you have two alternatives: Either you are conditioned, or you flunk. If you are conditioned, you don't need to worry. If you flunk, you won't have to worry any longer. Therefore: Why worry?—*Hi-Life.*

Failure's just a resting place

On the road to Try Again.

Just a slackening of the pace

And a pause for sturdy men;

Just a temporary halt

On the march to wealth and fame,

Where you can correct the fault,

And go on and play the game.

Failure's not a thing to dread.

It is just a hint to you

E'er you dash too far ahead

To be careful what you do.

It's the sidetrack where you wait,

For the passing fast express.

Get up steam, the run is straight

Out of Failure to Success.

—*The Herald.*

I rose, and gave her my seat;

I could not let her stand—

She made me think of mother, with

That strap held in her hand.

Some "don't get nuthin' out of life,"

But when their whines begin,

We often can remind them that

They "don't put nuthin' in."

Negro caller at hospital: "I came to see how mah fren', Joe Brown, was gettin' along."

Nurse: "Why, he's getting along fine; he's convalescing now."

Negro: "Well, I'll just sit down and wait till he's through."

The following sign is posted by the roadside as you enter a western town. It says:

4,076 people died last year of gas.

39 inhaled it.

37 put a lighted match to it.

And 4,000 stepped on it.

The boy stood on the burning deck,

His head was all in a whirl,

His eyes and mouth were full of hair,

And his arms were full of girls

—*Bethel Collegian.*

Peeping Ahead in the Fashion Calendar!

THAT'S the everlasting job of Lebeck Bros. Buyers—and their alertness is reflected in the intriguing styles, the clever accessories smart women will wear now, next month and the month after.

To the girls of Ward-Belmont we extend an invitation to make Lebeck's your style headquarters—and if there is any way we can assist you we stand ready to do so.

If you keep up with the traditions of your Alma Mater you'll be sure to be intimately acquainted with this big, friendly store.

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—SYKE SANDAL

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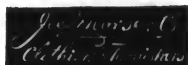
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INTER-CLUB BASEBALL

TOURNAMENT

(Continued from page 1)

The Del Vers took a walk-away game from the Tri K's on Friday. The score was 42 to 12.

Del Ver	Tri K
Goud.....C.....	Blackman
Speis.....P.....	Jackson
Mathews.....1-B.....	Haynes
Holmes.....2-B.....	Gilbert
Finnup.....3-B.....	Morrison
Carr.....L.S.....	Brown
Barnhard.....R.S.....	Northup
Snelling.....L.F.....	Strain
Rogers.....R.F.....	Steger
Hyde.....C.F.....	Scott

A closer game was fought between the Oairons and Penta Taus. Two extra innings were played before the Penta Taus changed the score from a tie to 23-22.

Penta Tau	Oairons
Daggett.....C.....	Kolling
White.....P.....	Ravn
Leaven.....1-B.....	Gove
Lightfoot.....2-B.....	Bidwell
Fry.....3-B.....	Ellington
Thomas.....L.S.....	Gale
Jones.....R.S.....	Johnson
J. Daggett.....L.F.....	Ryerson
R. Moore.....R.F.....	Dreyfus
West.....C.F.....	Gray

That same afternoon the Betas won from the Di Gammas by a score of 13-5.

Beta	Di Gamma
Boyd.....C.....	Farr
E. Smith.....P.....	Allen
F. Hayes.....1-B.....	Morelock
Barthell.....2-B.....	Cavert
Dowlen.....3-B.....	Smith
Smith.....L.S.....	Neil
Keller.....R.S.....	Martin
Cooper.....L.F.....	Sutherland
Hayes.....R.F.....	Berger
Washington.....C.F.....	Landstreet

The T. C.'s won a close game from the X. L.'s with a score of 27-23 as the final result.

T. C.	X. L.
Miller.....C.....	Cugran
Valentine.....P.....	Bell
Hughes.....1-B.....	Clark
Ehrom.....2-B.....	Haerston
Kessler.....3-B.....	Levit
Ellis.....L.S.....	Ferer
Hopkins.....R.S.....	Moss
Kendall.....L.F.....	Threatt
Gliddon.....R.F.....	Compen
Newman.....C.F.....	Kolgre

Saturday afternoon the semi-finals were played off.

The Di Gammas won an easy game of four innings from the T. C.'s with a score of 40-2.

Di Gamma	T. C.
Farr.....C.....	Miller
Berger.....P.....	Valentine
Morelock.....1-B.....	Hughes
Covert.....2-B.....	Ehrom
Holt.....3-B.....	Kessler
Martin.....L.S.....	Kendall
Neal.....R.S.....	Hopkins
Sutherland.....L.F.....	Newman
Landstreet.....R.F.....	Gliddon
Smith.....C.F.....	Ferman

The Penta Taus were placed in the finale with the Di Gammas when they were victorious over the Del Vers.

The score was 19-16.

Penta Tau	Del Ver
Jones.....C.....	Gilbert
White.....P.....	Speis
Leavens.....1-B.....	Mathews
Lightfoot.....2-B.....	Holmes
Fry.....3-B.....	Finnup
Thomas.....L.S.....	Carr
J. Daggett.....R.S.....	Barnhard
West.....L.F.....	Snelling
Motley.....R.F.....	Hyde
Moore.....C.F.....	Rogers

CHAPEL TALKS

(Continued from page 1)

delightful group of songs, and played a game or two, which excited a great deal of mirth and applause.

The program was finished when patrol leader gave march and drum commands in French.

We enjoy things like that.

Saturday—May 14.

Mr. Barton spoke about bank statements, and inventories. He said that we all have capital, and can make surplus to be used for good, by appreciation.

PARIS

(Continued from page 1)

At night a climb to the top of the famous hill, Montmartre, and one is able to obtain a magnificent panorama of the city—the Eiffel Tower, already in the early dusk, is illuminated and looms high in the air. Below, the city with its millions of lights sparkles. Later one may find amusement at the Casino de Paris, and at the close of its performance, seek further entertainment at the Café Caucasiens.

Dear Cynthia

Sara said to me:
They say—love is
blind! Well, I'm
in love
all right!
I was just
going out
of town to
buy a new
gown when
I discovered
we have the newest
and most reasonable
things right here at



Bells!
Boris

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Second Floor 504 Church St.

May 28, 1927

N. P.

WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

Volume XVI

NASHVILLE, TENN., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 1, 1927

Number 37

ALL-CLUB DINNER

The last group gathering of the bonding students will take the form of the All-Club Dinner on Wednesday evening.

A space in the dining room has been reserved for its own social club, which will decorate its own tables in club colors. Club songs, both peppy and sentimental, will feature the entertainment, and souvenirs from each organization will be given as mementoes of the final entertainment of the school year.

Since the dinner is to be held just before the high school and college graduations, approximately 150 parents who have come to attend the exercises will be guests of the clubs for the evening.

WARD-BELMONT ANNUAL ART EXHIBIT

Outstanding interior, sketches, in pencil and water colors, and advertising work done in the art department this year are now on exhibition in the Y.W.C.A. room in an unusually representative display. The exhibit is open both to Ward-Belmont students and to the public until Wednesday.

The exhibition is varied enough to appeal to practically every taste. There are pen and water color sketches of the campus, period-room designs, furniture construction, designs for screens, wall lights and lamps, spring styles sketched from the local stores, magazine cover designs, commercial advertising, and charcoal work.

Helen Scott, whose work has been represented this year in the Texas art exhibition, is showing an excellent portrait in charcoal. She is also showing costume pen panels which were published by a local store. The pen work is unusually fine and may be clearly reproduced, as is demonstrated by the mounted reproductions of some of the drawings.

(Continued on page 11)

CALENDAR

Monday, May 23—Recital, Claire Harper assisted by Nelle Richardson.

Saturday, May 28—Recital, Ruby Srouse assisted by Carolyn Brash.

Sunday, May 29—Baccalaureate Address; Step Singing, 6:30 p.m.

Monday, May 30—Ticket Buying; May Day, 5:00 p.m.; Step Singing, 7:30 p.m.; General Recital, 8:15 p.m.

Tuesday, May 31—Class Day; Step Singing, 7:00 p.m.; Recital—Mr. Rose, 8:30 p.m.; Certificate Recital, 8:15 p.m.

Wednesday, June 1—All-Club Banquet; High School Graduation.

Thursday, June 2—Commencement.

(The End)

COMMENCEMENT

The week of Commencement for Ward-Belmont opens on Saturday, May 28 and continues until Thursday, June 2. This is the fourteenth annual graduation of the college and preparatory departments since Ward Seminary and Belmont College have been combined. Among the most noteworthy events of the week are Baccalaureate Sermon on Sunday afternoon, Preparatory Department's graduation on Wednesday evening and Junior College graduation on Thursday morning. This week is one that has long been looked forward to by the girls who are graduating and by their many friends and relatives who are here to help them celebrate this gala, yet solemn occasion.

Saturday evening a diploma student of piano, a Mr. Goodman pupil assisted by a certificate student of Mr. Rose gave a very beautiful and finished recital.

The Baccalaureate Sermon was given by Dr. R. T. Noe, pastor of the Vine Street Christian Church of Nashville. Dr. Noe is noted for the addresses he makes because they are always filled with practical applications of the Christian life. The Seniors of both the college and the preparatory department assembled in a body in the chapel about four o'clock in the afternoon to hear Dr. R. T. Noe deliver the Baccalaureate Sermon. This occasion was witnessed by the student body and many parents, relatives and friends of the two Senior classes. The address was one of encouragement and the whole was distinguished by a note of cheer for the girls who are going out into new and different experiences for which they have been so well prepared at Ward-Belmont. This occasion brought the departing classes face to face with the fact that many friends here will have to be separated soon and the days of Ward-Belmont will be only a memory. This Baccalaureate address was just such a one as the girls had looked forward to and each one was truly encouraged by it. The Invocant (Continued on page 11)

HYPHEN EDITOR AND ASSISTANTS SELECTED

On Saturday, May 21, Hyphen elections were held. Josephine Strain, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Strain of Galesburg, Illinois, was elected Editor-in-Chief. Virginia Bush of Saginaw, Michigan, is Associate Editor, and Margaret Elliott of Springfield, Illinois, was elected Business Manager.

With these three capable girls at its head, the Hyphen must essentially be even better than it has heretofore been.



FAREWELL

*You to your home and I to mine,
For our paths now must sever.
It may be a day and it may be a year—
And then it may be forever.
But whether we go for a day or forever
Fate does not allow us the knowing.
Good luck always be with you, my friends
On the ways we all are going.*

*With an open heart and a friendly smile
We have passed this year together
And now we're bidding each other farewell
In the joy of spring's sweet weather,
In the days that are before us—
We'll think of this year and smile
And whether we win or whether we lose,
God be with us for many a mile.*

Farewell to Ward-Belmont

In sunlight and peace the towers of Ward-Belmont fade from view. As the street car rolls bumpily down Sixteenth Avenue I cast one last look over my shoulder at my alma mater. Good-bye, most beautiful of American Junior Colleges! Good-bye, home of Southern culture! I am going home. I am going home to the wide open spaces where mirth rules, and where college credits and Southern culture are things of little moment. Good-bye, Ward-Belmont!

Good-bye to the stately halls and dormitories. Good-bye to the cheery, gaily decorated rooms, where pennants hang and pictures smile; where color schemes clash and girls chuckle. Good-bye, Ward-Belmont. I am going home. I am going home where floor

space is a fact and where furniture is arranged with some regard for convention; where age, not joyous youth, reigns supreme.

Good-bye to the delicious meals! Good-bye to all pernicious forms of calories! Good-bye to the toothsome buttered roll and beans. Good-bye to the heavenly cinnamon roll and frozen fruit salad. Good-bye, oh weight-producing, upside-down cake, plum pudding and pie. Farewell, oh heavy Sunday dinner with your chicken and ice cream. I am going home.

I am going home where watermelon and tomatoes grace the table; where all rich food is relegated to the land of dreams; where light breakfasts, lighter lunches, and still lighter teas

(Continued on page 12)



The Smart Ensemble for Street Wear

FROM her smart ribbon hat to her pumps, the summer girl must choose carefully, piece by piece, the garments that suit her style. The outfit shown here is similar to many entrancing effects you may secure by shopping at Castner's.

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During the chapel period Saturday morning the elections for filling the Y.W.C.A. offices were held. The candidates were all representative girls and characteristic of the type needed by the "Y" to carry on its work. That the student body as a whole recognized the ability of each of the girls up is testified by the fact that electioneering speeches flowed fluently and voluminously when the candidates were open for discussion. The students realized that the "Y" is one of the big organizations of the school and that as it is engaged in important function, it must have officers who are capable of carrying on the work. The proof of the clearness of their vision is shown by the choice of the following girls: President, Mary Eleanor Gilmore of Emlenton, Pa.; vice-president, Katherine Grey Tabb, Elizabethtown, Ky.; secretary, Eugenia Mahan of Chicago, Ill.; treasurer, Sara Jesper of Corsicana, Texas, and chairman of program committee, Melba Johnson of Galveston, Texas.

Mary Eleanor Gilmore was elected president of the "Y" for next year, in the election held Saturday. Katherine Tabb was elected vice-president. Other officers are: Eugenia Mahon, secretary; Sara Jester, treasurer, and Melba Johnson, chairman of the program committee. The members of the cabinet are appointed by the retiring cabinet. The new cabinet was installed at the Vesper service last Sunday.

Miss Tsz, a Chinese student of Peabody College, gave a short talk in Sunday school on the McTyeire School for Girls in Shanghai, China. She is very interesting and told several stories of girls who went to that school. She says that Chinese girls of the better families seldom leave home, but when they come to school they are very happy and adapt themselves readily to the new surroundings. Chinese girls have only lately been educated (in our sense of the word), and appreciate it very much. Although many of their parents disown them, they are interested in Christian work and often become Christians to aid their own people.

Last Sunday was the last Sunday school that we will have, and the "Y" wishes to express its deep appreciation to Miss Hazel North and Miss

Helen Sells for the interest they have taken in their discussion groups.

The "Y" library will not be open this week except for the return of books that are still out.

The retiring cabinet and the new cabinet of the "Y" held a joint meeting Sunday morning in the "Y" room. Was the hour an interesting one? Just ask those who were there!

PERSONALS

Carolyn Dodge and Ellen Yoke had lunch Saturday with Miss Jeter.

Margaret Dixon went to her home for the week-end.

Eleanor Durham spent Saturday afternoon with Mrs. Pope.

Laura Fortson, Marietta Dunca, Irene Patterson, and Julia Smither spent Saturday afternoon with Mrs. Martin.

Shelley Noordewier was with Eloise Shelley on Saturday afternoon.

Rose Morrison and Virginia Farmer spent Sunday afternoon with Rose's sister.

Rosella Erhenwald had tea on Saturday with her mother.

Emily Wright spent Sunday afternoon with her brother.

Ruth Hughes was with her brother on Sunday afternoon.

Katherine Clark, Natalie Maynard, Lucille Canfield, and Mary Moore were with Louise Bell on Sunday afternoon.

Mary Rhoda Jones spent Sunday afternoon with Mrs. Statler.

Lavinia Rose was with her mother on Sunday.

THE OBSERVER

If it isn't one thing it's another. Our idea of a dumbbell is a girl who throws glass down the wash bowl and steps up the plumbing. That's one time when Founders was dirty.

Whazza idea of searching for corn plasters, Julia Anne? We wonder whether racing up and down the hall is making you decrepit in the bipeds.

Ye good old school spirit on Senior—Senior-Middle Day. A certain tall Senior-Mid could testify to the sharpness of a certain Senior's teeth.

Aside from skipping rope and spinning tops the latest sport seems to be playing hop-scotch. What next?

We commend Miss Morrison for her chapel talks. It's nice to find someone who doesn't think we're quite hopeless.

"Backward, turn backward, oh time in thy fight." Little Julie has taken up blowing bubbles as a little light amusement. She's quite expert at it.

Some of the little arguments that

Y. W. C. A. TEA ROOM

Special Menu on Mondays for

WARD-BELMONT GIRLS

occur between roommates are on rather startling subjects. Take for example the Janeta's arguments over socialism or those of Carol and Margaret on the common law.

These people that consume Vick's with evident enjoyment! Witness Katie on Senior—Senior-Middle Day.

EXCHANGES

The Ward-Belmont Hyphen acknowledges the following exchanges this week:

The *Northeast Courier*, Northeast High School, Kansas City, Mo.

The *Semi-Weekly Campus*, Southern Methodist University, Dallas, Texas.

Blue and White, Trinidad, Colo.

The *Vanderbilt Hustler*, Nashville, Tenn.

The *Agonistic*, Agnes Scott College, Decatur, Ga.

The *Gopher's Whistle*, Benson High School, Benson, Minn.

The *Mansfield Collegian*, Mansfield, Ga.

Frankfort High Life, Frankfort, Ind.

The *Babbler*, David Lipscomb College, Nashville, Tenn.

The *Harbinger*, Bryant High School, Bryant, South Dakota.

The *Westport Crier*, Kansas City, Mo.

The *Hornet*, Furman University, Greenville, S. C.

The *Alphian*, Owatonna, Minn.

The *Colo-Wo-Co*, Denver, Colo.

The *High Times*, Senior High School, Springfield, Mo.

Blue and White, Trinidad, Colo.

The *Westport Crier*, Kansas City, Mo.

The *Northwest Courier*, Kansas City, Mo.

The *Santonian*, Sand Springs, Okla.

The *Rough Rider*, Roosevelt High School, St. Louis, Mo.

The *Vanderbilt Hustler*, Nashville, Tenn.

The *Colo-Wo-Co*, Denver Colo.

The *Gopher's Whistle*, Benson High School, Benson, Minn.

The *Salina High School News*, Salina, Kans.

The *Willow Messenger*, Red Willow, Neb.

The *Kangaroo*, Austin College, Sherman, Texas.

The *Babbler*, David Lipscomb College, Nashville, Tenn.

The *Wildcat*, Meridian, Miss.

The *Coyote*, Weatherford, Texas.

The *Semi-Weekly Campus*, Southern Methodist University, Dallas, Texas.

SENIOR CLASS DAY

As each year draws to its close, it brings with it what is known as Senior Class Day. At this time the Seniors give into the safe-keeping of the Senior-Middles the things for which the Senior Class has stood and which it has cherished through the year. Immediately after dinner on last Tuesday evening, both the Seniors and Senior-Middles assembled in chapel, where the Seniors give up their chapel places to the Senior-Middles. Then in a procession the Seniors led their sister class to Academic where, assembled on the steps, the Seniors presented the class colors and pennant. After the presentation of the gift to Dr. Blanton, a custom observed by every Senior Class, the Senior songs were sung and the girls went to Senior Hall, where the ivy was planted. This year the ivy was to be dedicated to Mr. Hale, who was so eager for the Seniors to have their own hall and who was instrumental in obtaining the building for them.

It is with sadness each year that the Seniors transfer to other hands the symbols of the honor and standards for which they have stood, and at this time ceremoniously bid adieu to their Alma Mater; but it is with the feeling of assurance and confidence that the incoming class will step into their places and valiantly carry on the work and spirit of the Senior Class.

"Waiter, do you have corn on the ear.

"No, sir; that's a wart."—*Cannon Ball*.

"What's your roommate like?"
"Nearly everything I have."—*Columbia Jester*.

"Mamma, what was that tramp doing with that piece of wrapping paper?"

"Hush, dear; that's a college graduate with his diploma."—*Notre Dame Juggler*.

Who was it thought Ward-Belmont girls were very well-rounded?

I'm wearing my roommate's patent leather pumps. Whaffer?
The patent on mine expired.

Who was that lady I seen you with last night?

Your grammar!
It couldn't have been—she's been dead ten years.—*Wisconsin Octopus*.

Whoever named a certain type of American youths "sheiks" played a low-down trick on the Arabs.—*The Maverick*.

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Application for second-class entry pending.

EDITORIAL

So soon are we to go—some for only a short time and some, perhaps forever. One's last days are so sad, particularly for us who are Seniors.

Though we must leave our Alma Mater, we have still her ideals to live up to, to hold before us ever. Permeating truth, loyalty, sportsmanship, courage, faith—she has infused us with the desire to hold fast the trust she has placed in us. We are more able now to live our lives the fullest, after the wealth of her teaching and the nobility of her examples. Ward-Belmont we go forth bearing your ideals—the memory of our happy days here stamped indelibly on our minds.

Could not most of us compare our life here to a garden and ourselves to the gardeners who nourish and cultivate it? In the neat furrows made by determination and progress we plant the seeds of comprehension and they grow into flourishing plants. At first slowly, but we care for them and encourage them as we would the tenderest and most perishable of sprouts and the result is a lovely panorama of appreciation, beauty, truth, ambition, faith, loyalty, friendship and the great tree of wisdom with its many branches.

It is true we cannot stay here and revel in its beauty but we leave its upkeep to the future gardeners who will come to Ward-Belmont and we are happy in the knowledge that they will continue to sow and reap in the same beneficial manner as have we.

Then, too, our garden is not lost to us forever because as we leave we shall pluck a flower from each plant and press it in the leaves of our memory. Although some of the vivid color will fade away each flower will always remain an ideal which we love and cherish.

"Zu jedem ganzen Werk gehört ein ganzer Maner."—Prickert.

Every complete mark requires a complete man.

How complete are you? How complete will you be after examination? It is not likely that each one feels that she is so intellectual that her

mark is complete; yet she has completed something.

Reteked did not limit the word "work." Everything we do whether here or elsewhere must be completed; but right now we are interested in what each one of us has done to complete her mark here at Ward-Belmont. What has the Ward-Belmont girl accomplished to make herself a complete woman?

Socially? We feel that we have grown and have become more democratic. Little did the humble girls realize how her snobbish sisters felt. At first she was uncomfortable, worrying herself who was who, and if she could find a select one. Now an equilibrium has been reached and she gives a glad hand and understands that God rules the immense and not the small mind of one individual.

Each friendship that we have and go away, has memories. We want to go and feel that it was complete. Not on the surface! Only a full realization of your friends soul can make a complete work. There must be love and not admiration or respect or merely a good chap. Love is a complete work of all qualities. So when you leave, oh Ward-Belmont sister, hold high the banner of true friendship and leave loving your friends forever and not for the present only. Make the banner complete work of love.

Raise the gold and blue! our old Ward-Belmont colors. Fling them high. Let their skyward journey be complete. Loudly sing and chant the songs. Each girl is a girl no longer. She is a woman in spirit and soul. Her life here must be complete and we shall say complete as far as she has gone.

Do not hesitate! Make your future work here or ahead, complete. Strive toward a goal, an aim, a duty or even immortality. Just so you make each one a complete work.

Farewell old pals, old friend and dear elders! We want you to know that this year has made us feel the value of a piece of work hewed from rougher block, charred of scruples, molded and polished to its highest luster, has been completed for it required a complete woman. You W-B. girls are that.

STYLE SHOW AND LUNCHEONS OUTSTANDING FEATURES OF HOME ECONOMICS DEPARTMENT

The style show held Thursday night in the Ward-Belmont auditorium was the climax of the year's work in the sewing department. In the department of cookery the most elaborate and difficult single performance was the luncheon served in the A. K. Club House to the girls and chaperones of the 1927 European party. This was the last of a long series of luncheons in the model dining room of the Home Economics Building served to officers, instructors and students of Ward-Belmont.

There are approximately forty-five girls in the foods and cookery department and fifty in the clothing. The

number is small enough that every girl gets a great deal of personal attention and help.

Every luncheon or dinner given in the Home Economics department is planned by two girls who are responsible for it. One acts as hostess and the other as maid, so that the girls learn how both should act. The rest of the class prepare the food that is used, the work being divided between them.

The first meals are simple, but gradually become more elaborate, until the girls are able to give special dinners—such as those given on St. Valentine's and St. Patrick's Days.

At these special dinners the color scheme is definite, and is carried out in place cards and flowers.

One section of the year is devoted to fancy cooking. The girls learn how to make dishes appear most attractive, what garnishes to use, and how to make favors—molding candy into hats or flowers.

They cut vegetables and make them into flowers; for instance, dyed turnips become daises.

Planning, cooking, and serving a meal, no matter how elaborate or special, sounds easy! Try it yourself; you'll find that it is an art which must be studied to be successful.

In the Home Economics department the girls, before attempting anything so big, have learned food composition, combination and proper preparation. They have studied the principles of nutrition, food values, and the proper kind of diet.

The whole class has studied meal service and costs. Budgets have been made for different incomes.

Dietetics are also studied intensively. This is the study of the food requirements of the body under normal and abnormal conditions, and the amount needed for different persons in daily life. Food is studied both as a preventive medicine and as a cure for illness.

In connection with this, experimental work is studied. The material worked out at Johns Hopkins is used. The class observes the effects of the different diets and diseases upon rats or guinea pigs.

In the Sewing Department the girls study the fundamentals of dress-making, costume designing, textiles, and combination of colors and materials.

In the beginners' class they begin to practice sewing by making clothes—although simple things, at first—for themselves. But the more advanced classes make tailored clothes of linen or silk broadcloth. Advanced girls majoring in Home Economics make satin coats and lovely afternoon dresses.

Many clothes made by the classes this year were exhibited in the Style Show. The modern dress of today, in contrast to the historic costumes displayed, were shown to be sensible, practical and comfortable.

Old-time dresses, however, were an unusual feature, showing the development of the present styles, which originated from the different costumes of the periods beginning with 1650.

The girls necessarily did a great deal of research work to study thor-

oughly and understand these costumes. They made these without patterns which shows their unusual training and ability.

The requirements for a certificate in cooking are (in first year college): English, Chemistry A, Biology, Physiology, Cookery A; and (in second year college) Cookery B, Semester Chemistry B, and enough elective subjects to make 7 hours.

The requirements for a certificate in sewing are: Textiles, Sewing A, Sewing B, Costume Designing (in Art Department) and enough academic work to make their hours.

The Home Economics Diploma is given to students completing both certificates.

The seventh and eighth grades are required to have two hours of cooking a week.

The fifth and sixth grades must have one hour of sewing a week.

All girls are required to keep recipes and notebooks on lectures and laboratory work (Cooking).

The equipment of the Home Economics Department is very good. Besides, the well-furnished kitchens, cutting rooms and pressing room, is the attractive dining room.

Miss Una Marian Spaller, the head of the Cookery Department, has had an unusually good training for her work, and has had much valuable experience. She received her B.S. at Simmons College, Boston; took training in Dietetics in Peter Bent Brigham Hospital, Boston; had advance courses in Hygiene, Bacteriology, and Physiology at Harvard Medical School; also took advanced lecture courses in Hygiene at Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and spent two summers at Western Missouri Reserve University of Cleveland.

She was associate medical dietitian the first year and a half after graduating, at Michael Reese Hospital in Chicago. While there she did laboratory experiment work for Dr. Alet, who was getting his material for his latest book on children's nutritional diseases.

She assisted Dr. William R. P. Emerson in organizing the Malnutrition Clinics for Children in Cleveland, Ohio. She is a Registered National Red Cross Dietitian and has done lecture work.

Mrs. Margaret K. Lowry, the head of the Sewing Department, studied at Ward-Belmont, and was an instructor at Peabody College. She has taught at Ward-Belmont since that time.

Miss Eunice Kinkead, assistant in both departments, has charge of the laboratory work. She studied academic work at Vanderbilt, Home Economics for two and a half years at Peabody, and for the past two summers has been doing graduate work in Columbia University, New York City.

"No, John; I'm afraid I can't marry you."

"Oh, Mary; just this once."—Texas Ranger.

Small brother: "Mother said I was to call you."

Big brother (sleepily): "Three acres—what you got?"—Fitt Panther.

CONCERNING EDUCATION

THE MOTHER

"You stupid child! But then, you're not to blame, Your father's family are all the same."

THE KINDERGARTEN TEACHER

"Never such lack of training did I see! What sort of person can the mother be?"

THE PRIMARY TEACHER

"Four kindergarten blockhead! And they call that preparation none at all!"

THE GRADE SCHOOL PRINCIPAL

"Would that from such a dunce I might be spared! They send them to me so unprepared."

THE HIGH SCHOOL PRINCIPAL

"God heavens! What credulity! The boy's a fool! The fault, of course, is with the grammar school."

THE COLLEGE PROFESSOR

"Such rowdiness in a student is a shame, But lack of preparation is to blame."

—Anonymous.

THE BIRTHDAY DINNER

The last birthday dinner of the season was an unusually charming one. It was carried out in Ward-Belmont colors. When the guests arrived, and were made welcome by Mrs. Blanton, Miss Mills and Mrs. Rose, they found a table that was unusually beautiful. There were three crystal bowls upon it, filled with blue delphinium and Claude Pernet yellow roses. Over the table were ribbons of two shades of both blue and yellow. The place cards were lovely ladies in yellow, and the favors were tiny shoulder bouquets of delphinium and roses.

A delightful dinner, and a pleasant evening ensued. The guests were: Pauline Pinson, Oklahoma; Gertrude Cameron, Iowa; Mary Helen Pounds, Illinois; Myrtle Carter, North Carolina; Julia Freeland, Oklahoma; Delia Kolling, Nebraska; Marjorie Pocklington, Michigan; Frances Oberthier, Texas; Virginia Lee Hicks, Texas; Alice Ingram, Tennessee; Louise Butler, Alabama; Marian Bidwell, Mississippi; Evelyn Dobs, Oklahoma; Elizabeth Roediger, Virginia; Cynthia Tanner, Texas; Harriet Parks, Illinois; Orvella Ellis, Kansas; and Carolyn Brash, Florida.

JUNIOR HIGH COMMENCEMENT

The girls of the eighth grade of the Ward-Belmont Junior High School received their certificates Tuesday afternoon, May 31. Following the exercises there was a tea given in honor of the mothers and the guests were the girls of the sixth and seventh grades who next year will be Junior high school girls. The cake which was served was made from a recipe prepared by the girls in the cooking classes. The mothers were entertained by looking at the portfolios

made by the girls as part of their English work.

The certificate signifies that they have completed satisfactorily all work given them in the eighth grade, work specified by those in charge.

The girls in this class are: Martha Monroe, Virginia Lee Jacobs, Betty Williams, Sarah Bujan, Miriam Hotchkiss, Queenie Sloan, Frances Villines, Lula Lane Kirkpatrick, Alice Berry, Frances Meadors, Dorothy Sloan and Carolyn Jones.

Last Wednesday afternoon these girls gave a play entitled "The Jewel Boy of Florence." This was under the direction of Miss Pauline Sherwood Townsend, assisted by Miss Ellen Couch. The scenes were laid in the 16th century in Master Goldsmith's workshop. His gifted pupil was Benvenuto Cellini, the Jewel Boy of Florence. This part was played by Miriam Hotchkiss. Foreword, was played by Martha Monroe; *Jewelry*, by Virginia Lee Jacobs; *Marcone*, by Sarah Bujan; *Antonio*, by Queenie Sloan; *Maria*, by Frances Villines; *The Duke de Medici*, by Lula Lane Kirkpatrick and the *Duchesse*, by Alice Berry. The apprentices were Frances Meadors, Dorothy Sloan and Carolyn Jones.

Each girl rendered clever interpretations of the art students' day.

CHAPEL TALKS

Tuesday, May 17—Regular chapel exercises.

Wednesday, May 18—Announcements.

Thursday, May 19—Mr. Barton spoke about the examinations that loom upon us.

Friday, May 20—Class meetings.

Saturday, May 21—We voted for the officers of the "Y" and the Hyphen, for next year.

LIZA'S LETTER

Tuesday.

Dearest Ward-Belmont:

"Again I take pen in hand"—it is a rather sad pen and reluctant hand. My goodness! Do you realize how near leaving we are? Even with all the lovely, glorious things planned for us this summer, I'll bet we'd look like weeping willows at Step Singing if some of us were not so pleasantly plump. And those of us who have sworn that we could not be moved to any other emotion than the joy of home-going—I'll bet we just float away!

If we have received no good from our year with you, who is to blame? In a way a few favorite lines of mine answer:

"Each day, a precious pearl, to you is given

That you must string upon the silver thread of life.

Once strung can never be unstrung but stays an undying record of your faith and skill.

Each golden minute link you then must weld into your chain of hours That is no stronger than its weakest link.

Into your hands is given all the wealth and power

To make your life just what you will."

To us Liza's who are more fortunate than Mistress Belle Ward in our having another golden opportunity with you to do "just what we will"—it is up to us if we return, to create your soul. The real you, Ward-Belmont, is not buildings and a campus, or a name—you are the spirit that we create, the spirit that we live in while sheltered by your walls.

Who would have thought that I would get sentimental and blot a word with a tear? Gee, I'll admit you do funny things to some of us. Your Liza.

NOTICE

Two of our worthy Seniors, the Misses Pansy Hawley and Regina Kellum, have at last, after years of studious meditation, found their calling in life. Fate, it seems, has designated them both to pursue the same career—that of consuming the world's excess supply of food. We congratulate you, worthy associates, and wish you the best of luck and success in your chosen profession.

THE OBSERVER

At the Penta Tau—Di Gamma baseball game, a Di Gamma ball hit a tree whereupon Dixie shouted, "Hurrah for nature!" There's nothing like appreciation.

Speaking of baseball, Motley made a home run—her very first. We bet she's still talking about it.

There're lots of different ways of seeing notice. Helena and Louise fell down in the midst of Church Street Monday 'mid much rain.

Julia Anne's advice to anyone who has trouble in tying up graduation gifts—use shoe box tissue paper, corsage, ribbon, and lingerie tape.

Speaking of wasted effort, Ward-Belmont boasts of a girl who made out her home going blank fully and then under "remarks" wrote that her parents were coming for her.

What is a Senior-Middle to do when she goes to the style show with a crowd of Seniors, accepts the chewing gum they offer and then gets called up for it while the donors go free. It's a tough life.

We wonder whether Miss Cason intends to make a place in the memories of her suffering pupils by her last assignments. There's no danger of their forgetting.

THE PENNANT

For a long time it has been a custom to hide the Senior pennant for which the Senior Middles on Senior-Middle Day begin to look and continue to do so for one week. At the end of that time if they have been unable to find it, it is presented to them on Senior Class Day. So far only one class has ever been able to find it. Next Tuesday evening, af-

ter the reading of a poem by the Senior-Middle president, the Seniors will bestow the pennant upon next year's Senior Class to guard and keep safe.

PICNICS

Signor de Luca started something when he gave the barbecue picnic for the opera cast a week ago last Saturday. There were grand eats as Ellen and Vezzie can testify—no one could count the number of ice cream cones they ate.

The Second Year College Class next gave a picnic or weenie roast which was chaperoned by Miss Norris. Katie Rees declares she poured a pint of mustard over Virginia *accidentally*, but we have our doubts.

Miss Morrison and Miss Simon also gave a picnic for the old and prospective Camp Cocheechee girls. Much baseball was enjoyed with Miss Sisson as star pitcher.

FASHIONS FOR WOMEN

Such clothes! Imagine wearing one to a prom! In fact they almost equalled Ward-Belmont's fashion show. But the whole movie was ruined for me because her face didn't fall. I always wanted to see a fallen face. I also wanted Esther Ralston to shake hands with Esther Ralston. However, I couldn't be properly bored with that aviator hanging around and looking hurt. I hear he's a new one but he looks most promising to me; in fact, I think I'll take it upon myself to do what other movie critics sometimes do and say I've discovered him. I really mean, audience of the movie world, that although this young man has no past he surely has a future.

ALUMNAE NOTES

Louise Schabb is doing regular broadcasting work.

WEDDINGS

Theodasie Cartwright (1922-1923) from Denver, Colo., was married on May 6 to Mr. Carl Strang. They were both attending the University of Colorado where Mrs. Strang was a prominent Delta Gamma and Mr. Strang was a Chi Psi.

Mr. and Mrs. James C. Douglas announce the marriage of their daughter Fern to Mr. Emil Wayne Essig, son of Mrs. Elizabeth Essig on March 31 at the First Presbyterian Church in Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. B. D. Shapero announce the marriage of their daughter, Georgia Belle to Mr. Thomas O. H. Smith on Wednesday, June 8, at their home, 3709 Richland Avenue, Nashville, Tennessee.

Dr. and Mrs. Robert Oliver Tucker announce the marriage of their daughter, Dortha Eleonora to Mr. Samuel Fleming Coleman on Thursday, June 9 at eight o'clock at the West End Methodist Church, Nashville, Tennessee.

THEN AND NOW (From Hyphen, 1926)

To be wakened every morning by the seven-fifteen bell,
To have to run to breakfast our hunger for to quell—
To find in every monitor a devastating scare,
To be without a middy that is clean enough to wear.
To go to meals three times a day in snow and mud and rain,
To have to sacrifice the tea-room or risk the peril "gain,"
To get an urgent cut slip a hundred times a day—
That's what it meant to us when we first came here to stay.

To wear happily a middy that is rumpled all about,
To hear an auto passing by, and not get up and shout,
To see Miss Morrison cross the gym without an anxious start,
To watch her slowly pass you by with eager beating heart.
To have to go to classes in the drizzling Nashville rain,
To pass the empty chapel with a little stab of pain,
To look longingly on the faces of the schoolmates we love so,
That's what it means to us, now that we're soon to go.

ELECTION RETURNS

The following will be the girls who will lead the activities of the school next year:

Boarding Student Council
President—Margaret Ellen Douy.
First Vice-President—Mary Helen Foulds.
Second Vice-President—Frances O'Donnald.
Secretary—Elise Jester.
General Proctor—Katherine Blackman.
Chapel Proctor—Dorothy Jones.

Day Student Council
President—Mary Elizabeth Cayce.
First Vice-President—Mary Padgett.
Second Vice-President—Elizabeth Bevington.
Secretary—Orlene Henderson.
General Proctor—Elizabeth Barthell.

Hyphen Staff

Editor—Josephine Strain.
Associate Editor—Virginia Bush.
Business Manager—Margaret Elliott.

Y.W.C.A.

President—Mary Eleanor Gilmore.
Vice-President—Katherine Tabb.
Secretary—Mary Scott.
Treasurer—Sarah Jester.

Athletic Association

President—Mary Brandon.
Manager of Sports—Lilly Jackson.

Anti Pan Club

President—Dorothy Cook.
Vice-President—Lydarene Majors.
Secretary—Mary Louise Wilcox.
Treasurer—Janet Carter.

A. K. Club

President—Margaret Carthew.
Vice-President—Martha Robbins.
Secretary—Mary Louise Ritter.

Treasurer—Marion Blackman.

T. C. Club

President—Lela Owen.
Vice-President—Helen Scott.
Secretary—Dorothy Valentine.
Treasurer—Elizabeth Mahan.

Penta Tau Club

President—Doris Tatum.
Vice-President—Anne Earle French.
Secretary—Louise Burgess.
Treasurer—Vivian Walker.
Sergeant-at-Arms—Elise Mattox.

X. L. Club

President—Olive Logan.
Vice-President—Virginia Ray Risinger.
Secretary and Treasurer—Both to be selected next year.

Tri K. Club

President—Dorothea Gilbert.
Vice-President—Mary Eleanor Gilmore.
Secretary—Margaret Elliot.
Treasurer—Margaret Scott.

Agora Club

President—Katherine Wilson.
Vice-President—Margaret Smith.
Secretary—Genevieve Conway.
Treasurer—Miriam Winship.

F. F. Club

President—Eloise Parson.
Vice-President—Dorothy Dee.
Secretary—Mary Jane McPhail.
Treasurer—Virginia Baird.

Osion Club

President—Betty Marr.
Vice-President—Catherine Funk.
Secretary—Melba Johnson.
Treasurer—Corrinne Weibler.

Del Ver Club

President—Mary Jane Pulver.
Vice-President—Virginia Rodiger.
Secretary—Louise Graves.
Treasurer—Eileen Gaud.

INTER-CLUB BASEBALL

The Di Gammas and Penta Taus showed their excellency in baseball playing, by reaching the finals of the tournament. The Penta Taus had gathered much enthusiasm during the baseball season becoming more than determined to win the championship. The Di Gamma team members did not, for a moment, doubt that it was their duty, as well as wish, to uphold the record of the club, and win for the third year the cup for baseball honor.

The Di Gammas won by a score of 43 to 24, but without competition in actions, even if so in points.

Di Gamma	Penta Tau
Farr Jones
Berger P.
Morelock 1st..... Leavens
Cavert 2nd..... Lightfoot
Holt 3rd..... Dargett
Martin R.S..... Motley
Neil L.S..... Thomas
Allan R.F..... West
Landstreet L.F..... Fry
Southerlain L.F..... Moore

Don't you think Ruth dresses nattily?
Nathalie who?

I spent ten dollars on a canary last week.
That's nothing, I spent fifty on a lark.

STEP-SINGING

One of the most beautiful traditions of Ward-Belmont is step-singing which was held Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday evenings.

A Senior class eight or nine years ago hardly realized how much a part of graduation step-singing, which they inaugurated, would become.

The Seniors were dressed in white, and sang old familiar songs as well as their class songs.

The occasion is a sad but beautiful one. It is as solemn as a church ceremony, as effective as a pageant, but as simple and sweet as one could want. Class Day, on Tuesday evening was closed with step-singing. The Seniors after singing their class songs gave their place on the steps to the Senior Middles. This transition is symbolical of the place left by the Seniors now which will be filled by the Senior Middles next year.

SUMMARY OF THE YEAR

Opened September 25, 1928; closed June 2, 1927. During that time:

Ward-Belmont has acquired several new teachers and a new vice-president.

The Senior class spirit has grown 500 per cent.

An unusually large number of girls have indulged in athletics, due to reducing and "cordial invitations" from the gym.

Dr. Vincent, for the thirty-second time, gave five lectures at Ward-Belmont.

The Expression Department has distinguished itself by two productions of "Electra" at the Parthenon.

Three hundred girls said they were not coming back after Christmas. 298 of them came back.

System of three hour exams was inaugurated.

System of school on Monday was inaugurated.

287 girls have put their hair up. 305 more are still letting their hair grow.

The Chimes campaign started. The campus furniture, including the baby-doll fountain out front, has acquired a new coat of paint.

Several girls have gained something from school life, Motley and Jay for instance.

And, sad to relate, several girls have lost something—Jerry and her beau-catcher.

Rec Hall has seen the same magic trick performed forty-two times—a frat pin produced from a vest pocket.

Dr. Blanton toured the wide open spaces, so he said.

A series of Bishops and a few preachers did their best to reform us. (After that all we need to be nuns is the vows; we have a cloister.)

Baby Peggy and her family showed off their fur coats before us.

Miss Sisson sprang a Hygiene exam on the Seniors as a graduation gift.

Margaret Ellen covered herself with glory, as the ring and the polls.

The Vanderbilt Glee Club came over to let us look at them, and incidentally sang a couple of songs.

It hasn't been such a bad year.

RECITALS BY WARD-BELMONT EXPRESSION SCHOOL

On Saturday night, May 21, the Ward-Belmont School of Expression presented the Senior students in two recitals. The first part of the evening was devoted to interpretations among which Barries "Peter Pan" by Velma Jones from Oklahoma was exceptionally well given. The other numbers of the program were as follows:

"Masquerading Man" *Sampson*
Mamie Deeson Lawrence of Louisiana
"Joint-Owners in Spain" *Brewer*
Ozelle Puckette of Tennessee
"The Dust of the Road" *Goodman*
Agnes Cassels of Alabama

The second recital consisted of the presentation of Stanley Houston's "Honor Thy" A Susan Glaspell's "Suppressed Desires."

The Mother Agnes Cassels
The Daughter Velma Jones
The Loser Azelle Puckette
The Ancient Beau
. Mamie Deeson Lawrence
"Suppressed Desires" by Susan Glaspell.

Henrietta Mamie D. Lawrence
Mabel Agnes Cassels
Steven Brewster Azelle Puckette

The two recitals, which were very well given, were followed by a reception to expression students and their friends.

MISS HELEN HOLT HAS BOOK REVIEW PUBLISHED

Miss Helen Holt, a Senior in Ward-Belmont, has recently received the honor of having published her book review of Lena Hunt's *Young in the Nineties* in the *Nashville Tennessean* for Sunday, May 22.

Inasmuch as the contributors to literary section of the *Tennessean* are older and more mature writers, it is a distinct compliment to Miss Holt that her trial review was published. On a letter to her Mr. Donald Davidson, professor of English in Vanderbilt University and editor of the Book Review Section of the *Tennessean*, praised the review and offered to publish other articles of her during the summer.

A Kiss is a noun because it is common and sometimes proper.

A Kiss is a pronoun because she stands for it.

A Kiss is an adjective because it denotes action, expression and a sensation of joy.

A Kiss is a conjunction because it connects.

A Kiss is not an adverb, however, because you know not how, when or why.

A Kiss is singular but is used plurally.

A Kiss, when not declined, agrees with "Me."

—*The Bethel Collegian.*

"Did you see that black cat?"
"Black, me eye; it's brown."
"Anything to-oblige a friend."
Iowa Friol.

RECITALS

Claire Harper, who already is a noted young artist, appeared in her diploma recital Monday evening, May 23, at the Ward-Belmont auditorium.

Miss Harper and her teacher, Mr. Kenneth Rose, opened the program by rendering the large movement of Bach's "Concerto for Two Violins."

With unusually good technique, Miss Harper played the allegro movement from the fourth concerto of Mozart, which is so well-suited to her. She again exhibited her art in the difficult but beautiful "Tambourin Chinois," Kreisler, and the Saint Saens "Roude Capriccioso."

The lyric feature of the program was Fibuck's "Poeme," "Chanson Arabe," Rimsky-Kosakoff-Kreisler, and the "Bird as Prophet," Schuman-Aver.

Nell Richardson, advanced piano student of Mr. Lawrence Goodman assisted Miss Harper with two delightful groups, The "Marche Funebre" and "Presto" from Chopin's Sonata in B flat minor and "Etude in C sharp minor," Chopin, showed that Miss Richardson has caught the spirit of poetic interpretation which is such a notable quality of her teacher's personality and art. Her final number, Brahms' "Rhapsody in E flat" showed her forceful technique.

Miss Harper was accompanied by Hazel Coote Rose at the piano.

Mr. Goodman presented Rubye Sprouse in her graduate recital, Saturday evening at the Ward-Belmont auditorium. Carolyn Brash, certificate pupil of Mr. Rose, was assistant artist.

Teachers from the whole school of music presented some of their pupils in a general recital Monday evening, May 30, at the Ward-Belmont auditorium.

A recital by certificate pupils was given Tuesday night, May 31, at the Ward-Belmont auditorium.

STUDIO RECITAL

The pupils of Miss Lettwich gave an excellent and finished recital on Monday afternoon, May 23, at 4:30 P.M. The following program was presented:

The Princess	Mana Zucca
	Virginia Lee Jacobs
River Sprites	Huerter
	May Rawls
Marche Mignonne	Poldini
	Roslyn Morse
Barcarolle	Godard
	Margaret Cram
Valse Caprice	Scott
	Helen Swayne
The Fauns	Chaminade
	Helen Wilkerson
En Bateau	Zeckwer
	Pauline Pinson
Romance	Grunfeld
	Margaret Daggett
Rigaudon	MacDowell
Etude C Minor	Chopin
	Myrl Anderson
Dance of the Elves	Sapellnikoff
	Vivian Slagle
Concert Etude	MacDowell
	Mildred Wood

MAY FETE

The annual May Fete was held on the West Campus Monday, May 30, at five P.M., before a large number of spectators who were enthusiastic in their praise not only for the participants, but for the able staff which had trained the cast and presented the pageant. The program and list of participants follows:

PROGRAM

I. PROCESSION.
Outriders—Margaret Ellen Douty, Mary Stuart Norton, Mary Belack, Rosella Ehrenwald.
W.-B. Social Clubs—DiGamma, Beta, A.K., Anti Pandora, Agora, DelVers, F.F., Ostron, Penta Tau, Twentieth Century, Tri K, X.L.

II. THE QUEEN'S COURT.
Heralds—Georgia Charles, Katherine Amos.
The Court—Senior Class.

Attendants—Fortuna (college maid), Rose Morrison; Hebe (high school maid), Grace Cavert; Eros, Frank Smith, Jr., Crown Bearer, Ann Townsend; June (the queen), Virginia Farmer.

Pages—Marian Sherman, Dorothy Kendall.

III. THE DANCES.
Appollo's Chariot—Clydis Aiken, Virginia Baird, Hazel Benedict, Margaret Carthew, Jane Everson, Edna Earl Halbert, Laila Phelps, Ellen Robinson, Dorothy Veazey.

Appollo—Harriet Hollinshead.
Muses—Evelyn Adams, Helen Dean, Sara Jane Hendee, Gertrude Henderson, Margaret Kessler, Martha Laurent, Mary Scott, Betty Stone, Eloise Williams.

Fleecy Clouds—Martha Beasley, Frances Berry, Gene Blair, Ellen F. Bowers, Evelyn Bransford, Elsie Caldwell, Martha Clair Clay, Ann Dickinson, Louise Douglas, Louise Duncan, June Duntley, Carolyn Eskridge, Genevieve Eve, Ritchie Farrell, Anita Frazer, Rebecca Hall, Henrietta Hickman, Margaret Howe, Nancy Knott, Virginia McEwen, Frances Miller, Catherine Noel, Clyde Partlow, Olivia Polk, Frances Powell, Peggy Price, Frances Rose, Landis Shaw, Harryette Sudokum, Catherine Walker, Catherine Weis.

The Hunt—Shirley Aygarn, Elizabeth Barthell, Ellen Bates, Dorothy Cook, Glory Davis, Frances Day, Carolyn Dodge, Elizabeth Finch, Pauline Jackson, Martha Joslin, Pauline McDonald, Dorothy Nichols, Frances Oberherer, May Belle Sanders, Sara Swaim, Katherine Tabb, Cora Thomas, Mary Tyson, Elizabeth Wenning, Ellen Yohe.

Diana—Argie Sherrod Neil.
The Flames—Elva Boyd, Eather Bridges, Ann Dillon, Adelaide Douglas, Catherine Dudney, Isabel Goodloe, Marcella Hamilton, Frances Hardison, Barbara Howe, Elizabeth Howe, Mary E. Keller, Betsy Lusk,

Nancy O'Connor, Margaret Rawls, Claire Roberts, Marie Shelton, Katherine Simmons, Thelma Slaughter, Louise Tupper, Katherine Wade, Mary Wade, Augusta Wherry.

Valcan—Virginia Nell.
The Fauns—Alice Berry, Mary Currell Berry, Sarah Bryan, May Buntin, Edith Caldwell, Jeanette Caldwell, Ella Lou Cheek, Mary Rhee Cooper, Miriam Hotchkiss, Elizabeth Hyde, Virginia Lee Jacobs, Carolyn Jones, Lula Lane Kirkpatrick, Henrietta Lewis, Dorothy McCarthy, Frances Meadors, Martha Monroe, Will Anna Moore, Dorothy Sloan, Queenie Sloan, Beverly Stone, Frances Villines, Wadell Walker, Corinne Webb, Betty Williams.

Pan—Jane Hall.
Bacchanal—Clydis Aiken, Virginia Baird, Hazel Benedict, Margaret Carthew, Jane Everson, Edna Earl Halbert, Harriet Hollinshead, Laila Phelps, Ellen Robinson, Dorothy Veazey.

The Sea Nymphs—Anne Akers, Hortense Ambrose, Mary Blackman Bass, Susan Brandau, Lillian Brew, Pauline Brown, Nancy Belle Campbell, Dorothea Castelman, Elizabeth Cowan, Catherine Dorris, Evelyn Ewing, Mary Alice Farr, Eleanor Fleming, Judith Folk, Polly Frasier, Frances Gibson, Sarah Guerin, Ann E. Hales, Dorothy Hamilton, Alene Hare, Geneva Jones, May I. McDonald, Ella Puryear Mims, Margaret Powell, Marjorie Pritchett, Selwyn Puryear, Ann Raine, Alfreda Jo Raynes, Mary E. Ryan, Eleanor Shelton, Mona Stewart.

The Amazons—Inez Barnes, Helen Buchanan, Ann Burwell, Phyllis Chandler, Dorothy Culbert, Helen Davis, Dorothy Dewey, Evelyn Dobbs, Marguerite Gilbreath, Katherine Glasford, Elizabeth Hillis, Edna Johnson, Ann E. Johnston, Mary E. Johnston, Martha Lindsey, Dorothy McIntyre, Mary Grady Parks, Belle Pearlman, Ethel Pearlman, Pauline Pinson, Elizabeth Polak, Margaret Pollock, Nancy Rabenu, Helen Reed, Alice Richey, Mary Louise Ritter, Gladys Robbins, Margaret Smith, Dorothy Thompson, Jeannette Verser, Kathryn Wilson, Mary Wilder, Louise Woods.

The Rainbow—Florence Abels, Nell Banks, Georgia Brower, Virginia Donaldson, Margaret Elliott, Helen Foulds, Emma E. Greene, Jean Haynes, Mary Ann Ickert, Melba Johnson, Olive Logan, Margaret Lowe, Virginia McCullough, Betty Marr, Eleanor Meek, Frances O'Donnell, Mary Padgett, Catherine Ross, Helen Russussen, Alberta Stolz, Lucille Talliaferro, Alma Tenny, Dorothy Townsend, Anna White.

Iris—Dorothy Veazey.

The Flowers—Evelyn Adams, Cleta Black, Bernice Boozer, Charbel Boyd, Myrta Brandon, Mary Louise Burkhard, Mary E. Cayce, Margaret Cobb, Helen Dean, Margaret E. Douty, Martha Duncan, Novice Graves, Sarah Jane Hendee, Gertrude Henderson, Helen Hynds, Alice Ingram, Margaret Kessler, Delia Kolling, Audrey Lane, Martha Laurent, Bernice Lee, Mary O'Brien, Willa Mae Phelps, Josephine Rankin, Mary Scott, Madeline Smith, Betty Stone, Rosanna Turnage, Mary Louise Wilcox, Ladye Douglas Wilhoite.

Venus—Margaret Carthew.

PEABODY WINS BASEBALL GAME

On Tuesday afternoon real baseball talent was exhibited by the Peabody and Ward-Belmont teams, who met in their annual baseball game. Each team played extremely well.

The outstanding feature of the Peabody players was their ability to throw the ball swiftly and surely to the exact place it was needed. Plunkett, the catcher, caught excellently. The right short-stop, Hudson, also played an exceptionally good game.

For the Ward-Belmont team, Martha Farr, Edna Lougeridge, Edith Leavens, and Valborg Ravn played outstandingly. Martha Farr caught beautifully, and in the field Edna Lougeridge brilliantly put out the Peabody players.

At the end of the sixth inning the score was 6 to 5 in Ward-Belmont's favor. In the last half of the ninth inning the Peabody put out the first three batters in succession, winning by a score of 10 to 9.

Peabody	Ward-Belmont
Plunkett C..... Farr
Perk P..... Berger
Fisher 1st..... Leavens
Elliott 2nd..... Cavert
Britt 3rd..... Ravn
Dean R.S..... Martin
Hudson L.S..... Blackman
Rick R.F..... Hughes
Warwick C.F..... Lightfoot
Spencer L.F..... Lougeridge

Substitutes for Ward-Belmont were: Jones and Spiess. Sellans substituted for Peabody.

TENNIS MATCHES WITH PEABODY

There have been two tennis matches with Peabody, a singles match here Wednesday, May 25, and a doubles match at Peabody on Thursday, May 26. Both matches showed brilliant playing and excellent form. Though the scores were not in our favor, our entrants showed up remarkably.

Lillie Jackson played the singles against Dorothy Dean of Peabody. The score was 6-2, 8-6 in Peabody's favor.

The doubles were played by Margaret Carthew and Martha Farr, who lost to Marian Pope and Julia Warwick, 11-9, 8-6, and 6-4.

ATHLETIC AWARDS FOR SEASON 1927

Swimming Varsity Letters. (A girl must pass on requirements in this spirit, to earn her letter.) Mary Louise Burkhard, Frances Gary, Marie Northrup, Nancy O'Connor, Margaret Carthew, Betty Weber, Valborg Ravn, Doris Yochum.

Three girls received their W.-B. swimming letters in 1926: Virginia Neil, Katherine Simmons, Augusta Wherry.

Baseball Varsity—*Martha Farr, catcher; Elinor Berger, pitcher; *Edith Leavens, 1st base; Grace Caver, 2nd base; Dorothy Jones, 3rd base; Mary V. Huff, R. S. S.; Valborg Ravn, L. S. S.; Loraine Speis, R. F.; *Maxine Lightfoot, C. P.; Edna Loughridge, L. F.

Martha Farr Fourth Year Varsity, Lightfoot and Leavens Second Year Varsity.

Tennis Varsity—*Lillie Jackson, Margaret Carthew, Carolyn Brash, Martha Farr.

*Second Year Varsity. Chrm. When the paper went to press the final in Tennis had not been played off. Announcement of champion later.

Club all around athlete—Anti Pandora, Mary Virginia Huff, 36 points; Beta, Augusta Wherry, 40 points; F. P., Mary D. Walker, 36 points; T. C. C., Dorothy Valentine, 37 points; Tr. C., Rose Morrison, 45 points; X. L., Virginia Bell, 42 points.

Ward-Belmont all around athletes—The highest honor for the year goes to Valborg Ravn with 64 points, Osiron; second place goes to Martha Farr, with 55 points, Di Gamma; third place to Virginia Neil, 46 points, Di Gamma.

The Club Championship for the year goes to the Di Gamma Club.

THE SENIORS' FAREWELL

After joys there are always sorrows—so at the end of our life in Ward-Belmont the sadness of parting is inevitable. The true value and appreciation of what we have comes only with the loss of it and it is not easy to part from something we love.

We are now living a trying time, for each hour grows dearer as the time draws near for our departure. Under all the smiles and happy laughter there is a pang of sorrow when we realize that some of us who go, will go to stay.

We love Ward-Belmont because it has made us grow, it has nourished our ambitions and set for us the highest ideals of life. We have been happy here, knowing always that only the best was before us. With such a love as this instilled within our hearts we can only be sad at parting yet we can ever retain this love and always, though far away from our Alma Mater, still think of her and uphold the ideals which she has entrusted to us to make our lives complete.

Ward-Belmont, Ward-Belmont, the school of our choice,
The place to our hearts most dear

As we join in thy praises with one single voice
Your daughters from far and near.

Fond memories will cling round the blue and the gold

As we leave Ward-Belmont for aye;
And the truths that you teach us our heart shall enfold

As we live by your standards so high.

WARD-BELMONT— SEEN AS WE LEAVE IT

Now that we are about to leave you, Ward-Belmont, you take on the glamor of romance. We forgot our impatience at your rules and regulations. We see that they are not you. We look at you in a softened light.

Early in the evening, your grounds seem a veritable paradise, crowned with the blue of the sky, and banded slantingly with the gold of the late sun—our colors glorified, through which dart the crimson wings of the cardinal, singing his evening song. Above all this, like a protecting benediction, rises your tower, pride of all your lovely traditions—gracious, graceful, ivy cloaking its ancient brown.

Early in the morning, and through each swiftly passing day, the hum of activity about your campus seems a part of you, so soon to cease, and leave you quiet under the June sun a little wondering that it all could have been.

We will miss you, Ward-Belmont, and we will always remember you, for what you have meant, and will mean to us. Seen as we leave you, you are more lovely than you have ever been.

WARD-BELMONT PRESENTS SPRING STYLE SHOW

The Domestic Art students, pupils of Mrs. Lowry, sewing teacher, presented a spring style show Friday evening, May 20, in the auditorium. As the curtains of the stage were drawn back an old-fashioned garden scene, with rose-covered trellis, was revealed. Two pages in satin suits, Misses Ellen Robinson and Virginia Burton, took places on each side of the stage. Then two discouraged-looking girls appeared, Misses Katherine Amos and Hewell Givan, who were both very clever in portraying the parts of the girls who needed pretty clothes. Their amusing conversation and witty remarks kept the audience in the best of humor through the entire style show.

Group I

The first group of styles, as the placards borne by the pages told us, were costumes of by-gone years: 1850, Margaret Smith; 1750, Estelle Farmer; 1778, Mary Saunders; 1790, Caroline Taylor; 1810, Olga Dye; 1840, Valda Thomas; 1850, Mary Day; 1865, Lavinia Rose; 1870, Lily Meadows; 1870, Virginia Wells; 1880, Elizabeth Bevington; 1885, Elizabeth Sudekum; 1895, Katherine Grey Tabb; 1900, Marjorie Tootle, May Belle Saunders, Mary E. Vick; 1910, Suzanne Lewis; 1912, Laura

Fortson and Estelle Farmer. Miss Emmeline Boyer closed this picturesque group with a beautifully rendered solo, "In the Gloaming."

Group II

Linen dresses were worn in the next group. Girls modelling these were: Marion Pope, Nancy Rabenan, Suzanne Lewis, Elizabeth Sudekum, Mary Elizabeth Vick, Georgia May Maurer, Nell Law, Mary Eleanor Gilmore, Virginia Wells, Dorothy Nichols, Maurine Jacobson, Helen Daws, Margaret Carthew, Olga Dye, Elizabeth Polack, Gladys Robbins, Ruth Smith.

Group III

Negligees were modelled next. The following girls took part: Elizabeth Sudekum, Katherine Grey Tabb, Lily Meadows, Elizabeth Brown, Katherine Standifer, Isabel Miller, Elizabeth Bevington, Pauline McDonald, Caroline Taylor, Corinne Holmes.

Group IV

The fourth group showed tailored and wash silk dresses by the following girls: Virginia Wells, Elizabeth Polock, Olga Dye, Marion Pope, Gladys Roberts, Helen Ryerson, Estelle Farmer, Margaret Carthew, Helen Davis, Ruth Smith, Georgia May Maurer, Maurine Jacobson, Nell Law, Suzanne Lewis, Mary Elinor Gilmore, Mary Elizabeth Vick, Mary Day, Dorothy Nichols, Elizabeth Sudekum.

Group V

The following showed wash silks and taffetas: Elizabeth Polock, Helen Ryerson, Lavinia Rose, Elizabeth Brown, Elizabeth Sudekum, Lily Meadows, Katherine Standifer, Isabel Miller, Elizabeth Bevington, Pauline McDonald, Caroline Taylor, Dorothy Nichols, Mary Eleanor Gilmore, May Belle Saunders.

Group VI

The last group wore coats and fancy dresses. These girls modelled: Marjorie Tootle (coat), Valda Thomas (taffeta), Estelle Farmer (coat), Virginia Wells (green crepe), Margaret Smith (coat), Elizabeth Sudekum (gray), Laura Fortson (coat), Katherine Gray Tabb (figure silk), May Belle Saunders (coat), Mary Elizabeth Vick (black and white), Helen Ryerson (red and white), Marjorie Tootle (tan), Marion Pope (red and white), Nell Law (green crepe), Margaret Carthew (red and white), Valda Thomas (tan crepe), Ruth Smith (blue crepe), Elizabeth Sudekum (figuredorgette), Lavinia Rose (black and white), Mary Day and Mary Saunders (orchid crepe), Peggy M. Tony (orchid), Elizabeth Polock (pink taffeta), Marion Pope (white taffeta), Marjorie Tootle (orchid taffeta), Laura Fortson (pink taffeta), Viola Sudekum and Estelle Farmer (pink negligees), Marion Pope (green negligee), Olga Dye (pink taffeta), and Viola Sudekum (white coat and dress).

Each costume was met with loud applause and "Ohs!" or "Ahs!" from the students present. Each girl and Mrs. Lowry are to be congratulated on the remarkable showing of their accomplishment.

Miss Emmeline Boyer closed the Style Show by singing the "Bells of Ward-Belmont."

INSTALLATION OF OFFICERS

The Y.W.C.A. installation service for the new cabinet of next year was held last Sunday at Vespera. Mary Eleanor Gilmore was installed as president; Katherine Tabb, vice-president; Eugenia Mahan, secretary; Sarah Jester, treasurer, and Melba Johnson, chairman of the program committee, by the retiring officers.

The cabinet members who were installed were, Lydarene Majors, Mary Scott, Mary Louise Ritter, Dorothy Dee, Jane Everson, Lillie Jackson, Katherine Blackman, Viola Jay, Marjorie Holmes, Louise Graves, Mary Louise Wilcox and Betty Weber.

The stage was decorated with ferns and flowers, and the members of the old cabinet with lighted candles were seated there in a "V" formation during a short program. Martha Elythe Rogers sang a beautiful solo, "O That I Knew Where I Might Find My Lord," accompanied by Miss Boyer. Dorothy Kendall read "A Psalm of Life."

The new cabinet entered at the back of the chapel, and marched down the aisle singing the hymn, "Father of Light." They then took the places on the stage relinquished by the old cabinet. The officers were then installed in an impressive manner. Carolyn Brash played the violin softly during the brief service, accompanied by Harriet Condit.

The service closed with both cabinets forming a double triangle, the symbol of the Y.W.C.A., and singing the "Y" song, "Follow the Glean."

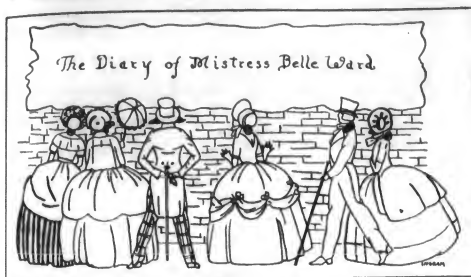
Mary Eleanor Gilmore pronounced the benediction, and members of both cabinets marched off the stage with their lighted candles, while the audience sang, "The March to Victory."

Martha Lee Klutz played the organ for the service.

I'M THE NIT-WIT

I'm the Nit-Wit that's self-satisfied. Everything I say and do is perfect—or, at least, as perfect as I want them to be. I don't find other human beings nearly so perfect, but that doesn't worry me—they're all so remote. I'm never very emotional—nothing affects me greatly. I'm never extremely unhappy, nor am I ever extremely happy, but I am content. All I want is plenty of food and sleep. I haven't any ambitions; I'll take whatever life offers. There isn't anything that can happen that I'd lose any sleep over. I haven't many friends; I feel so self-sufficient that I don't put myself out to be nice to anyone. I haven't much of a future; I've nothing to worry about, though. I don't live life to its fullest—I'm the Nit-Wit that is self-satisfied.

Butcher: "This pound of flaxseed you sent me is three ounces short."
Druggist: "Well, I missed the pound weight, so I weighed it by the pound of chops you sent me."



Tuesday—May 17.

Classes were about as usual—only worse. I got so tongue-tied in French all I could do was look scared—so I guess my grade didn't soar any too A-ward.

Attended psych class but when we got to the part I hadn't studied I felt called upon to leave.

Miss Morrison and Miss Sisson took all the old and to-be cohectee girls on a picnic, and did we ever have fun! We played baseball on a life sized diamond, and it was one ever more fine game! Had to run two blocks to every base—and due to this lengthy run we had to stop the game every few minutes to give the poor runners a chance to rest up. I played field and had the best time hunting four leaf clovers for exercise. After working up an awful appetite—we ate—and boy Rowdy, but those bacon sandwiches sure were good.

Wasn't sufficiently moved to study after the picnic so I spent what was left of study hour making out a menu for my first meal home. "Won't be long now! Hurray!

Wednesday—May 18.

Since my hair has reached the stage where it looks S. S. and G. hanging—I'll have to change all my habits. Due to sad experience I've found that I can no longer rise at 7:14½ and get my hair up in time for breakfast. There's no telling what Mrs. Charleston will do if I'm late many more times!

"Was a gorgeous day so I spent all first hour sitting on the campus imbibing the beauties of nature, and memorizing history dates.

No mail today! Was crushed and grief stricken! I'll never write another letter so long as I live—and if I have to write many more book reviews I know I won't write letters—I won't have strength enough!

I'll give any teacher a tin medal if she can find any more outside reading for us to do. I've read and outlined every book in the library beginning with Spaulding's *Rules of Baseball* and ending with *Introduction to Child Psychology* by Mr. O. U. Wad-del.

Club tonight and we elected officers.

Thursday—May 19.

Forgot to get excused from classes so I just cut, that is first and second—went to English third hour because I knew we weren't going to have a lesson—at least I thought we weren't, but Miss Scruggs up and surprised us. You never can tell about these

teachers—but she didn't call on me. All's well that ends well.

Miss Sisson posted the hygiene grades, and I rejoiced to see that I pulled through on a B. That's just my superior I. Q. cropping out.

Took the afternoon off and laundered my hair. Felt so peculiar not studying that I wrote my roommate's French for her. Big hearted!

Tonight was the fashion show. It was darning! Sat on the front row and used mental telepathy on all my little playmates in an attempt to make them stumble—but I failed—I've lost all my faith in such things, I won't even go to a fortune teller any more.

Friday—May 20.

Gee—it's getting hotter and hotter, I nearly par boiled just walking to class.

Exam schedule was posted today. I feel exactly as though my death sentence had been announced—why—oh why—can't we do without such evils?

Condescended to recite in history today, and just because I left out a century she bawled me out for not studying! Unappreciated—'that's me!

In French today Mademoiselle asked me to name the most important man in the French Revolution—and the only thing I could think of was L'O'rgan, and then she didn't appreciate that. I wonder why?

Have again decided that I'm at least ten pounds overweight, so have decided to reduce by means of some new fangled exercises I saw in a movie book. It's an awful effort, and I feel exactly like a contortionist—but it's all in a good cause.

Saturday—May 21.

Thought I would never rise again this morning. Those exercises were too thorough. I'm stiff as a board, and it nearly kills me to move. Believe me, I'd a lot rather be fat than in the crippled condition I am now! Guess dieting is the best way after all.

Answered three questions in psych and surprised Miss Morris nearly to death. Poor woman, I'll be more careful next time.

Y. W., and Hyphen elec.tions. Nearly got put out playing the part of the loyal club sister in electioneering for my friends.

Spent the P.M. absorbing a little French and darning socks. Very exciting!

Swallowed my dinner whole and made a front row seat for the movie. Sure was glad—it was the best movie we've had this year!

Spent the rest of the evening try-

ing to decide whether or not the chances for my graduating were strong enough to merit my buying a white frock.
Sunday—May 22.

Thought we were going to get to stay home from church, but the rain didn't last long enough. Tonight was the Y. W. installation. White dresses—soft music—candles—and every-thing.

Monday—May 23.

Well—this being the Monday before exams one wasn't expected to go to town—but the suitemate and I decided it would probably be our last chance since we'd likely be taking exams up 'till five minutes before train time—so we went early and stayed late.

And then tonight we were exposed to a recital. I took my psych book in hopes of getting an hour's studying—but I can't study while Claire Harper is playing—so I guess it's up to me to sit up in the cubby 'till breakfast.

Tuesday—May 24.

Attended classes and absorbed reviews by the bushel. This sure is a nerve racking life. Finished up my library work—and here it is a whole day before exams! I can't believe it!

Wednesday—May 25.

Started the good work by having a French exam.

Thursday—May 26.

Another exam!

Friday—May 27.

And another exam!

Saturday—May 28.

And still more exams!

Sunday—May 29.

Well—we have a day to rest up so we can begin taking make up exams next week.

Baccalaureate this morning—tripped out in my sweet, simple white dress and felt real angel-like. I didn't realize till now how near I really am to going home—and leaving everyone—and I'm beginning to feel rather weepy. Am considering ordering 3 or 4 dozen new hankies for the last few days.

Renewed old friendships, wrote in memory books, and so on, far into the night.

Monday—May 30.

Celebrated May Day today—nearly broke my feeble neck tripping over the green but had a big time. It was a grand performance with Apollo and Juno and Iris and all the other gods and goddesses plus the mortals.

Thursday—June 2.

Well, after tutoring and plugging along for ages and ages I'm actually on the verge of graduating.

It's such a beautiful day—one's graduation day. But it's sad, too with everyone going home—some I'll never see again—but I have my happy memories of dear old Ward-Belmont.

ELLEN HADLEY ROBINSON.

Kittens bark, horses moo, Crickets laugh, fishes, too. Spring has come, it has arrived, Oh how grand it is to live.

Dogs fly high, students snore, Ain't no studyin' no more. Schoolgirls giggle, that's not all, Spring is here, I heard it fall.

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COMMENCEMENT VISITORS

There are a great many visitors with us for Commencement, parents and friends of the school. We welcome them and hope that their stay here may be an enjoyable one. The list, as completely as the Hyphen has been able to ascertain, is as follows:

Mrs. J. E. Amos, Charleston W. Va.
Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Butler, Huntsville, Ala.
Mr. and Mrs. Philip Barnard, Mt. Carmel, Ill.
Mr. T. W. Brown, Minneapolis, Minn.
Mrs. M. O. Bridges, Miami, Fla.
Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Baird, Birmingham, Ala.
Mrs. J. E. Choisser, Forsyth, Mont.
Mrs. J. E. Christian, Vicksburg, Miss.
Mrs. E. W. Cosgrove, Muskogee, Okla.
Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Cook, Columbia, Tenn.
Mrs. O. C. Hawkins, Guthrie Center, Iowa.
Mrs. H. Gillespie, Guthrie Center, Iowa.
Mrs. A. Sayre, Guthrie Center, Iowa.
Rev. and Mrs. P. L. Cobb, Clinton, Tenn.
Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Daggett, Marianna, Ark.
Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Daggett, Marianna, Ark.
Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Dawes, Hudson, Mass.
Mrs. J. A. Durham, Birmingham, Ala.
Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Donica, Evans-ton, Ill.
Dr. and Mrs. W. P. Duncan, Jacksonville, Ill.
Mr. and Mrs. Frank Donaldson, Morristown, Tenn.
Mrs. H. R. Dixon, Howell, Ky.
Mrs. J. Ehranwald, Bowling Green, Ky.
Mrs. E. O. Ellington, Big Springs, Tex.
Mr. and Mrs. Z. J. Francez, Crowley, La.
Mrs. J. W. Focke, Galveston, Tex.
Mrs. L. Graves, Scottsville, Ky.
Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Goulding, Alton, Ill.
Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Goode, Lexington, Ky.
Mr. and Mrs. O. M. Gilbert, Princeton, Ind.
Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Gable, Burnside, Ky.
Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Hamersley, Washington, Ind.
Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Heflin, Birmingham, Ala.
Sen. and Mrs. Harvey Harmon, Princeton, Ind.
Mrs. E. B. House, Gallatin, Tenn.
Mrs. C. T. Huddleston, Okomah, Okla.
Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Huff, Louisville, Ky.
Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Hughes, Columbus, Ind.
Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Hughes, New Orleans, La.
Mr. and Mrs. O. R. Leiber, Indianapolis, Ind.
Mr. L. V. Jurgansmeyer, Homer, Ill.

Mrs. C. T. Farmer, Frankfort, Ky.
Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Jones, St. Joseph, Mo.
Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Jones, Bloomfield, Ind.
Mrs. R. S. McKnight, Gunnison, Miss.
Mr. and Mrs. E. B. McIntire, St. Louis, Mo.
Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Martinie, Urbana, Ill.
Mrs. M. S. Martin, Washington, Ind.
Mrs. J. L. Miller, Chicago, Ill.
Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Morrison, Waycross, Ga.
Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Moser, Perrysburg, Ohio.
Judge and Mrs. R. L. Motley, Bowling Green, Mo.
Mr. and Mrs. Alfred O'Donnell, Ellsworth, Kans.
Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Packard, Oak Park, Ill.
Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Richards, Sarasota, Fla.
Mr. and Mrs. Earnest Rees, Fayetteville, Tenn.
Mrs. Charles J. Rabenau, St. Louis, Mo.
Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Raynes, Clinton, Ind.
Dr. and Mrs. W. F. Pine, Kansas City, Mo.
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Mrs. A. R. Stone, Chicago, Ill.
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Col. and Mrs. J. F. Stallings, Birmingham, Ala.
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Dr. and Mrs. R. C. Smith, Marion, Kans.
Mr. and Mrs. B. R. Smith, Owensboro, Ky.
Mrs. J. G. Witherspoon, Gallatin, Tenn.
Mr. and Mrs. Rufus Witwer, Champaign, Ill.
Mrs. Ezra Williams, Oak Grove, Mo.
Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Welborn, Princeton, Ind.
Mrs. Sol West, Uvalde, Texas.
Mrs. John Wetack, Nowata, Okla.
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COMMENCEMENT

(Continued from page 1)

tion was given by Dr. W. F. Powell and the Benediction by Reverend Prentice Pugh.

The May Festival when the Ward-Belmont May Queen was crowned and then entertained by dances and other entertainment on the campus Monday afternoon. This was a very beautiful occasion, filled with ceremony and talent.

One of the saddest parts of Commencement week is that known as Step Singing. This is a tradition of the Senior class in college and takes place on the Sunday, Monday and Tuesday evenings of Commencement week. On Tuesday evening the steps of academic and the Senior college seats in chapel were given to the first year college class.

Monday evening at eight o'clock a very beautiful general recital of diploma and certificate music students was given. Tuesday afternoon Mr. Rose presented his violin students in a recital and that evening Signor De Luca presented some of his pupils in the Sextette from Lucia. These recitals were rare treats.

Wednesday morning the Class Day exercises took place and people began to realize what it was meaning to leave their school. The honor students were recognized and many other little ceremonies were enacted that morning.

The Senior Class of the preparatory departments will be graduated on Wednesday evening from the school chapel at eight o'clock. Dr. Charles Pendleton, Professor of English at George Peabody College of this city, will speak at the exercises. This address is looked forward to with the greatest pleasure and the invocation will be offered by Dr. E. P. Dandridge, Rector of Christ Church and the Benediction by Dr. Alfred F. Smith.

The Seniors of the Junior College Class will receive their diplomas after the Right Reverend H. J. Mikell, D.D., Episcopal Bishop of Georgia has delivered the Commencement address. Bishop Mikell was formerly Rector of Christ Church of Nashville so is coming back to many friends. Dr. O. E. Brown will offer the Invocation and the Benediction will be made by Dr. Albert C. Holt.

These graduation exercises will close a week long looked forward to by the girls who are finishing their work in Ward-Belmont's two departments. The whole Commencement was filled with pleasure and sadness and will not soon leave the memories of those who saw the various programs that made it up.

WARD-BELMONT ANNUAL ART EXHIBIT

(Continued from page 1)

The period costumes and rooms are interesting both in artistic and historical value. A great deal of research work has been done by the classes, and the work represented is true to history, in every detail. Warm red tones of Spanish hallways form a pleasing contrast with the pastel-

decorated, aristocratic rooms of the Louis XVI period. Floor plans showing placing of furniture are included with each water-color in perspective. One of the most interesting rooms shown is an Italian bedroom done by Marie Sudekum. It is typical of the Early Renaissance showing not only the furnishings of that period but the architectural features—particularly, the entire class has given especial attention to the colonial period this year. They studied, also the furniture in the new wing of the Metropolitan. Mary Virginia Huff's design for a camp living room is adapted from the early colonial; and Helen Moser's lovely dining room shows the late period. Costumes worn by people who inhabited these same types of rooms are also shown, representing a wide variety of styles.

A group of excellent pencil sketches of campus scenes is the work of Pauline McDonald. One of the Fidelity Hall outside stairways, showing the intricate iron trace work without being too detailed and hard is particularly good. Miss McDonald's time sketches, both of students and of campus scenes, show her ability to get an effect and put it on paper with a few quick deft strokes of her pencil.

The advertisement drawings are strikingly done. Stockings, canned goods, automobiles, and many styles of clothing are all depicted. One of the best in the group is a vivid hat advertisement.

For one who enjoys Indian design, the bowl decorations of bead and bird origin motifs will be especially interesting.

Decorative, fanciful beads of the Renaissance period for magazines covers represents another field of art. Tapestry panels and drawings from old jewelry patterns will also be found interesting. Posters, including the prize-winning one in a recent contest, are flashingly attractive and show, in most cases, much cleverness in ideas and work.

The drawings represented in the art exhibit are the work of high school and college classes of Miss Mary Shackelford and Miss Louise Gordon. All of the work is good in drawing, design, and color, and there are several outstanding and really excellent pieces which make the exhibit one well worth seeing.

OKLAHOMA ALUMNAE LUNCHEON

The Ward-Belmont Alumnae Association of Oklahoma girls will have a luncheon at the Oklahoma Club in Oklahoma City, on June 17. The business meeting is scheduled for 12 o'clock, and officers will be elected at that time. After the business meeting will be the luncheon, for which arrangements and preparations are being made.

A large number of Alumnae girls and of girls now attending Ward-Belmont is expected.

Outcast: "Lady, will you gimme two bits to get where my family is?"
Kind old lady: "Surely, here is your family?"
Outcast: "At de movies."

Peeping Ahead in the Fashion Calendar!

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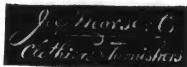
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FAREWELL TO WARD-BELMONT

(Continued from page 1)

make my complexion beautiful and my figure stylish. Good-bye, Ward-Belmont!

Good-bye to my beloved teachers. Good-bye to the hard ones who made me struggle and pant after knowledge as the hart after the water brook. Good-bye to the fair and square ones who have been willing to help on all occasions. Good-bye to those others who have always been ready to show their sympathy by counting off only ten points on a question half answered through misunderstanding instead of the usual eleven or twelve. Good-bye to them all. May St. Peter in heaven be more lenient with their entrance requirements than they have been with mine. Good-bye, dear teachers. I am going home where Harold Bell Wright is considered heavy literature and the "Life of Sam Houston" is gospel. Good-bye, Ward-Belmont!

Good-bye to the chaperones. Good-bye to the martyrs who escorted us to church, to Rymans', and home on the train. Good-bye to the careless one, the indifferent one, the fussy one, the hard-hearted one. May they receive just reward for their protecting care of us. Good-bye, Ward-Belmont. I am going home. I am going home to the wide-open spaces (as I said before) where I shall be mistress of my fate; where I shall go to church unchaperoned and uninspected. Good-bye, Ward-Belmont.

Good-bye to all the rules that bind. Good-bye to the midnight feasts, the visits to the tower, and the moonlight serenades. Good-bye to black uniforms, perennial moccasins and pale faces. I am going home. I am going home where rouge, lipstick, and French heels are seen on every side. I am going to the land where red is the signal of insolent youth. Good-bye, Alma Mater.

Good-bye to the friends I've made at Ward-Belmont; the new friends, the old friends, the good friends, the old ones, the gay friends, the sad ones—each dear in her way. Good-bye to them all. Good-bye to Ward-Belmont's sportsmanship, her loyalty, her glory, her tradition. I am going home to old friends and loved friends, but never quite the friends I've found here. I am going home where the law is "Every woman for herself," and where chivalry is an unknown quality. Good-bye, Ward-Belmont. I am going home.

I could tell the most shocking story. What about?
An electrician.—Texas Ranger.

Oh Jack, that candy makes my mouth water.

Here's a blotter.

The editor of the HYPHEN dropped twelve stories the other day without being hurt.

(This is one of them):

"Do you know how to bring up your children?"
"Certainly."
"Well, snap to; your little boy's down the cistern."—Pitt Panther.

The whole world was topsy-turvy the day was dark and sad,
I stood gazing in the water, the land resort I had.
Suddenly a shrill sound pierced the deathly quiet
And then noises all around as in a bloody riot.
I jumped, yes, jumped into the deep, still pool,
The water closed about me, clinging, choking, cool.
I rose coughing, spitting, gurgling for breath my arms beating wildly,
I grasped but missed and tried again to clutch an object near me.
I sank again just like a brick, as though something were holding me down.
I stayed under eternities, choking and drowning without a sound.
Then up I bobbed just like a cork at a well-known, piercing sound;
"It's a foul in water polo to hold a girl, without the ball, down."

If school gripes you, just remember that the difference between learning and earning is L.

—Ex.

You'll never be considered selfish by keeping all your temper.

—Ex.

We think we'll give up school during Lent—we like it so well.

—Ex.

"If you call a lot of cows a herd and a lot of sheep a flock, what would you call a lot of camels?"
"A carton."—Texas Ranger.

Dear Cynthia

Sara said to me:
They say—love is blind! Well, I'm in love all right!
I was just going out of town to buy a new gown when I discovered we have the newest and most reasonable things right here at



Bella's!
—Boris

Bella's Booteries

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June 21 - Sept. 12, 1927

N.P.

WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

Volume XVII

NASHVILLE, TENN., SATURDAY, SEPT. 17, 1927

Number 1

Welcome

A great modern symphony might have been written Wednesday morning if some musician had been able to record the sounds of voices at the chapel exercises. The first movement—for one who had the poetry and the inborn sense of rhythm to feel it—would be the chattering of hundreds of girlish voices, reproduced in some way by musical instruments. Another would be the "Sh-h-h" and the gradual dying away of the chattering, which had underneath it a peculiarly beautiful rhythm, and still another, girlish voices lifted to lyric beauty in their singing.

It is a beautiful sight—that of hundreds of young women, express-

ing all of the beauty and the fineness of a new and freer womanhood and it is an exalted feeling that theirs is the world of the future. A marvelous opportunity is offered to the young woman of today and it is a great privilege which schools have in training them.

Ward-Belmont, opening her doors for the fall term, has expressed in every possible way, a hearty welcome to the girls who have thronged to her portals. The girls themselves, the ones who have been students in Ward-Belmont before and the "new" girls, have enthusiastically returned the welcome and a spirit of interest and co-operation is evident in every department.



MISS EDNA IRVIN
Dean of Residence. Miss Irvin comes to Ward-Belmont from Western Reserve University. She holds a Bachelor of Arts degree from the University of Chicago and a Master of Arts degree from Columbia University.



THOMAS D. D. QUAID
Dean of Faculty, who has both his Bachelor of Arts and Master of Arts degree from the University of Oklahoma. Dean Quaid comes to Ward-Belmont from Kidd-Key College at Sherman, Texas.

Ward-Belmont Changes Are Few

Less than a dozen changes in a faculty of seventy-five teachers and assistants are being announced by Ward-Belmont school this fall. The resignation of Miss Lella D. Mills, Dean of Women, left this important office vacant and Miss Edna Irvin has been chosen to serve as dean under the new title, Dean of Residence. Miss Irvin comes to Ward-Belmont from Western Reserve University. She holds a Bachelor of Arts degree from the University of Chicago, and a Master of Arts degree from Columbia University. She has held positions similar to her present one in Alabama, Texas and Illinois.

Thomas D. D. Quaid, who has both Bachelor of Arts and Master of Arts degrees from the University of Oklahoma, has been selected for the office of dean of faculty. Dean Quaid comes to Ward-Belmont from Kidd-Key College, at Sherman, Texas. Miss Lena J. Hawks, who has for some time desired to be relieved of the duties as dean in order to devote her full time to the mathematics department will do so this year.

Miss Annie Allison, who has been connected with Ward-Belmont school for some time and prior to that was in charge of her own school in Nashville, will be principal of the high school.

Miss Andrienne F. Sullivan, who holds both her Bachelor of Arts and her Master of Arts degree from Vassar, will be the new teacher of musical sciences. Miss Sullivan has had instruction not only in this country, but abroad and has taught at Vassar, Oxford College and Galloway

College. Mr. Henry S. Wesson will now devote his entire time to the department of organ.

Miss Loretta Chenoweth, Bachelor of Arts and Master of Arts from Northwestern University, has been chosen to teach courses in American history, English history and one in elementary political science.

Miss Ellen Wallace, of Nashville, daughter of Dr. C. B. Wallace, will be the new teacher of sociology and economics. Miss Wallace holds her Bachelor of Arts degree from Randolph-Macon and her Master of Arts degree from the University of Chicago. Her practical work has been in St. Louis and Nashville.

Thomas B. Donner, M.A. Southwestern teacher of Spanish. He has had successful teaching experience in the best colleges in Texas and Missouri.

Miss Virginia Leussler, of Omaha, Neb., will take the place of Miss Catherine Ashburner, teacher of high school English, who has been granted a leave of absence for a year. Miss Leussler has her Bachelor of Arts degree from Wellesly and the Master of Arts degree from the University of Chicago.

Miss Julia Warwick, of Nashville, and Miss Doris Come, of Connecticut, will be new instructors in the physical education department.

There will be no changes in the music faculty, except that Miss Mary Douthit, who was a temporary teacher, has accepted a regular assignment and Miss Sullivan is to teach musical sciences.

Miss Lorine Jacobs, of Columbia, (Continued on page 8)

NEW FACULTY OFFICERS INTRODUCED AT WEDNESDAY CHAPEL

Dr. Blanton formally presented the new faculty officers to the student body Wednesday morning at chapel. Faculty Dean, Prof. Thomas D. D. Quaid, and Dean of Residence, Miss Edna Irvin, smilingly acknowledged their introductions and next in order was the new vice-president, Mr. A. B. Benedict, whose greatest fault, according to Dr. Blanton, is the desire to give us everything we ask for. Not a very serious failing, in the eyes of the student body!

The eager chatter of girls, happy over meeting school friends after being separated during the summer vacation, made the auditorium sound like a huge bee-hive and the gay buzzing ceased only when it was necessary to obey the quiet command—"Sh-h-h" or when the vice-president, preparing to make announcements, declared that he could talk against one woman, but not against five hundred!

The presence of two associate faculty members, Dr. John L. Hill and Dr. Prentice Pugh, both of whom are very much beloved, added to the interest of the first chapel program. Dr. Pugh offered the invocation and Dr. Hill gave the address of the morning.

Dr. Hill's subject was "Youth in the Realm of Uncertainty, or Youth and Doubt." In developing this theme (Continued on page 7)

ATTRACTIVE VOLUME SHOWING HIGH SCHOOL STUDENTS' ENGLISH WORK

A volume which is unusual in both content and purpose is "High School Verse, Story, Essay and Play," written by Ward-Belmont high school students and arranged for publication by Miss Cynthia Ann Fugh, who also wrote an interesting foreword to explain its aim.

Since Miss Fugh has so ably dealt with the purpose of the volume one can not do better than to quote from her "Foreword":

"The main purpose of this book is to stimulate effort on the part of the student by arousing his interest in what other high school students have accomplished, and also to make accessible themes with which each pupil may compare his own work—themes that, though they are selected from the best material handed in during the past three years, are not so nearly perfect but that the student may be able, with due care, to surpass them.

"Different methods, of course, must be used with different sections of pupils in order to gain the best results. So the methods that are helpful in the teaching of composition are varied, but we have found that whatever methods are being used, or whatever type of student is being taught, the reading of student themes always increases the interest and enthusiasm of the class. This volume, then, is not meant to take the place of any

(Continued on page 6)



The Smart Ensemble for Street Wear

FROM her smart ribbon hat to her pumps, the summer girl must choose carefully, piece by piece, the garments that suit her style. The outfit shown here is similar to many entrancing effects you may secure by shopping at Castner's.

—Ready-to-Wear, Second Floor.

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THE BEST PLACE TO SHOP



OFFICERS 1927-1928

Mary Eleanor Gilmore.....President
Kathryn TabbVice-President
Eugenia MahanSecretary

GREETINGS

To you, the new students of Ward-Belmont, the Young Women's Christian Association extends a hearty welcome and asks you to enter into comradeship and service with us during the year 1927-1928.

Through active membership in the Association you will find that we are
Not a club
Not a church
Not a creed
But a comradeship
Based upon the democracy of a common faith.

PURPOSE

To grow into a personal experience with Jesus Christ as Friend and Master of our lives; to know those college friendships which grow deeper in the willing service of the common Friend; to come in touch with every phase of student life; to take our place with Christian students everywhere in support of the church and in an effort to make the will of Christ effective in human society—these are some of the opportunities which membership in the Y.W.C.A. offers to the young women of Ward-Belmont.

ACTIVITIES

Vesper Service is held at 6:00 on Sunday evening. These meetings are led by the girls or are addressed by members of the Faculty or outside speakers of prominence. The student meetings give opportunity for self-expression and for the discussion of personal and local problems; the more formal addresses furnish a glimpse into world problems, and the part of the trained woman in connection with them.

Bible Study.—The Association Bible study is voluntary and devotional.

Social.—Through teas, frolics, picnics, a membership rally, and many other good times the Association contributes to the ideal of well-rounded life through its Social Committee. By joining us, will you not give us the opportunity of filling life in Ward-Belmont with happy, hearty, rollicking fun?

These are only some of the many ways in which the Y.W.C.A. accomplishes its mission at Ward-Belmont. The Association room is open always to the girls for reading, rest, or play. To every girl who enters school, a cordial invitation is extended to become a member.

The Association needs every girl—and every girl needs the Association. Y—ou are new among us, but W—on't you let us get acquainted! C—ome to all our various meetings A—and find out who and what we are!

THE Y IN ACTION!

Wednesday morning and the summer house in the center of the campus—yes, the summer house, vine-covered, cool and shadowy. Overhead the two entrances big posters with the sign of the blue triangle and the invitation "ASK US." Within—Ward-Belmont colors, blue and gold, standing out everywhere against the black of the iron grill work and the center of all, a group of girls cordial and friendly, wearing also the sign of the triangle and the words "ASK US." The "Y" in action!

Watch them coming from South Front—streams of girls in dark frocks and hats, evidently just off the train! See them stopping at the summer house, looking uncertainly at cards in their hands! "Will you tell me where the registration office is?" "Where do I go to be classified?" "I don't even know what room I'm to have. Whom shall I see about it?" "Can you tell me where the book store is?" "And, oh, the postoffice, I do want a letter."

Inquiries answered, hesitant girls personally conducted to "Big Ac" and the mysteries of classification; hungry girls shown to the dining room; directions given as to how to go about getting a box at the postoffice—yes, one could easily see that the Y. W. C. A. was indeed in action.

In the midst of the endless ebb and flow of girls there appears one on the way to "Big Ac" who causes everyone around to sit up and take notice. No hesitation here—

"Thank you! Yes, I'm new, but I know exactly where I am going." The unaccustomed words were heard in reply to a question as to whether she needed any assistance. Gasps of astonishment and admiration from those around her! Surely that girl is to be envied!

Ten o'clock comes and the sun gets hotter and more hot! The remark is heard all over the campus—"Ice tea in the summer house." "Really! Then that's the place for me." Soon a bigger crowd than ever is gathered around the punch bowl and the three



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girls behind the little table are kept busy. Listen to them a moment. To come new girls: "Will you have some iced tea?" "Thank you," comes the polite reply. To some old girls: "And you?" "You bet!" comes the swift answer.

Chapel time and at length silence in the summer house, the "Y" hoping that it has helped to make the first morning off at school a little bit easier for at least a few girls. And did our new girls help? Yes, indeed, for instance, Betty Perkins and Rowena Orr wielded brush and ink and provided the two posters on the entrances, and others did things as well.

As for the rest of the "Y" program this first week of school: The circulating library in the "Y's" own room will be open for a half hour before dinner Saturday evening and some of the latest fall fiction can be procured (fee, ten cents) if one is inclined to read over the week-end. Mary Louise Ritter, chairman of the book committee, will be in charge there.

Saturday night the entire school is invited to attend the movie show in the auditorium.

On Sunday evening are vesper services with Miss Claire Harper playing the violin and Dr. Prentice Pugh to talk to us in his own helpful way. This vesper service the "Y" very much hopes will be a fitting close to the first Sunday in the new school year and in its future programs of the work on the campus and abroad, it hopes, too, to enlist the co-operation and service of every girl and faculty member in Ward-Belmont.

OUR BOOK ROOM

These days when all of us are living, not day by day, but step by step and in tune with a yellow card, we know and feel most keenly that this is a great life, where there is "Standing Room" only.

The key to this Ward-Belmont opening life is revealed on a four by six yellow card, marked "Schedule," on which appears the apparent hieroglyphic—English 1, 2; Math. 11, 12; Chemistry 21, 22; French 13, 14, etc. These are magic numbers, for as harmless as they seem, they soon show their power, and lead us into the "by-ways," and highways of Ward-Belmont.

First we tread the "by-way," the Book Room, where we find the mention of a mere letter coupled with a number, makes us the proud possessor of a book of 9,999 pages of the most delightful history, or better still if we are lucky enough to be in English 1, 2, we will draw, without the slightest effort on our part, three perfectly charming volumes, all for one class. We pause, and wonder why we were not given an extra hand or foot so we would have the ways and means of holding and studying three books at one time for one class. Our minds are strong, but our bodies are weak for such an exertion. In any event, our little card materializes in the Book Room, and though we have entered it empty-handed, when we leave we wish we had thought to bring our little brother's express wagon along.

Not only does the Book Room present us all the necessities of life in school supplies, gym outfit, etc., but with many of the luxuries. We find just the stationery we wanted to write to the family, to our college friends, and to the one who sends the Special Delivery—all kinds and sorts (referring to the stationery, not the people). Then there are lovely photograph post cards of Ward-Belmont, and Picturesque Notes—such a convenience when we are "too busy to write," and besides they tell the story of lovely Senior Hall, Pembroke and Heron, and show the charm of the Main Building, and the glory of the Academic.

The proceeds from the sale of the "Ward-Belmont Specials"—the attractive little cook book which tells us how to make the good things we have to eat, go to the Ward-Belmont Chime Fund, and naturally we are glad to send a copy to those who are struggling with a daily menu, and at the same time do a little for the realization of The Chimes.

Miss Pugh has compiled a most attractive book of *High School Verse, Story, Essay and Play*, from the work of the High School English pupils, and these books are most interesting and inspiring to all of us. They are on sale for one dollar a copy, and we are indeed proud to know our friends as "Writers of Today."

Yes, what you want, and some things you don't want but have thrust upon you, you can usually find in the Book Room, and if it is not there you will soon learn that every effort will be made to get it for you.

Mrs. Bryan and Mrs. Frost are assisted during the opening by Mrs. Avery Handy, and the three of them are ready at all times to recommend their books, stationery, fountain pens, supplies, etc., but most of all to commend the Ward-Belmont girls for their courtesy, patience and good humor, when a "place in line" is a trying, but a most coveted honor.

"Pardon me."
"Gwan, I ain't Ma Ferguson."—
Crimson Colt.

"How was it your father died pen-niles?"

"Well, he lost his health trying to get wealthy, and then lost his health trying to get healthy."

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WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

Published every Saturday by the students of Ward-Belmont.

Application for second-class entry pending.

EDITORIAL

THE HYPHEN

"The Hyphen is managed and edited by a staff elected by the students. It is published weekly. Students are asked to contribute their best thoughts to this paper." So reads the paragraph at the top of page 29 of the "blue book."

The Hyphen is a student paper and it will be able to serve its highest purpose only when students make it a vital expression of their school life. Every contribution, however short, is welcome, provided that it expresses the "best thought." It may be a newsworthy story of some Ward-Belmont girl you met during the summer, it may be a personal about some visitor, it may be a report of a meeting of your organization, or any other matter of immediate interest, but the Hyphen is always glad to have it.

If you are new and a little bit shy about "writing for the paper," just remember that everything must have a beginning and drop by the Hyphen desk sometime and ask for any advice or information you want.

One of the greatest assets any club woman or other woman has in public life is an intelligent use of newspapers and other publications. The best possible way to get experience in writing for publication is to begin at once to take interest in your school paper and write for it as often as you can.

STUDENT GOVERNMENT

For the benefit of our new students, the HYPHEN is giving the organization, constitution and officers of the Ward-Belmont student government. It is one of the most important agencies of student life and is something with which each girl should be thoroughly familiar.

OFFICERS RESIDENT COUNCIL

Margaret Ellen Douty.....	President
Mary Helen Foul.....
.....	First Vice-President
Frances O'Donnell.....
.....	Second Vice-President
To Be Elected.....	Secretary
Alice Rodes.....	Treasurer
Catherine Blackman.....	General Proctor
Dorothy M. Jones.....	Chapel Proctor

OFFICERS DAY COUNCIL

Mary Elizabeth Cayce.....	President
Mary Padgett.....	First Vice-President
Elizabeth Bevington.....
.....	Second Vice-President
To Be Elected.....	Secretary
Nancy O'Connor.....	Treasurer
Elizabeth Barthell.....	Proctor

This Association is a modified form

of student government. For the successful operation of this system, the Association asks that the student-body give its co-operation, and that each student become individually responsible not only for her own honorable conduct but for that of the other members of the Association. To intensify and maintain the present sentiment towards student government should become the duty of every Ward-Belmont girl.

CONSTITUTION AND BY-LAWS

ARTICLE I

NAME

Section 1. The name of the Association shall be *The Student Government Association of the Ward-Belmont School.*

ARTICLE II

PURPOSE

Section 1. The purpose of the Student Government Association shall be to direct the conduct of the students by enforcing such regulations as do not fall exclusively within the province of Trustees and Faculty.

ARTICLE III

MEMBERSHIP

Section 1. All students of the Ward-Belmont School shall be members of the Student Government Association.

Sec. 2. One-third of the members of the Association shall constitute a quorum in all cases not otherwise provided for.

ARTICLE IV

OFFICERS

Section 1. The officers of the Student Government Association shall be a President, First Vice-President, Second Vice-President, Secretary, and Treasurer, and shall hold office for one semester, or until their successors are elected.

Sec. 2. Two candidates for each of the above offices shall be named by a Nominating Committee chosen of the Proctors, and approved by the Faculty Governing Board. The names of these candidates shall be presented on the second Friday in May at least four hours before the hour of election. These officers are elected for the first semester of the ensuing session. On the first Friday in February a similar election shall be held for the second semester. A majority vote of the members present shall be necessary for an election.

The President and the First and Second Vice-Presidents shall be chosen in May from the incoming Senior class; the Secretary from the Second Year College; and the Treasurer from the incoming Junior Middle class. In February these officers shall be chosen respectively, from the Senior, Senior Middle, Second Year College and Junior Middle classes.

DUTIES OF OFFICERS

Sec. 3. The President shall call and preside over all meetings of the Association and of the Student Council. She is *ex-officio* presiding officer of the various student boards and committees. In the absence of the President these duties shall be performed by the First or the Second

Vice-President.

The Secretary shall keep the minutes of the Association and a list of all its members, post notices of meetings, attend to the correspondence of the Association, and act as Secretary of the Student Council, keeping a record of all its meetings.

The Treasurer shall have charge of all financial matters pertaining to the Association.

Vacancies in these offices shall be filled as follows: First and Second Vice-Presidents shall succeed to the presidency in regular order. Other vacancies shall be filled by regular election; in the interim the President shall make a temporary appointment.

ARTICLE V

THE GOVERNING BOARD

Section 1. There shall be a Faculty Governing Board composed of the President, the Dean of Residence, and seven members of the Faculty appointed by the President of the school. These shall be known as the Governing Board. Each one of the seven members of the Faculty shall be Sponsor of one of the various groups, such as Dormitory, Chapel, and General Life.

ARTICLE VI

THE STUDENT COUNCIL

Section 1. There shall be an Executive Council consisting of the officers of the Student Government Association and the Proctors.

Sec. 2. The duties of the Student Council shall be to receive reports of all officers, to act upon them, to inflict penalties, and present all in writing to the Governing Board for approval.

Sec. 3. The Student Council shall meet weekly on a day of the week to be determined at their first meeting, and on such other occasions as may seem necessary to the President.

ARTICLE VII

PROCTORS

Section 1. There shall be a Board of Proctors composed of one Proctor from each Dormitory Group, the Chapel Proctors and the General Proctor.

DORMITORY GROUPS

The Dormitory Groups shall be six in number: (1) Fidelity; (2) North Front; (3) Founders; (4) Heron; (5) Pembroke; (6) Senior Hall.

Sec. 2. The Hall Proctors shall be elected the first Thursday night after the opening of school in September, and the first Monday after the first Friday in February of each school session by the students of the respective Dormitory Groups, nominations to be made by the Head Monitors, and approved by the Governing Board.

Sec. 3. The duties of the Hall Proctor shall be to preside over the Dormitory Councils, and with the approval of the Hostess and the Hall Sponsor to call hall meetings; to receive reports from Monitors and complaints for students in regard to the conduct of dormitory life, and to present all in writing to the Student Council.

Sec. 4. The duties of the Chapel Proctor shall be to preside over the

Chapel Council; to receive reports from Monitors and complaints in regard to the conduct at public assemblies and in going to and from such assemblies, and to present all in writing to the Student Council.

Sec. 5. The duties of the General Proctor shall be to preside over the General Council; to receive reports from Monitors and complaints in regard to the conduct upon the grounds, the walking limits, and at all social affairs; to receive reports concerning the enforcement of dress regulations, and to present all in writing to the Student Council.

Sec. 6. There shall be a Board of Directors composed of one Proctor of each Dormitory Group, the Chapel Proctor and the General Proctor. These Proctors shall at all times have access to the Student Council.

ARTICLE VIII

HALL MONITORS

Section 1. Every floor of each dormitory shall have a Head Monitor and two assistants. These shall be appointed by the Proctors acting in conjunction with the Governing Board. To secure continuity the Proctors may re-appoint any Monitors.

DUTIES OF MONITORS

Sec. 2. It shall be the duty of the Monitor and her assistants to be that all dormitory regulations are faithfully carried out. All violations of rules shall be promptly reported in writing by the Head Monitor to her respective Proctor.

ARTICLE IX

DORMITORY COUNCIL

Section 1. The Dormitory Council shall consist of Proctor of Hall, Head and Assistant Monitors. They shall meet weekly. Their duties shall be to pass upon matters pertaining to the individual halls. The Sponsor of the Dormitory Group shall be *ex-officio* member of the Council but shall have no power to vote.

ARTICLE X

CHAPEL COUNCIL

Section 1. The Chapel Council shall consist of the Chapel Proctor, Head and Assistant Monitors. They shall meet weekly. Their duties shall be to pass upon matters pertaining to public assemblies and upon the conduct of students going to and from these assemblies. The Sponsor shall be an *ex-officio* member of the Council, but shall have no power to vote.

ARTICLE XI

GENERAL COUNCIL

Section 1. The General Council shall consist of the General Proctor, Head and Assistant Monitors. They shall meet weekly. Their duties shall be to pass upon matters pertaining to the grounds and walking limits, to social affairs, and to matters of dress. The Sponsor shall be an *ex-officio* member of the Council, but shall have no power to vote.

ARTICLE XII

DAY COUNCIL

Section 1. There shall be a Day Council composed of the following:

President, First and Second Vice-Presidents, Secretary and Treasurer. They shall hold office for one semester, or until their successors are elected.

Sec. 2. Two candidates for each of the above offices shall be named by a nominating committee and approved by the Governing Board. The election shall take place at the time of the regular Student Government elections, on the second Friday in May and the first Friday in February.

DUTIES OF OFFICERS

Sec. 3. The President shall call and preside over all meetings of Day Students and of the Day Council. In the absence of the President these duties shall be performed by the First or the Second Vice-President. The Secretary shall keep the minutes of all meetings, post notices of meetings, attend to the correspondence. The Treasurer shall have charge of all financial matters pertaining to the Association of Day Students. Vacancies in these offices shall be filled as follows: First and Second Vice-Presidents shall succeed to the Presidency in regular order. Other vacancies shall be filled by regular election; in the interim the President shall make a temporary appointment.

DUTIES OF THE DAY COUNCIL

Sec. 4. Before this Council shall come matters of conduct of Day Students.

MEETING OF THE DAY COUNCIL

Sec. 5. The Day Council shall meet weekly at a time appointed by the President of the Council.

Sec. 6. Reports of meetings of the Day Council are to be sent direct by the Secretary to the Governing Board.

JOINT MEETING OF RESIDENT AND DAY COUNCIL

Sec. 7. There shall be a joint meeting of the Resident and Day Councils when matters of conduct involve both Resident and Day Students. At such joint meetings the President of the Resident Council shall preside. The Secretary of the Day Council shall make minutes of the meeting and present the same to the Faculty Governing Board.

ARTICLE XIII

PROCTORS

Section 1. The duties of the General Day Proctor shall be to preside over the General Day Council; to receive reports from Monitors and complaints in regard to the conduct of Day Students upon the campus and at all social affairs; to receive reports concerning the enforcement of dress regulations and concerning students leaving the grounds during school hours, and to present all in writing to the Student Council.

Sec. 2. The duties of the Academic Day Proctor shall be to preside over the Academic Day Council; to receive reports from Monitors and complaints in regard to conduct in the academic halls, academic cloak room and library, and in the Day Student rest room and study hall, and to present all in writing to the Day Student Council.

ARTICLE XIV

MONITORS

Section 1. There shall be twelve Monitors acting with the General Day Proctor, and twelve with the Academic Day Proctor. These shall be appointed by the Proctor acting in conjunction with the Governing Board.

Sec. 2. It shall be the duty of the Head Monitor and her assistants to see that all regulations of her unit are faithfully carried out.

All violations of rules shall be reported promptly in writing by the Head Monitor to her respective Proctor.

ARTICLE XV

RECORDS

Section 1. The minutes of the Student Council shall be permanently recorded, and shall be open for the inspection of the Governing Board at any time.

ARTICLE XVI

Section 1. The actions of all bodies of the Student Government Association shall be reported to the Governing Board before any announcement is made of the decision, which decisions are subject to the vote of the Governing Board.

ARTICLE XVII

AMENDMENTS

Section 1. The Constitution and By-Laws may be amended by a majority vote of all the members of the Student Government Association and upon the approval of the Governing Board.

ARTICLE XVIII

RECALL

Section 1. All officers of the Student Government Association shall be subject to recall, and such recall may be made by a majority vote of the Association or of the Faculty.

ARTICLE XIX

Section 1. The Constitution shall never be construed as destroying or abridging the right of the Board of Directors or of the Faculty to pass new regulations or amend those already existing.

ARTICLE XX

CONDUCT OF MEETINGS

Section 1. All business of the Student Government Association shall be conducted according to Roberts' Rules of Order.

EUROPEAN TRAVELERS HAVE STOP OVER AT WARD-BELMONT

No thrill in Europe could have been greater than that felt by the Ward-Belmont girls who returned Sunday night, when they came out to the school for supper with Dr. and Mrs. Blanton.

Marion Sherman, Sarah Hilton, and Evelyn Tillman arrived in Nashville on the Pan American at five o'clock Sunday afternoon and spent the three hours between trains exclaiming over the many improvements at Ward-Belmont, and looking up their old friends. They left saying they could

hardly wait until they could come back for a visit later on in the year.

The girls were most enthusiastic over their wonderful European trip, and from their appearance looked as though they had not felt the lack of good things to eat while they were "Seeing Europe," and feasting mentally.

PHYSICAL EDUCATION DEPARTMENT

The Physical Education Department wishes to introduce Miss Doris Cone and Miss Julia Warwick. Miss Cone remained as instructor for two years after her graduation in '22, and is now returning to teach horseback riding and assist with swimming. Miss Julia Warwick, class of '26, will assist with the various branches of the department. Both young women, while students, were leaders in athletics and were prominent as well in other school activities.

We are offering a wide choice in athletics for the fall months. Girls may take riding, dancing, swimming (beginners only) hockey or archery. In addition, the tennis courts and swimming pool are open to all.

Physical examinations begin Monday, September 19. Sign up on the list posted on the Athletic Bulletin Board.

Have you noticed how fine the fields look? The riding ring has been enlarged, the tennis courts rebuilt and the hockey field has been extended and is banked by a good, solid retaining wall.

The pool and fields are the best places to get acquainted, so come out!

Physician: "What you need is more exercise."

Patient: "I'll do it if you say so, doctor, but I'm usually mighty tired after swinging a sledge all day."

Truth in Advertising: "Big Sale Now On. Don't Go Elsewhere to Be Cheated—Come in Here."

Stranger: "What will you take for that fine Jersey cow you have?"

Farmer: "That depends upon who ye be. Be ye the tax assessor or has she been killed by the railroad?"

Sweet young thing: "The Lord made us beautiful and dumb."

He: "How's that?"

She: "Beautiful so the men would love us—and dumb so we could love them."

Patient: "Doctor, what I need is something to stir me up—something to put me in fighting trim."

Doctor: "Well, perhaps I had better send in my bill."

MODERN MOTHER'S ADVICE TO DAUGHTER

Let fashion be your foremost guide; Go slow on cigaretteing; Be careful what you drink—and, dear (pleadingly),

DISCRIMINATE in petting. —Life.

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Wear for the Miss or
Her Mother You
Will Find It

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For More Than 63 Years
Our Name Has Stood for These Things

*L—iving up to our business creed
O—ur price guarantee your protection
V—arying styles—same quality
E—very effort for intelligent service
M—aking friendship a part of business
A—djusting differences willingly
N—ever sending incorrect bills
S—atisfaction in the future as in the past*

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**ATTRACTIVE VOL-
UME SHOWING HIGH
SCHOOL STUDENTS'
ENGLISH WORK**

(Continued from page 1)
good method or any recognized essential of composition. It is meant to be an additional help—one that we believe will increase both the interest in the work and the desire on the part of the pupil to produce better results. Especially is this work in no way to take the place of the reading of class themes and of class criticisms. Students have a right to know how their themes compare with those of their classmates. They also have a right to the class criticisms. One student in a class that had shown unusual progress during the year showed her clearness of perception by saying, 'I believe that the cause of our improvement is that we have so much class criticism.' There is no doubt in my mind but that she was right. Nothing can take the place of class criticism. It gives the students a chance to think and to compare their own work with the work being criticised. It also helps to stress principles. Each student is able to recognize what is good and what is bad in his theme in a much shorter time than if he had to depend on the written criticisms, and on the occasional conferences, all too few at best.

"Nor is this book to take the place of literary models carefully chosen from the masters in the field we are trying to teach. For instance, if we are teaching description, we should choose selections of description that will most vividly and most quickly give the student the idea we are trying to present. If we are teaching the short story, we should choose stories that will appeal to the student but, at the same time, will embody the principles of the successful short story in such a way that the pupil may grasp them. And so it is with the essay and all the other forms of writing that we try to teach. Just as nothing can take the place of class criticism so nothing can take the place of the study of literary masterpieces. And a great deal of time and thought should be given to the selection of these models. The group of students being taught must be taken into consideration. Selections that are most helpful to one group will not necessarily be most helpful to all groups. The content of the literature must not be beyond the reach of that particular section of pupils, and the amount and kind of reading done previously, as well as the intellectual ability of the student, should be considered before the final selections are made.

"But after the pupil has read the models and is able to appreciate the beauty of them and to point out the salient features that go to make up the success of the work, if he has any true appreciation of the selection, he must see that his own attempt has fallen far short of the model. The constant occurrence of his inferior work has a tendency either to discourage the student or to deaden the acuteness of his desire to excel. This feeling of inferiority or of indiffer-

ence becomes so pronounced that many pupils never put forth their best efforts. In fact some do not even know what their best effort is, never having been aroused to that point. Physical educational directors and coaches in athletics are far too wise to expect or even to allow the young people they are training to compete with professionals. They never break their pupil's spirit by constant failure. They give him some chance to win. Yet we English teachers are willing, year after year, to expect our pupils to compete with the great literary geniuses of the world and are surprised that the pupils do not try any harder to succeed. A knowledge of the masterpiece is necessary, but these masterpieces are simply an ideal toward which to work, not a realization to be attained. But students must have some way of gauging their attempts. The reading and discussions of the best themes of their classmates help, but it frequently happens that a class has one or two students of outstanding merit with a particular style different from the other members of the class. Therefore, the majority of the class sit back and feel that their work cannot be successful because they cannot write just as those few do. So we have found that a knowledge of what good students of high school age and grade in other classes have done with similar assignments under similar circumstances, encourages pupils and stimulates them to greater effort.

"In order to interest as many individual students as possible, we have included themes that present a variety of interest, individuality, and talent. The five groups of writing represented contain all the forms, except argumentation, produced in high school. Since debates arouse an interest in what other pupils are doing in argumentation, work in that form of composition is unnecessary in this volume. In comparatively few instances have we chosen material that did not grow out of the actual experience of the student. Especially is this true of the descriptive themes and of the essays. The book reviews, as well as the other material, express the opinion of the writer unbiased, as far as we can tell, by the opinion of the teacher. The exercises in dialogue and dramatic structure contain two attempts at blank verse, both of which are printed just as they were handed in originally without any correction, whatsoever. We feel that the opportunity to detect flaws will stimulate interest. In the essays growing out of the study of literature, we have selected several on the same author in order that the student may see that it is the individuality of the student and his reaction to the study of a writer rather than the author that makes the essay. No attempt has been made, in the poetry, to include only verses that could be considered real poetry. Our purpose is rather to interest students in poetry and to let them see that poems as well as other literature grow out of life. The introductory essay is one of the many themes the students hand in, from time to time, in addition to the regular assignment. For ready reference

the essays have been grouped according to the dominant interest in each. This will also impress on the pupil the possible variety of interest in the writing of essays. In fact everything has been done with the idea of increasing interest and effort.

"In conclusion we wish to express our thanks and acknowledge our indebtedness to *The Magazine World* for permission to reprint 'Desire,' 'The Soul of the Dead,' and 'Fools Who Came to Scoff'; and to *The Atlantic Monthly* for permission to reprint 'Home,' and 'Men of the Pig-Iron Furnace.'

The forward closes with an acknowledgement of thanks and indebtedness to *The Magazine World* and *The Atlantic Monthly* for permission to reprint certain essays used in the volume.

It is hard to choose the most interesting selections from this attractive little volume, but of those which deserve special mention are: "Home," by Dorothy Brain, which won the second prize in 1926 in the annual high school contest of *The Atlantic Monthly*; and "Men of the Pig-Iron Furnace," by Hortense Ambrose, which won the third prize in 1927.

NEW FACULTY OFFICERS INTRODUCED AT WEDNESDAY CHAPEL

(Continued from page 1)

Dr. Hill stated that some of the traits of the youth of today are early spiritual and intellectual maturity, a passionate desire for knowledge and a tendency to shift the center of gravity from authority to experience.

"This tendency," said Dr. Hill, "is perhaps inevitable, perhaps unwise, but it is, nevertheless, obvious. The danger is that the youth of today must pass on so many things which youth, of its own experience, has not had the chance to test.

"Our boys and girls are being tested today in regard to religion as boys and girls have never been tested before," he continued. "They are not ignorant, because they have the record of the church back of them. The conspicuous activity of certain types of religious agitators to make them doubt the sincerity of Christians, the readiness of so-called Christians to abandon Christianity for any excitement that comes across the way and the perils which the very academic life of the day offers them, were other tests of religious faith met by the youth of today." Dr. Hill said.

The tendency to stress the cultural to the point of excluding the religious is often done unwittingly, the speaker continued, and students frequently begin to consider culture, not religion, as the cure for all human ills. In conclusion Dr. Hill declared that there can be no conflict nor lack of harmony in God's creation and said that faith in Christ is the bulwark of liberty.

Dr. Blanton's Address

Dr. Blanton, in his address, not only called attention to certain regulations of the school which require wholesome observation, but he spoke

also of the adjustments that are necessary on the part of all of us at the beginning of the school year.

He introduced himself to the student body as "Mr. Blanton," and said that if all of the new girls and new faculty members adopt the habit of writing their names when they are talking to strangers the task of getting acquainted and learning names can be accomplished more swiftly and far more pleasantly. He warned the girls that they must remember that while they are forming impressions concerning their roommates and classmates that others are at the same time forming impressions of them. Now, he said, is the time to proceed carefully, for a wrong impression made at the beginning often causes future trouble and misunderstanding.

Carrying out the same line of thought, Dr. Blanton pointed out the fact that character is known only through reputation. Many people, he said, have splendid characters, but unless they take care to let others know it they are not appreciated. On the other hand, reputation without a good character underlying it is an empty, artificial thing.

In discussing school, Dr. Blanton said that a junior college, while of comparatively recent appearance in the educational system, is filling an important need. The Junior College, he said, possesses cultural advantages which a university cannot possibly offer. At the same time it gives the two first years of college and fits a girl for her two remaining years in university.

"My idea of an ideal education for a girl," said Dr. Blanton, "is two years in some such school as Ward-Belmont—and we are trying to make Ward-Belmont the best in the United States—and two years in a university."

He went on to show that co-operation is one of the dominant notes which must be sounded at this time and, in conclusion, stressed especially St. Paul's injunction:

"Whatever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things."

WARD-BELMONT ART EXHIBIT AT FAIR

Ward-Belmont has received the announcement that its art exhibit is to be given choice of the exhibit space by the Mississippi-Alabama Fair Association, for the fair which will be held at Meridian, Miss., beginning October 12. Miss Shackelford, one of Ward-Belmont's art teachers, who is now recovering from an operation, will personally arrange the exhibit.

Miss Shackelford will return to school in a few days to resume her duties here.

Margaret—"I wish every year had 865 days of rest."

Valda—"Dumbell! Then we'd have to work a day every four years."

Peeping Ahead in the Fashion Calendar!

THAT'S the everlasting job of Lebeck Bros. Buyers—and their alertness is reflected in the intriguing styles, the clever accessories smart women will wear now, next month and the month after.

To the girls of Ward-Belmont we extend an invitation to make Lebeck's your style headquarters—and if there is any way we can assist you we stand ready to do so.

If you keep up with the traditions of your Alma Mater you'll be sure to be intimately acquainted with this big, friendly store.

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Hair Cutting Shop for Girls—Mezzanine Floor

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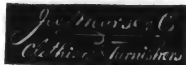
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Y. W. C. A. TEA ROOM

Special Menu on Mondays for

WARD-BELMONT GIRLS

WARD-BELMONT CHANGES ARE FEW

(Continued from page 1)

Missouri, A.B. and B.S., University of Missouri; and Miss Gertrude Casabier, of Central City, Ky., A.B., Western Kentucky Teachers' College, are new members of the history department in the high school.

Miss Dorothy Smith, of Clarksville, A.B. from Southwestern University, will be a new member of the Junior High school faculty.

Formal opening of the school will take place Tuesday, Sept. 14, at 11 a.m. Matriculation of out-of-town students, the organization of classes and various other activities connected with the beginning of the fall term will fill the entire week. Numbers of local students have already matriculated.

THE WARD-BELMONT CLUBS

Club-life at Ward-Belmont not only brings pleasant pleasure and profit, but is a preparation for the broader opportunities and duties which will come to the members when as cultured women they take their places in the social and civic life of their respective communities. Ward-Belmont clubs are democratic in their standards and influence. Every girl in school belongs to some club and is scheduled to take some part in the program activities.

CLUB HOUSES

The Club Houses may be used during the following hours:

Monday to Friday inclusive—2:45 to 5:45 p.m.
Saturday—2:45 to 3:45 p.m.; 7:00 to 9:00 p.m.
Sunday—2:15 to 5:00 p.m.; 7:00 to 9:00 p.m.

RULES OF ORGANIZATION

1. New students may be visited, but not pledged for membership in any club until after the first two weeks of the school year.
2. No entertainment of any kind requiring the expenditure of money shall be permitted during the rushing season.
3. Visiting for choice of club members on school days shall fall only between 2:30 and 6:00 p.m. or before study hours in the evening.
4. Each girl will have an opportunity of making choice of clubs. Each club will make a choice of girls in order of preference.
5. Each student of Ward-Belmont in good standing is expected to be a member of some club.
6. Each club is represented by its President in the Club Committee.
7. Nothing other than a dignified initiation shall be allowed.
8. Each club shall meet once every week.

CLUB ROSTER

A. K. CLUB

Colors—Green and White.
House Number—9.

ANTI-PANDORA CLUB

Colors—Olive Green and Old Gold.
House Number—1.

PENTA TAU CLUB

Colors—Silver and Gold.
House Number—5.

OSIRON CLUB

Colors—Green and White.
House Number—7.

F. F. CLUB

Colors—Gray and Old Rose.
House Number—10.

TRI-K CLUB

Colors—Black and White.
House Number—4.

AGORA CLUB

Colors—Green and Gold.
House Number—8.

TWENTIETH CENTURY CLUB

Colors—Purple and White.
House Number—2.

X. L. CLUB

Colors—Purple and Old Gold.
House Number—6.

DEL VERS CLUB

Colors—White and Yellow.
House Number—3.

DAY STUDENT CLUBS

BETA CLUB

DI GAMMA CLUB

SCHEDULE

Chapel will be held Monday, Wednesday and Friday mornings at 10:30 o'clock.

On Tuesday and Thursday mornings at 10:30 o'clock student assemblies will be held.

College classes meet six days each week.

High school classes meet five days a week, the weekly holiday this year being Saturday instead of Monday as has been the custom heretofore.

All classes begin promptly at 8:30 a.m. Chapel exercises begin promptly at 10:30 a.m.

Dear Cynthia

Sara said to me:
They say—love is
blind! Well, I'm
in love
all right!
I was just
going out
of town to
buy a new
gown when
I discovered
we have the newest
and most reasonable
things right here at



Bells!
— Boris —

Bell's Booteries

READY-TO-WEAR

Second Floor - 504 Church St.

WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

Volume XVII

NASHVILLE, TENN., SATURDAY, SEPT. 24, 1927

Number 2

WHO I AM AND WHY I'M HERE

By THE HYPHEN

I, the WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN, was born and raised in Ward-Belmont school in Nashville, Tennessee. All my life I have been a weekly child although strong in news, humor, and literature. I have grown and flourished till now I am a beautiful eight-page paper.

In personality I abound in all that is best. I am full of school spirit; I am wide-awake; I am well read. Those of you who know me recognize the fact that I abound in a delicious sense of humor—I know many good jokes such as "Once there were two Irishmen—" and "Who was that lady I seen you with last night?" And am I a tease? Well, ask some of those about whom I have made observations. I am friendly—in fact, I think I have a speaking acquaintance with every girl in the school. Would it be boastful to say that I am well-loved by all my old friends, too?

I am a busy paper with many hobbies. There is little which I do not know about the club sports. I am interested, too, in club activities and enjoy every dance that is given. Not one movie all during the year escapes me and I surely have my ideas about each of them.

Religion, too, has a part in my make-up. Maybe it is because I have to go to Vespers every Sunday, but I also am interested in the plans and doing of the Y.W.C.A. One of the things I most enjoy is my diary—so much like other girls and yet so interesting and different that every week seems like a chapter in a serial story. And what a gossip I am! I know about the social doings of every girl on the campus and even keep in touch with the Alumni. Another hobby of mine is being economical. Why on a dollar a year I am able to live happily and comfortably, and move in the best social circles.

Now I have told you who I am do you wonder why I'm here? Well, to put it frankly and modestly, I honestly don't think the school could get along without me.

YOUR ROOMMATE

We'll say you feel let down.
Disillusioned, and almost ill;
When you find that your roommate,
Your long-hoped-for roommate,
Is simply a pill.

But first impressions never last;
Wait until you're homesick and blue;
Then you'll find your roommate is a joy,
Because she's homesick, too.

Summer Vacations of Teachers

Helene Johnson

Enjoying the summer to the fullest extent the teachers of Ward-Belmont school spent vacations varying in nature from European tours to graduate work or visits with their families. Each teacher declared that her vacation had prepared her for added pleasure and profit in her school work.

Europe was the mecca for many of the teachers. Conducting her eighteenth Ward-Belmont party, Miss Olive Carter Ross made an extensive visit to all points of interest. Miss Ross said that this summer the tour included many places off of the beaten path of tourists. Miss Doris Hawkins, assistant in biology, and Mrs. Bryan of the book room, chaperoned this group.

Miss Pauline Sherwood Townsend has just returned from her tour of the Old World. During her visit in Germany, Miss Townsend attended the festival at Strasburg. Miss Velma Jones, assistant in expression, accompanied Miss Townsend.

The historical element of Europe interested Miss Caroline Leavell. While she was in Paris Miss Leavell was the guest of the American University Women's Club.

Miss Emma Sison and Miss Catherine Morrison supervised Camp Cocheche situated near Fryeburg, Maine. Specializing in unique trips this camp offered hikes to the Great Stone Face, to the notches in the

White Mountains, and to the seashore. After spending several days in New York City, Miss Sison and Miss Morrison motored through that part of Canada noted for its luxuriant natural growth. Miss Louise Gordon of the Art Department showed the camp girls how to make everything from a basket to a silk scarf. Taking advantage of the natural beauty of the Maine woods, Miss Margaret Hall conducted the nature study courses.

Anxious to do research work several instructors spent their vacation in school. Getting her Masters of Arts degree at the Southern Methodist University, Miss Laura Temple wrote her thesis on the "History of the Dallas Little Theater." This unique work is to be published by D. Appleton and Co.

Miss Ellen Wallace obtained her M.A. from the University of Chicago. Also doing research work in this university were Miss Lena J. Hawks and Miss Annie Allison.

Since she has had experience in that field, Miss Catherine Winnia was asked to conduct classes in the master's college of the blind at George Peabody College. Miss Mary E. Norris was enrolled in Peabody College. Her Master's Degree cum laude was given to Miss Agnes Amis from the same school. Miss Loretta Chenoweth, who has both Bachelor of Arts and Master of Arts degrees from Northwestern

(Continued on page 8)

A TRUE STORY OF A GIRL WHO WENT AWAY TO SCHOOL OVER 100 YEARS AGO

School Days of Sarah Childress Polk, Wife of James K. Polk, Eleventh President of the United States

When Sarah Childress, aged fifteen years, left her home in Murfreesboro, Tenn. (thirty miles from Nashville), for Salem, North Carolina, to enter the Moravian Female Academy, nobody dreamed that she would live to be mistress of the White House and one of the most charming and gracious "first ladies" that America has produced. Mrs. Polk was a typical lady of the Old South, and throughout her long, eventful life she never departed from that gentleness of manner and faithfulness to principle which had characterized her training at home and in school.

Mrs. Polk was the daughter of Joel Childress and his wife, Elizabeth, of Murfreesboro. She was born September 4, 1803, and at the age of fifteen she, with her sister, their brother and a trusted slave rode on horseback the hundreds of miles between Murfreesboro and Salem. The two young girls were left at the Moravian Female

Academy, where they must have felt very far from home indeed; for in those days the trip was a difficult one and it consumed much more time than a journey across the entire continent would take today. The means of communication were equally slow and, if Sarah and her sister were a little home sick, they did not have the consolation of running down to a post office for a letter borne by swift running trains or airplanes.

Not only did school girls of the day lack these material advantages, but the entire attitude toward the education of women was vastly different. The following story of Sarah Childress' school days, taken from "Memorials of Sarah Childress Polk," by Anson and Fanny Nelson, gives an insight into the girls' schools of the times:

"There were at that time a few good schools for boys in Tennessee, (Continued on page 5)

WARD-BELMONT WELCOMES YOU

READ THIS if you are blue, if you are lonesome and homesick, if you are tired of studying and discouraged about your future. New girls—y younger sisters—we old girls are here to help you out.

Teachers—! How they ask you everything you do not know! How they assign lessons that stagger you in length and difficulty! How they seem to be here just to make your life miserable! You think that of all things you hate them most. . . . But WE have found they aren't so bad.

Rules—! Were there so many rules in all the universe! Such silly rules, such joy-dispelling rules, rules that are so hard to obey. Every time you turn around you hit a rule smash! In the eye. You think each rule is a worse one than the last. . . . But WE have found they aren't so bad.

Roommates—! All your life you have looked forward to a roommate as one of the most interesting and attractive features of boarding school life. And here you are with the ugliest, stupidest, most selfish person it has ever been your misfortune to meet. It is hate at first sight. Why was such a creature ever invented and why did fate make her your roommate. Roommates; awful creatures, aren't they? —But WE have found they aren't so bad.

That homesick feeling—! "I wanna go home!" Never before has such a rosy hue tinted your inward conception of home. You forget how your father fussed when you came in too late. You forget how your mother made you wear your wrap when it didn't match your dress. You remember your brother as a sweet young cherub who never said the wrong thing at the wrong time, who never teased or made a racket. The B. F. in your mind's eye is a cross between Ramon Navarro, Red Grange, and Romeo. "Home!"—the word enshrined in your heart while here are no mother, no father, no freedom, no familiar faces, no boy friends. Those awful homesick pangs! —But WE have found they aren't so bad.

New girls, each of you think you are alone in your troubles, your bewilderment, your homesickness. Last year WE felt as you do now. To us then the skies looked as they now look to you. All these trials—well, WE found they aren't so bad.

PROCTORS ELECTED

The following Proctors have been elected:

Valbourg Ravn, Senior Hall; Aileen Goad, Pembroke Hall; Erma Carlton, Fidelity Hall; Florence Abels, Founders' Hall; Carol Freeman, North Front (temporary); Doris Yochum, Heron Hall.



The Smart Ensemble for Street Wear

FROM her smart ribbon hat to her pumps, the summer girl must choose carefully, piece by piece, the garments that suit her style. The outfit shown here is similar to many entrancing effects you may secure by shopping at Castner's.

—Ready-to-Wear, Second Floor.

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The Y played hostess to the old girls and new girls at a show in Chapel last Saturday evening. Aside from the regular movie with, this time, an added comedy, there were several special numbers. Beverly Freeland with the "uke," her sister Julia, and Joe Cracker sang "Frankie and Johnnie" and "Hand Me Down My Walkin' Cane" with such ludicrous pathos that they were given spontaneous and thunderous applause. Doris Natnan read "A Nigger's Prayer," a clever little bit that savored of chicken pie. Then Florence Abels, whose singing is well remembered by the old girls, gave the new girls their first, and the old girls, visions of home-plus with "Russian Lullaby" and "Me and My Shadow." Lydarene Majors accompanied her. During the movie Shorty McLean and Helen Rasmusen played for us while, toward the end of the evening, the old girls and new girls joined in singing. May the friendly atmosphere of that evening be symbolic of one of the happiest, friendliest years at W.-B.

The half hour before dinner Saturday evening was a busy one in the "Y" library. The newest books including *God and the Grocery Man* by Harold Bell Wright, and *The Inn of the Hawk* and the *Raven* by George Barr McCutcheon were at the girls disposal. The library is open for half an hour before dinner on Saturday evening and after Vespers Sunday evening. The fee is ten cents a week. New books are added regularly.

At the "Y's" first cabinet meeting last Sunday morning the power of filling a vacant office was brought into practice with the election of Margery Holmes to the office of treasurer. Other vacant places on the cabinet will be filled by Volburg Ravn, Frances O'Donnell, and Pauline McDonald. The following chairmen were appointed: Sunday school committee, Lydarene Majors; book committee, Mary Louise Ritter; social service committee, Kathrine Blackman; world fellowship committee, Betty Weber; poster committee, Pauline McDonald; vesper committee, Melba Johnson; membership committee, Mary Louise Wilcox; entertainment committee, Lil-

lie Jackson; reporter, Alice E. Macduff.

The little blue programs received by each girl at vespers Sunday evening held among other things the rather lovely news that Claire Harper would play. She gave "Poems" by Felich with the usual feeling and beauty of interpretation. She was accompanied by Nell Richardson. Sunday evening introduced to the new girls not only our Ward-Belmont vesper services, but one of our best known, best loved speakers, Rev. Prentice Pugh. It would be impossible to describe Mr. Pugh's talks. He has that delightful power of talking to the girls instead of preaching at them. His text for this service was "The Sower Went Forth to Sow." In his usual informal, direct manner Mr. Pugh pointed out to us the qualities, work, and rewards of a sower. He explained to us our work in sowing and the time for reaping. The girls who are new can now understand and feel with the old girls that warm friendliness and gladness for knowing Mr. Pugh, and can share the feeling that our vesper services with our prayers and hymns and Mr. Pugh's are rather a fitting benediction for a Sunday.

Many of the girls have noticed the beauty of the little valley of lawn on which the club houses face, back of "Big Ac." Next Sunday at eight-thirty, Sunday school will start again. The first services will be held in that miniature amphitheater. After a short worship service, groups will be formed. The following courses will be offered: Kindergarten, Bible Class, Training and Scout Work, Study and Dramatization of Parables, Discussion Groups. We cordially invite the return of the old girls, and welcome the pleasure of adding the new girls to our ranks.

OSIRON OWLETS

The Osirons have had a busy week, truly; greeting the new girls and welcoming back the old girls. And speaking of old girls,—have you noticed how many of us Osirons came back? We wouldn't say that being an Osiron had anything to do with it, but—I repeat—have you noticed the number of Osirons that have come back?

Saturday afternoon open house was held at the club, and judging by the large number that returned for punch on Sunday evening, our Saturday soirée was quite a success.

We're all heartbroken over the fact that Miss Jeter, who has been our club sponsor for so long, is going to Florida. However, we are delighted to have as our new sponsor Miss Douthit, an old Osiron, whom we know will make a splendid adviser and sponsor to the club.



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Ward-Belmont Special Shoulder
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"Always Lovely"

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PARIS
FRANCE

ALUMNAE NOTES

Elizabeth Conroy ('20 and '21) is now a successful dentist, making a specialty of children's dentistry.

Elizabeth McCleure ('25) graduated from the University of Missouri and is now teaching in St. Charles, Missouri.

Irene Garvey ('20 and '21) visited at Ward-Belmont at the opening of school.

Nell Richardson and Elizabeth Wilson are superintending practice this year.

Betty Longfellow ('24) graduated from Pratt Art Institute this year and is engaged in Commercial Art in Brooklyn, New York.

Ellen Robinson ('27) is attending the Michigan State Normal College at Ypsilanti.

Josephine Strain is attending Knox College at Galesburg, Illinois.

Margaret Carthew is teaching dancing in West Palm Beach, Florida.

Betty France, Louise Rowland, Margaret Smith, Mary Esther Johnson, and Virginia Bell are attending Oklahoma University.

Janet Sage, Nell Law, and Maud Gary are at Florida Woman's College this year.

Catherine Wood, Mary Bellach, Kirtley Choisaur, Virginia Wells, and Dorothy Sherman are at the University of Wisconsin.

Jean Haynes is attending Mary Baldwin School this year.

Mary Virginia Huff has a position as gym teacher in a Louisville high school.

WEDDINGS

Of great interest to Ward-Belmont and its alumnae are the following wedding announcements:

Marion Mathews ('09 and '10 Ward Seminary) to John Thomas Lugg, Jr., in Nashville, on August 18, 1927.

Ida Scott ('17) Piedmont, California, to Frederick Edward Crawford, Jr., on July 26, 1927.

The wedding of Myrtle Ridgeway ('18-'21) took place at Dallas, Texas, June 29, 1927.

The marriage of Katherine Greene Dunning ('19) to Joseph Merle Lynd on August 9, 1927, at Petersburg, Illinois.

Louise Jerrel ('21) Oskaloosa, Iowa, to Harold Hoyt Newcomb, July 31, 1927.

Lois Caldwell ('22 to '26) to Frank Ertel Carlyle, solemnized in Lumberton, North Carolina, May 19, 1927.

Marjorie Abbott ('23 to '26) to Gerald B. Klein, August 29, 1927, at Belle Vista, Arkansas.

Capitola Bassett ('23) to Hiram Bedford Crosby, Jr., at Oklahoma City, Oklahoma, August 7, 1927.

Bonnie Belle Morgan ('24) to William Cecil Hambricht in New York on August 24, 1927.

Clotilda Michener ('24) to John Anderson Du Pré, at Sumner, Mississippi, September 8, 1927.

Mabel Hicks ('24 and '25) Dallas, Texas, to George Alfred Carlson, September 19, 1927.

Helen Levin ('25 and '26) to Maurice Klein at St. Louis, Missouri, August 7, 1927.

Elizabeth Tatman ('25) to James Spencer Gould on September 22, 1927, at Kirkwood, Missouri.

Mildred Pool ('25) to Frederick M. Deuchel on June 11, 1927, at Newport, Kentucky.

ANTI PANDORA CLUB NOTES

Our club has been very busy these first days of school. On Friday afternoon, September 16, a most successful open house was enjoyed by about sixty of the new girls and the fourteen old members. Sunday afternoon, also, found us entertaining a large number of guests. Two more parties are scheduled before the rushing season is over.

Although we are sorry that the club sponsor for last year was unable to return, we are very proud of our new sponsor, Miss Temple, one of the favorite teachers in the English department, who, we are sure, will be a great asset and help as well as a joy to our club as long as she remains in Ward-Belmont.

A few of the officers elected last year did not return and in their places we have elected Lydareene Majors, president; Virginia Cooper, vice-president; and Emily Cronce, treasurer; Mary Louise Wilcox is our secretary, elected last year.

This week and next we will have as our visitors Helen Moser, Anti Pandora president '27, and two other old members, Virginia Farmer, May Queen '27 and Nell House.

We would like to urge all the new girls to visit our clubhouse and make themselves at home there.

Jay: "My rubbers leak."
Her fond roommate: "Oh, never mind that—you have pumps inside of them."

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WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

Published every Saturday by the students of Ward-Belmont.

STAFF

Editor-in-Chief _____ VIRGINIA BUSH

CONTRIBUTORS

MIRIAM WHITEHEAD, MARJORIE BARCLAY, HELEN JOHNSON, ALICE MACKEY, MARGARET ALICE LOWE, ELIZABETH GUALTNEY, CELISTINA YOUNG, CLARA DOCHERTRE, MARY LOUISE WILCOX.

Note—No permanent staff has been chosen as yet, so that the names in this issue were furnished voluntarily by the above mentioned contributors.

Application for second-class entry pending.

EDITORIAL

Did you ever stop to think how little order there is in the lives of most of us? How much more we could accomplish if we should only begin the year aright by following out a definite daily schedule! It is true that the average girl shrinks from the word "order," looking upon it as something much too prim and stilted for her consideration. And how do we spend most of our time? We usually dash madly about attempting to accomplish a great many things at one time and failing to do any one thing well.

Here at Ward-Belmont, we all seem to be busy continually and yet if we were only to systematize our duties, how much more time we should have.

The opening of the school year is a logical time to begin a new way of living. So let us strive this year to systematize our various duties and pleasures so that we may have more time to do the things we really like to do and so that we may also accomplish the things that we have to do. In that way, we may be able to obtain more from life at Ward-Belmont and to contribute more in return.

CHAPEL NOTES

Thursday—September 15.

Dr. Barton made several announcements.

Friday—September 16.

Chapel seats were assigned.

Saturday—September 17.

Senior Class meeting was held.

Monday—September 19.

Announcements were made by Miss Allison, Miss Morrison, and Dean Quaid.

Tuesday—September 20.

Miss Morrison made several announcements.

Wednesday—September 21.

Dr. Barton gave a very interesting talk on "Adjustments." He urged us to form wholesome contacts during the first weeks of school and to begin rightly. He explained that there are a good many rules at Ward-Belmont, all made for some good reason, and that in taking up our citizenship at Ward-Belmont, we should strive to obey its regulations.

WORD SMITHS.

Remember the new literary club that was organized last year? One of the new girls was inquiring about

it the other day which reminded us that we should introduce ourselves to the rest of our new friends.

We have named ourselves the Word Smiths and of course, being a literary club of the very first order, our sole aim and purpose is to write—and write originally. We had twelve charter members, ten of whom returned this year, and our membership is limited to twenty. This means that ten new members will be pledged soon. The only requirement for membership is that the applicant submit an original piece of writing of any form to the club. If the work is accepted the applicant is duly initiated.

We are planning to accomplish a great deal of work this year and also to have loads of fun, so if you are interested be thinking of your masterpiece.

A TRAGEDY
IN FIVE ACTS

(Being a day in the life of a Senior-Middle)

CHARACTERS:

Our heroine; a none too brilliant senior-middle; various and sundry teachers.

ACT I

(French Class)

Our heroine enters nonchalantly; greets all her friends who are already in the classroom and prepares for recitation. Madame comes in and everyone tries out her early morning pronunciations; all noticeably bad.

Madame (impatiently—the Southern accent makes her slightly peevish): "Now I beck that you will study the notes carefully, and practice diligently before your mirror. All these notes should be memorized before your next class."

The heroine of the tragedy, now feeling slightly jubilant, rises and departs with the others for her next class.

ACT II

(English)

Our subject enters the classroom and slides into her seat, the impetus carrying the chair half way across the room to the disgust of the girl who is using the back of it as a desk.

The teacher collects all the papers, and after her lecture has pounded uselessly against the unhearing ears of some twenty girls she manages to get their attention.

The teacher: "Now for your next assignment you will make a list of the reference material available in the library, and will also study those six rules in the handbook (dull murmurs from the class: 'What six rules? She pays no attention but continues'). In addition you will please write a theme on 'The Restful Life at Ward-Belmont' a subject with which I am sure you are familiar."

The bell rings and the girls spring out dejectedly. Our heroine proceeds to chapel holding her aching head in the hand which is not grasping madly two loose-leaf notebooks, a French book, four English books, a fountain pen and a box of paper clips which she drops as she leaves class and stops to pick up, thereby causing those behind her to stumble ungracefully.

ACT III

Chapel

Our heroine enters still clutching her books, pens, et cetera, in her arms. A companion hails her and thus causes a monitor to say testily, "Don't talk after you come into chapel." She sinks into her seat glad of a moment's peace.

Miss Morrison: "All girls who haven't their ridings togs will go to gym this afternoon to get them. The shoe men will be there to try on shoes also. Be sure to get gym shoes if you haven't them!" The thought of standing in line to get shoes nearly finishes our heroine, but fortified by the thought of a vacant period and luncheon to come she leaves chapel dully, but not completely overcome.

ACT IV

Latin

Our heroine enters breathlessly. Is she late or is heaven kind today? Ah!—the teacher has not yet arrived. However, the wait is not long for presently she enters and our heroine fumes upon her face a weak, wan smile.

The teacher: "What an array of intelligence! I shall have to give you a lesson worthy of it. We will have ten sentences of composition (our heroine groans feebly) and the references I shall mention, and beside that I'd like to have you review today's lesson and read on through another chapter. The lessons will be easy for a while (more groans) until you have settled into your stride."

With all her strength put into the motion our heroine arises at the first clang of the bell, and gathering up her books gropes her way blindly out of class.

ACT V

History

She enters slowly and drops into the nearest chair. She also drops her books on the floor; thereby making a good impression on the teacher who is a little nervous this afternoon, anyway. In our heroine's dazed state the teacher's look is a waste of effort of facial muscles. By this time her brain is going up and down giving the effect of a ride on the merry-go-round just after a too hearty meal.

The teacher: "I want you all to pay attention today. I am going to give you a talk on today's lesson and I expect you to take notes. In case I don't finish in time I shall expect you to prepare for the next day's lesson. . . ."

A loud crash is heard. Alas, the strain has proved too great for our heroine. Several of her classmates carry her gently over to the infirmary where as soon as she regains consciousness a white-clad nurse, very rustly, feeds her castor oil and large brown pills.

THE END.

CHIVALRY

"Is chivalry out of date?" asks *The Sandtonian*, published by the Sand Springs High School, Sand Springs, Oklahoma. The following editorial appeared in the first issue of *The Sandtonian*:

"In the days of not so long ago it was considered requisite for a man to raise his hat to a lady of his ac-

quaintance, but now it seems that the youth of America, or at least of Oklahoma, has entirely abolished this form of courtesy as well as many other ones.

"Whether it is due to the laziness and indifference, or lack of time of the younger generation, or because the women of today are becoming masculine in their habits, we know not.

"The modern cake-eater with his patent leather hair seldom wears a hat any more. It might not be a bad idea for him to salute his feminine acquaintances on the street.

"The low sweeping bow has long ago disappeared. Many other early day courtesies are no longer observed, but in the case of tipping the hat, modern youth is certainly wrong. It's about the last vestige of chivalry left, boys. Don't neglect it."

THE HYPHEN, exchanging opinions as well as papers, might add that chivalry will not go out of date as long as it is met by a lady-like appreciation and a dignity of manner which merits respect.

WIN DISTINCTION IN
MAGAZINE CONTESTS

Each year the *Atlantic Monthly* conducts two essay contests, one for high school students, and one for college students. Announcements have already been made of the awards received by some of our high school students.

Last year a number of the students from our first year college classes entered the contest. We are happy to announce that two Ward-Belmont students had the honor of having their essays numbered among the twenty from the many essays entered, which would be submitted to the judges for the final reading. The girls to gain this distinction were Orlean Henderson (Mrs. William Alford), who was one of Mrs. Polk's students, for her essay "Glimpses of the Wharf," and Harriet Parks, who was one of Miss Rhea's students, for her essay "Noise." We are sorry that neither of these girls is in school here this year. Harriet Parks is studying at Northwestern University, and plans to take an advanced course in writing.

A similar contest will be conducted this year, and we hope that there will be many entries from both the high school and the college students of Ward-Belmont.

WHY IS A ROOMMATE?

"Why is a roommate?" someone said. "Lies all over your nice, clean bed; Spreads her books all over the place; Uses your powder on her face; Wears your clothes 'n' everything; When you study she starts to sing; Reads your mail and wants to know which one is your favorite bear; Eats your candy; wears your hose; Uses your puff to powder her nose; Covers the walls with pennants and plaques; Sticks them up with little thumb tacks.

Obeys no rules; observes no laws, "Why is a roommate?"—well, just because."

A TRUE STORY OF A GIRL WHO WENT AWAY TO SCHOOL

(Continued from page 1)

but the education of girls was left to the wisdom of their parents; and to the few teachers that attempted the work here and there. In various parts of the country there was still found the fast-fading remnant of that false and injurious opinion, once almost universal, that a girl does not need a thorough education. It was thought that all learning above the necessary attainments of reading, writing, and the first principles of arithmetic, was absolutely hurtful, disqualifying her for the obvious duties of her station—the care of the household. For a short time the two girls, Sarah and her sister Susan, went with their brothers to the common school. Subsequently, their parents engaged the services of Mr. Samuel P. Black, the principal of the Murfreesboro Academy, a school for boys. He gave them lessons in the afternoon, when the exercises of the Academy were over for the day. They used the blackboard, and maps and globes, and were thoroughly drilled in the difficult beginnings of learning.

"When Sarah was twelve or thirteen years old, she and her sister were sent to Nashville, to attend the private school of Mr. Abercrombie, a noted teacher of that day. They also took lessons on the piano from his daughter. This was a rare accomplishment for that early time, the facilities for which gave a peculiar reputation to the school.

"General Jackson was then living in Nashville. He was in the zenith of his military glory, and his adopted city rejoiced in the luster reflected upon her by this distinguished citizen. The little pupils were boarding in the family of Colonel Butler, one of his staff officers, and so saw him frequently. Mrs. Polk remembered distinctly a very brilliant ball in the General's house, at which she was a guest.

"An elderly lady, who, a few years since appealed to Mrs. Polk with sympathy in her desire that the simplicity and plain dressing of olden times should be restored, was surprised by the reply that she had never practiced the severe plainness of which the lady spoke; that from her earliest recollections she had been dressed in silks and satins of delicate texture, in beautiful designs and colors, and had never known, even in childhood, what it was to be simply clothed, or to long for splendor of raiment, having always possessed it. She did not believe that the apparel in old times was plainer than it is now, but that the means to possess this luxury were then limited to fewer individuals.

"After a year or two spent in home study and private lessons, and when Sarah was about fifteen years old, she was sent with her sister to the Moravian Female Academy in Salem, North Carolina. Mr. and Mrs. Childress desired their daughters to have the advantage of a large school, not only in its more comprehensive course of study, but in that deeper, keener, intellectual quickening that comes from fellowship in culture.

"The little town of Salem was founded by the Society of the United Brethren, about the middle of the eighteenth century, under the direction of Count Zinzendorf, from whom it received its name, meaning "peace." The 'quiet, quiet, green old town' lies a thousand feet above the level of the sea, in an undulating, beautifully wooded country. . . .

"Here stood the Female Academy, a beautiful and peculiarly suitable retreat for the calm and studious life of young girls. Under the charge of this religious society of acknowledged piety and elevation of character, the great usefulness and success of the Salem Academy were assured, as its nine long decades have proved. Many of its pupils had braved the toils and dangers of a long journey to share its advantages.

"The only uniform worn by the pupils in this old Moravian school was a neat and closely-fitting lace cap. It was a striking feature. Sweet, ruddy faces peered out from the quilled borders of this handsome and decidedly tasteful piece of headgear. That of the larger girls was trimmed with white ribbon, the smaller girls with pink. It was a beautiful spectacle on examination day, as the annual closing day of the session was called, to see one hundred and fifty or two hundred girls, dressed in white, with flowing sashes and flaunting ribbons, and each attired with the tidy cap, marching in procession from the Academy to the church.

"Upon their starting (from home) Mr. Childress gave to each of his daughters a French gold coin, a louis d'or, worth about four dollars and eighty-four cents, as a parting gift. This piece of money, so likely to find its way speedily into other hands, Mrs. Polk preserved through many years and vicissitudes, until the end of her life, and it is now a much-prized relic.

"The young girls traversed the hundreds of miles between Murfreesboro and Salem on horseback, escorted by their elder brother, Anderson Childress, and attended by a trusty manservant who carried their portmanteaus on his horse. In the domestic economy of those times, which the vast changes wrought in the last thirty-odd years have consigned to the past, among the slaves of every rich man there could be found some intelligent and faithful ones who possessed the implicit confidence of their master and friend.

"Such a trip in these days of swift and easy travel, more than seventy years afterward, would seem like a series of romantic adventures. But it would be a romance from which the exciting element of danger was eliminated, leaving it gently stirring and thoroughly agreeable. Far different were the circumstances forty or fifty years still earlier, when the pioneers of Middle Tennessee, dauntless and heroic, were journeying through this wilderness to the land which loomed before their prophetic eyes like an enchanting mirage, blooming as a garden of roses, remote in time, not space. Then they were shadowed by the Indians, and often assaulted, suffering the severest pri-

vations and hardships. It was not so with our young travelers, who had nothing to fear from the rude and cruel warriors of the forest, and to whose youthful and inexperienced fancy, the cool, green shades on either side of the road suggested only pleasant visions of noontday rest and refreshment. . . .

"An entirely new and different life awaited Sarah and her sister in their transient home in the Salem Academy. The hush and method of a large school, the lessons learned with the stimulus of the small world of students, the pleasant walks and talks with many new friends, congenial and beloved, the daily services from prayer and divine guidance, all helped to mould the growing character of Sarah Childress. On Sunday morning the girls met in their respective classrooms to receive what was called Bible instruction. A verse from scripture to be memorized had been assigned the previous Sunday, and it was expected that the chapter from which that verse was taken would be read by the pupils in their rooms during the week. After the recitation by each one in turn, the entire chapter was read aloud and commented on by the teacher. . . .

"While at school in Salem, Sarah did a little piece of needle-work which she fortunately kept during the succeeding years. It is the picture of a tomb gleaming white 'through the foliage of surrounding trees, and is worked in chenille on a white satin ground. It is skilfully and delicately done, the different shades of green, brown and yellow blending naturally. In later life Mrs. Polk herself called attention to a resemblance which struck us as having in it something prophetic. It bears remarkable resemblance to the tomb (of President Polk) in the garden on the east of the house, in full view of her chamber window, which for more than forty years was the reminder of her joys and sorrows, and which became, as the months glided by, her daily reminder of the blissful reunion awaiting her in the new future.

"These tranquil days of study, of girlish dreamings and anticipations, came suddenly to an end. Sarah and her sister were called home by the illness and death of their father. They did not return to the Academy, and Sarah occupied herself with the duties of home and social life, and with the sacred charge of helping to comfort her mother."

History does not seem like a dull, far-away thing when one visits the Polk Memorial room in Tennessee's War Memorial Building. There is to be found the little picture of a tomb worked by the girlish fingers of Sarah Childress—there is the exquisite costume of pink satin she wore when her husband was inaugurated—there are the portraits showing her stately brunette beauty—the fragile fans of inlaid ivory and point lace and dozens of other things of less personal interest, but of greater importance probably in the history of the nation.

A man who hides behind a woman's skirt nowadays is not a coward—he's a magician.—*The Cadet Review.*

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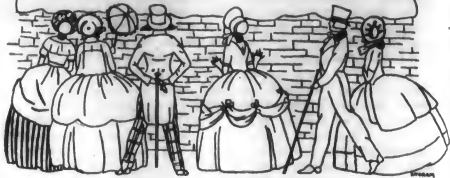
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The Diary of Mistress Belle Ward



Wednesday—September 14.

Well, at last I've arrived at Ward-Belmont. I can't state that I'm all here but at least enough so that I know it's me. The rest melted away during the first hour. It's hot and I don't mean warm.

Today started out well as far as breakfast went, but I was at a table of old girls and it sure did get me down. They all knew each other and I felt just like the world's original red-headed step-child.

Fell in love thrice during chapel with Dr. Blanton, Dr. Pugh, and Dr. Hill successively. Thrills and heart-throbs! And I nigh shed a salty tear over "The Bells of Ward-Belmont." From all forebodings, I'm cut out to be the first and foremost dumb belle of this worthy female institution.

Matriculated this P. X. Suppose I would have to learn the meaning of the word some day. Well, I did—I have blisters on three toes to prove it.

Thursday—September 15.

At last a bright spot has crossed my weary gaze. Those red rugs in the place called Wreck look good enough to swallow whole. Can't see why they call that place Wreck—guess I'll ask a Senior for information as Miss Morrison advised. Oh, I'll live and learn.

Friend roommate came upon the scene today and as a sweet and playful companion she's just not. She first informed me that she intended to study whether I did or not this year. Would like to have advised her against such unfortunate action, but was so frozen out that I felt like the original Frigidaire. Brer! Of course we would have study hour tonight and the bell rang just as I was weeping out my nostalgia on my new crush's shoulder. There ain't no justice.

Friday—September 16.

Nary a letter thus far. Think the fond family has deserted its only daughter. Maybe it's because they failed to hear from me. I made a fatal mistake and mailed their missive in the waste basket the first day and just by way of improvement I mailed their second in the Hyphen box. Such is the life of a young and hopeful freshee.

Did go to town this P. X., and that helped a lot even though I did have to go in a herd with a chaperon. And now I can vouch for Nashville's dirt! It's the world's blackest. I can see where my little white tub's going to have a steady date. Consumed every bit of three chocolate drifts,

thereby adding much where little was needed.

Hurrah! I'm being rushed.

Saturday—September 17.

Broke down and washed my dusky locks this afternoon. Did so hate to part with all the train dust—my last tie to the outside world.

Moved tonight with my rusher and sure did enjoy the Freeland's Serenade. The comedy might have done credit to the mentality of a five-year-old, but the main picture was right good.

So to bed.

Sunday—September 18.

Churched a la chaperon this A.M., and did think I was in an Indian tee or something when I saw that Presbyterian church.

Chicken for dinner and ate with much gusto. Might as well be merry because tomorrow I'll diet.

Club housed tonight until my head was a complete jumble of names and faces.

Monday—September 19.

I knew it, I knew it! My joys could not go on forever. I'm sunk, overwhelmed, about to die. These teachers sure do pile the work upon an honest, deserving human. Mile. Vimont talks French continually, but it might as well be Greek for all of me. That's where I fool her. And Miss Rhea thinks I'm an automatic dictionary from the amount of themes we're having. My poor little defenseless vocabulary turned up its toes and died long, long ago.

Nigh lost my reputation in chapel when Miss Morrison asked me to subscribe. Well, at least everybody knows my name now. More ways than one of securing notoriety! Hurrah for my side!

Tuesday—September 20.

Tearoomed with my rusher and did consume much ice cream at her expense. Also took home enough grapes so that I'll be walking on seeds for weeks to come. Don't mind it for myself but have my doubts about Mrs. Hall.

Purchased my first book today and it nigh wore me out to wait for the two people ahead of me. These moccasins aren't built for speed or comfort either. Mayhaps it's their fatal beauty that appeals to the hearts of W.-B. inmates.

Speaking of cold weather, I had everything from the stove to the kitchen sink piled on me last night and then my nose looked like a ripe tomato this morning. Such is life in the sunny South.

Did hurt something besides my maidenly dignity when I fell down *Ac* steps today. Must his me off to bed to dream of Romances and dances and all the other things back in civilization.

Sweet dreams, Little Diary.

PERSONALS

Jimsey Duncan and Elizabeth McCleendon spent Saturday afternoon with Mrs. Schurman of Vanderbilt.

Rebecka Lionberger had dinner with her aunt, Mrs. Bolling Warner on Saturday.

Eleanor DeWitt spent Saturday night and Sunday with her mother.

Ruth Hughes had lunch with Mrs. Howe and Barbara Saturday.

Clara Collier spent Saturday afternoon with Mrs. Frank McLain.

Augusta Knox spent Saturday afternoon with Dr. and Mrs. Kellar.

Dorothy Schrei and Clatarae Martin spent Saturday afternoon with Mrs. Martin.

Mettie Taylor spent Sunday afternoon with Mrs. John Shelton and Eleanor.

Isabel Thielen spent Sunday afternoon with Mrs. W. G. Trulock.

Miriam Whitehead and Mary Louise Wilcox spent Sunday afternoon with Mrs. Hubbell.

Dorothy Sablin and Nell Tyson spent Sunday with Mrs. Hanbaugh.

Mary Bridgeforth spent the weekend with her sister, Mrs. D. N. Lipscomb.

Allie Bowers spent Sunday night with her aunt, Mrs. Jones.

Rowena Orr spent Sunday afternoon with Mrs. Charles Reynolds.

Maysie Blacksher spent the day with Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Adams.

Marion Hubbell went to church with Miss Sheffield.

Eugenia Brown had dinner and tea with her father Sunday.

Peggy McLarry spent Sunday afternoon with Mr. and Mrs. Goodman.

Helen Moore spent the afternoon with Mrs. Tathwell Sunday.

Katherine Tabb spent Sunday afternoon with Mrs. Meadors.

Inez Barnes spent Sunday afternoon with her brother.

Josephine Longfellow and Ava Dietrich spent the afternoon with Mrs. McLaughlin Sunday.

Mary Virginia Payne spent Monday afternoon with her aunt, Mrs. Campbell.

Felicia Chittick and Ruth Clarke spent Monday afternoon with Mr. and Mrs. Chittick.

Mary Elizabeth Rhodes spent Monday night with her parents.

Martha Harris had dinner with Mrs. Branch and Lola Monday.

Susan Erwin had lunch Monday with Mrs. Powell and Sarah.

A "NEW" GIRL'S IMPRESSION OF WARD-BELMONT

Ward-Belmont begins to impress itself upon the consciousness of the first-year girl the moment she steps on its special train or car. The old girls are more than willing to discuss anything that has to do with it, rules and regulations, the food, classes, sports, teachers, and privileges. She must be very dull if she does not find that she already has the Ward-Belmont enthusiasm.

When she really arrives on the campus it is only to become terribly bewildered. Now just where is Midlemerch? And shall I ever be through standing in line? Of course the Y.W.C.A. is more than wonderful in directing those to whom everything is strange, but its members are greatly outnumbered by information seekers. Many of the new girls look just a little enviously at the old girls running across the campus to greet each other. They are really one of the most impressive things about the school. They seem so natural and informal to the girl who is on her best behavior, trying to seem very self-possessed and look as though she knew exactly where the gymnasium is. It doesn't seem as though she could ever acquire that naturalness but it does seem to be something to be coveted.

By noon the first day the new girl is feeling quite well acquainted especially because she has learned what "Big Ac" signifies, and even though she may be just a bit homesick she can't help taking an interest in the food, particularly if she is from the north and has to ask what that queer looking dish is only to find it is called spoon bread.

The first night may be rather hard and the great adventure of "going away to school" may not seem quite such an adventure, but after that first night she is no longer a new girl. She has been here twenty-four hours and is already priding herself on belonging to Ward-Belmont.

REPORTS OF PLEDGES

Reports of the following pledges have been received:

Bill Clarke, Theta, at Kansas University; Grayce Burney, Pi Phi, at Oklahoma University; Ruth Johnson, Kappa, at Oklahoma University; Georgia Seivers, Pi Phi, at Nebraska University; Anna Murtagh, Kappa, at Iowa University.

Note—Any further contributions to this column would be greatly appreciated.

Peeping Ahead in the Fashion Calendar!

THAT'S the everlasting job of Lebeck Bros. Buyers—and their alertness is reflected in the intriguing styles, the clever accessories smart women will wear now, next month and the month after.

To the girls of Ward-Belmont we extend an invitation to make Lebeck's your style headquarters—and if there is any way we can assist you we stand ready to do so.

If you keep up with the traditions of your Alma Mater you'll be sure to be intimately acquainted with this big, friendly store.

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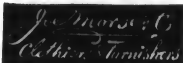
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WARD-BELMONT GIRLS

SUMMER VACATIONS OF TEACHERS

(Continued from page 1)

University began her first year in Ward-Belmont this semester.

Miss Martha Annette Cason spent the summer at Columbia University working on her doctorate.

Travel added interest to the vacations of many Ward-Belmont teachers. Visiting the Yellowstone Park, the Canadian Rockies, Miss Eunice Kinkade returned to her home by the Royal Gorge route.

The Irish hills and the lake district in Michigan were the scenes of Miss Una Spaller's vacation. Also she attended grand opera at Ravenna.

During her travels in the West Miss Venerable Blythe attended the concerts in the Hollywood bowl. She had the unusual experience of viewing the debut of a Chinese actress at the Mavdavis Theater in San Francisco.

Miss Theodora Scruggs and Miss Amelle Throne motored through North Carolina and as far north as South Carolina and as far north as South Carolina. On their return journey they enjoyed the grand opera and the plays of Chicago. Canada called another of the teachers when Miss Elene Ranson spent her vacation there.

Among the teachers who visited relatives this summer were Miss Linda Rhea, Miss Louise Heron, Miss Alma Hollinger, Mrs. Margaret Lowery, Mrs. Miser.

During the first of the summer Dr. W. H. Hollingshead represented Ward-Belmont in West Virginia and in Pennsylvania. At present Dr. Hollingshead is ill in St. Thomas Hospital, but he is scheduled to return to his classes in about six weeks.

BERRY NEWS INTERESTED IN OTHER PAPERS

The news staff of the *Mount Berry News* is putting on a "Know more about other schools and colleges" campaign. From the appearance of the first issue of the *Berry News*, it has an up and doing staff which will undoubtedly accomplish anything it starts out to do.

The following editorial was taken from its first issue:

"The beginning of the new school year marks the beginning of a new era in the history of the *Mount Berry News*. It is the hope of the staff to put out a better paper than has yet been printed under the auspices of any previous staff. The establishing of the junior college promises to be a great asset to this affect. To do this we want, not only the co-operation of the students of all three schools, but the staff is eager to have any criticism that may be rendered by the editors of other school and college papers. We also hope that our exchange list will even exceed that of last year, in which the leading institutions throughout the country were represented. We also like to exchange with county papers in order that the students may know what is happening 'back home.'

"One of the main endeavors of the News Staff will be to put on a 'Know more about other schools and colleges,'

campaign on our campus. The exchanges will occupy special stands in the three libraries of the three schools, and we urge you who are interested in our work to frequent the exchange stands with the object of searching for news and with a three-fold purpose in mind, namely: To get interested in the activities of other schools and colleges (you may find interesting news about a friend); To get new ideas that will help you in your work at Berry; to help improve *The Berry News* by being able to criticize it and compare the criticisms with those of other college papers."

THE MOVIE LAST SATURDAY NIGHT

Was the movie good last Saturday night? I'll say—and how! What could be better than vaudeville by Beverly and Julia Freeland and good old "St. Louis Blues" played by "Shorty" MacCline with a two-reel comedy and a feature picture whose thrilling title was "Woman Power!" All the old and new W.-B. girls who discovered that they had "It" this summer saw what "It" will do.

The action of the movie must have brought back memories of summer romances because deeply drawn sighs and quivery "do you remember" registered the progress of camera emotion.

—That's what we want! Something full of pep, and love, and life! Here's hoping the coming Saturday night movies will be better and better and even more exciting than "Woman Power!"

Dear Cynthia

Sara said to me:
They say—love is blind! Well, I'm
in love all right!
I was just going out
of town to buy a new
gown when I discovered
we have the newest
and most reasonable
things right here at



Bella!
—Bois

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WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

Volume XVII

NASHVILLE, TENN., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1927

Number 3

Mlle. VIMONT ANNOUNCES THE RESULT OF THE "CONCOURS BRIAND"

Miss Meggs of Ward-Belmont Receives Honorable Mention

The "Concours Briand" was the translation of the celebrated discourse pronounced at Geneva by the Minister of Foreign Affairs at the time of the reception of the German delegation to the "Societe des Nations." Among the honorable mentions we are pleased to read the name of a Ward-Belmont girl, Estelle Meggs of Miami, Florida, was a pupil of Mlle. Vinont and graduated from Ward-Belmont last spring. Miss Meggs was an active member of the French club which was organized by Mlle. Vinont and was one of its charter members. Ward-Belmont is very pleased at having one of its girls so honored by the committee in charge of the translations.

There were 2,600 girls in the competition, so Ward-Belmont should be especially proud of the fact that one of its students received "honorable mention." Her teacher is also to be congratulated.

HYPHEN BOX WAS LOCKED AND ART ANNOUNCEMENT LATE

BOX OPEN NOW AND READY TO RECEIVE SCHOOL NEWS

The Ward-Belmont art exhibit at the Tennessee State Fair won a blue ribbon. The exhibit included interiors, costume, general art and high school work. Unfortunately, THE HYPHEN box was locked and nobody knew where to look for the key, so this announcement did not come to light until the last minute before going to press this week.

The box is open now, however, and is ready for news from the student body and the faculty. Owing to the tendency to use the HYPHEN box as a mail box, we are hoping some unusually interesting contributions—but we promise, honestly and truly, not to read the letters. It is a great temptation, though. The waste baskets also receive their share of the personal mail of girls who thoughtlessly deposit their letters in them, thinking they are mail boxes.

Full details concerning the honors won by the art department at the State Fair will appear in next week's HYPHEN.

College and Young People

College is the hub around which the life of the average young person revolves. We go to college; we come back home for the Christmas holidays; we return to college after the holidays are over and stay until the end of the year; then, we go back home for the summer vacation; and thus, each year revolves. College is the center of the young life of the country. Much good is realized from our college experiences and associations.

The general effect of college is broadening. College brings us into an association with people from all parts of the country. When we are in college we hear different ideas expressed, different styles of actions are seen, and various classes of people talk to us. This in itself is broadening, in that it gives us a greater insight into the life of our nation. Then in our college courses of study we come upon subjects with which we are barely acquainted. Each day of study brings to us entirely new thoughts and as a result our minds begin to enlarge and we become better able to grasp ideas. Thus we have a widening knowledge of literature and a greater understanding of our national life.

College alters. Those things which seemed "grown-up" and proper to us before we came to college lose their maturity and seem very childish. In the fall, when we enter college as freshmen, we are not at all the same persons which go home for the Christmas holidays. Even that short a time

in college alters our harum-scarum attitude. We have begun to take on a little poise and self-possession. This is because there are no greater or better models than the teachers and executive heads of our colleges. What the heads of colleges are is reflected in the students.

Restraint in college is necessary. Coming to college brings to us the realization that nothing great has ever grown up out of complete freedom of thought and action. Pandemonium reigns where there are no rules and regulations. Restraint brings sedateness and thoughtfulness. As a result, we have both our minds and bodies under better control.

College develops more democratic ideas. The average college freshman has too much egotism. When we are all brought together, we begin to see merits in the other people and we see that there is something worthwhile in almost everybody. We then realize that no one person can accomplish much without the consent of the masses. Thus we become tolerant of all ideas even while we accept only those ideas which the majority of people have proven worthwhile. The democracy of college life brings out originality and leadership, and leaves unhampered any person who wishes to express his originality. If we go into college with the determination to take all the good things and to do away with the bad, we will all be happier, better, and more helpful citizens in school and in our life after school days are past.

The New School Year

The new year suggests to most of us only an idea of a coming vacation, but every day is new year's day. Did you ever think that most of us celebrated a new year's day when we entered Ward-Belmont on September 14?

To all of us it was the beginning of a new year of school life; to most of us it brought new friends and new surroundings with which we must suitably adjust ourselves. Perhaps studies and work seem irksome, and we do not understand the necessity for strict obedience to regulations so we often wish to scorn these things for something more alluring. The fact that we can not, makes us, in a sense, bitter. But we must not allow ourselves to become that other type of person who is scornfully cynical; fails to enter into the spirit of school life, and criticizes all who do. Our common tasks here each day may seem small in a way, but they are the essential foundations for future pleasure.

Every day is packed with possibilities for pleasure and dissatisfaction. We can make a "good morning" cheery or dreary. We can make another girl happy or dissatisfied for we can allow little gossiping remarks to roam about or we can shut our lips tightly on them. Then, let us do these tasks at hand well, and we shall find ourselves on the road to perfection and contentment.

ACADEMIC NOTES

This week has been spent in organizing and straightening out the classes.

The clubs haven't been doing all the rushing this week; quite a bit of it has been done down at Ac, especially around Dean Quaid's office.

The Current Events Club, with Miss Wallace as sponsor and Mary Louise Wilcox as president, will be organized within the next few days.

MRS. BLANTON ENTERTAINS THE FACULTY AT TEA

Mrs. Barton and Mrs. Benedict Assist in Receiving

Mrs. Blanton was hostess Tuesday afternoon at a delightful tea given in honor of members of the Ward-Belmont faculty. She was assisted in receiving by Mrs. A. B. Benedict and Mrs. John W. Barton—and one could not find a more charming trio in a day's journey. Dr. Blanton and Dr. Barton contributed a great deal to the success of the affair, but Mr. Benedict, for some absolutely unavoidable reason, he declares, was called out of town and was unable to be present.

Mrs. S. E. Rose, Miss Pauline Sherwood Townsend and Mrs. J. W. Charlton assisted in serving.

The decorations were autumn flowers from the gardens and unusually beautiful ferns from the greenhouses.

HYPHEN OFFICERS ELECTED

The results of the Hyphen election which took place last Friday were as follows:

Associate Editor, Kathryn Glasgow; Business Manager, Margaret Alice Lowe; Advertising Manager, Isabel Goodloe; Reporters, Mary Louise Wilcox, Louise Graves, Mary Virginia Payne, Florence Hayes, Celestina Young, Juanita Kennamer.

ALL-CLUB RECEPTION

Lighted crescents, merry voices, and refrains of music all contributed toward making Club Village a truly gala place last Saturday evening. The bright insignias of the F. F.'s, Del Vers and T. C.'s rivaled with the gleams which shone through the opened doors from the grate fires at the Anti-Pan and Tri K houses. From the A. K. and Osiron houses came lively music that mingled with the laughter and talking at the Agora's and X. L.'s. At nearly all the houses the floral decorations were carried out in the club colors, but the flowers used at the Pentia Tau house were especially beautiful.

During the evening each new girl was given the opportunity to visit every club and meet the members. Among the members of the administration who called during the evening were Mrs. Blanton, Dr. and Mrs. Barton, Mr. and Mrs. Benedict, and Miss Irwin.

After the reception many of the clubs held open house where the girls gathered to spend the remainder of the evening.



The Smart Ensemble for Street Wear

FROM her smart ribbon hat to her pumps, the summer girl must choose carefully, piece by piece, the garments that suit her style. The outfit shown here is similar to many entrancing effects you may secure by shopping at Castner's.

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When the throng of girls came into the chapel on Sunday morning for the first regular Sunday school, Mary Eleanor Gilmore, the Y's president, and Katherine Tabb extended to them a cordial personal welcome. After the opening hymns and prayer Miss Van Hooser, our Y sponsor, suggested the forming of various study groups for those interested in different phases of Sunday school work. The following: Kindergarten Training, Primary Training, Training in Scout Leadership, Bible Class, were so enthusiastically received that they have been permanently adopted.

The Sunday school poster for this week was drawn by Pauline MacDonal, chairman of the poster committee.

The little Y room at the head of the stairs in North Front has been the scene of many busy meetings lately. The chairmen have been working hard to form their new permanent committees.

Frances O'Donnell, Pauline MacDonal, and Valborg Ravn were welcomed as the three new cabinet members at the regular meeting of the cabinet on Sunday morning.

The new books in the Y library that seem to be the most popular this week are: *Wall Flowers* by Temple Bailey, *Doomsday* by Warwick Deeping, and *The Inn of the Hawk* and *The Raven* by George Barr McCutcheon. Announcements will be made in this column of new additions to the library.

Vesper services last Sunday evening held for us a trip to Japan. Miss Van Hooser, the speaker of the evening, told of her experiences among the factory girls in one of the large cities of Japan. She described the difficulties encountered in her attempt to enter the factories, the deplorable conditions that were found when she finally gained admittance, and what effect even a bit of Christian living had on them. That little talk gave more of us more than a bit to think of.

Immediately preceding this, Josephine Rankin gave an unusually lovely interpretation of *The Vision of Isaiah*.

Dr. Hill has consented to speak for us next Sunday at Vespers.

Whispers have been going about the campus that the Y has a "something" up their sleeves for chapel time next Tuesday. Three guesses!

PERSONALS

Miss Ruby Wooten, of Oklahoma, spent a few days at Ward-Belmont on route to Columbia University, New York, where she is working toward her master's degree.

Mrs. Edward C. Moon, of Louisville, made a short visit with her sister, Miss Margaret Binford, who is a student at Ward-Belmont School. Miss Binford's mother was one of the first students of Miss Hood and Miss Herron, who founded Belmont College.

Mrs. R. M. Farrar, of Houston, Texas, spent the week-end with her daughter, Miss Margaret Farrar, at Ward-Belmont.

Mrs. Hilleman Taylor, of St. Louis, formerly of Nashville, has been spending the week-end with her daughters, Misses Mettie and Sarah Taylor, at Ward-Belmont. The Taylor girls are granddaughters of Governor Robert Love Taylor, one of Tennessee's most famous and beloved governors.

Mr. and Mrs. H. O. Neff, of Joplin, Missouri, motored to Nashville for a visit with their daughter, Charlotte, who is a student at Ward-Belmont.

Mrs. Avis B. Olmstead, of Cincinnati, motored to Nashville to spend the week-end with her daughter, Avis, who is a student at Ward-Belmont. Mrs. Olmstead was formerly a pupil at Ward Seminary.

Eugenia Brown spent Sunday with her father.

Frances Hinson, Edna Dickson, and Katherine Hinson spent Sunday afternoon with Mrs. Coombs.

Elizabeth Williams spent Sunday afternoon with Mr. and Mrs. D. R. Dorris.

Gladys McDonald and Frances Oberthier spent Sunday with Mrs. Waring.

Mary Addis Patton spent all day Sunday with Mrs. N. R. Martin.

Sarah Taylor spent Sunday with Mrs. Hallum Goodloe.

Allene P. Smith spent Sunday with her aunt, Mrs. M. A. Pumphrey.

Margaret Witherspoon spent Sunday afternoon with Miss Boyer.

Carlyn and Doris Nathan spent Sunday with Mrs. Marks.

Jane Moore spent Sunday with Mrs. Houston Fall.

Margaret Binford spent the day Sunday with Mrs. Moore.

Isabel Thielen spent Sunday afternoon with Mrs. Tralock.

Grace Neisler had dinner with Mrs. Crowell Sunday.

Mary Bridgforth had dinner with Mrs. Houston Fall.

Margaret Chandler spent the week-end with her sister, Mrs. Fife.

Blossom Kleban spent Sunday afternoon and evening with her brother.

Bernice Booser and Mary Bridgforth spent Sunday afternoon with Mrs. Lockridge.

Katherine Watt went riding Sunday with Mrs. Rue from Franklin.

Phyllis Ireland spent Sunday afternoon with Mrs. McCulloch and Virginia.

Charlotte Strong went riding Sunday with Mrs. Kellar and her daughter.

Josephine Longfellow, Fritzie Albaugh, Ava Dietrich, and Margaret King went riding with Mrs. Charles McLaughlin Sunday.

Hilda Gilbert spent Sunday afternoon with Mrs. Graves.

AUNTY PANS

Thank goodness, the rush season is over and there is time to think! It was trying while it lasted but now we are thankful and proud concerning the results, for it is an established fact that our club contains the nicest new girls on the campus.

But we are always doing something so now that Fag Day and formal initiations are over we are all too busy making plans for our dance. Sh! Don't tell, but we are going to have a dance that will go down in the history of Ward-Belmont as the best dance of all.

POEMS

(From High School Verse, Story, Essay and Play)

AFTER MIDNIGHT

BY MARGARET WITHERSPOON

Oh, the merry, merry stars
Are a-twinkling-in the sky,
And the merry, merry moon
Is a-chuckling on the sly,
And the wind is singing softly
As it goes from tree to tree;
And a mocking bird is trilling
In its dreaming ecstasy.
And I hear the silent laughter
Of a well contented word;
I have just been to the frolic,
And I rode home with my girl.

WET PAVEMENTS

BY GERTRUDE HENDERSON

Wet pavements glistening in the night
Cast shimmering shafts of quivering light
Of reds and greens and yellows bright.
A jagged lane the street lamps throw,
And wetter yet the pavements glow.
As taxis scuttle in and out
The queer reflections glide about.
Above the noise the policemen shout,
And traffic moves first fast, then slow
But wetter yet the pavements grow.

NOTE—These two poems are examples of high school work taken from the volume called "High School Verse, Story, Essay and Play," collected and arranged for publication by Miss Cynthia Ann Pugh. The Hyphen extends a special invitation to both high school and college students of Ward-Belmont who are interested in writing poetry. We want to have a "Poet's Corner" which will make our paper famous. Send contributions to "The Hyphen" box at the postoffice.

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WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

Published every Saturday by the students of Ward-Belmont.

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Associate Editor .. Kathryn Glasford
Business Manager

..... Margaret Alice Lowe
Advertising Manager .. Isabel Goodloe
Reporters—Mary Louise Wilcox, Louise Graves, Mary Virginia Payne, Florence Hayes, Celestina Young, Juanita Kenamer, Alice Macduff, Miriam Whitehead, Marjorie Barclay.

Application for second-class entry pending.

EDITORIAL

"Friendship wasn't made to barter

As men barter merchandise;
God made Friendship to enoble
And to richen lives."

A girl's happiness during her school days depends largely upon the friends she makes and keeps. If she is not thoroughly selfish, a girl is bound to form some associations in her school days which will endure long after she has graduated. But in order to have a friend and to be one, she cannot live unto herself alone. She cannot sit down with a smug complacency and wait for her associates to flock about her and acclaim her. Were she to do that, she would indeed find herself decidedly ignored. Nor can she hope to gain anything by continually criticizing those about her. Her roommate is the one most apt to be bothered by criticism. Little does the girl realize that her roommate's sentiments about her may not be favorable either. She has no time to consider that long-suffering roommate. She should not cultivate friends on a purely mercenary basis, for no real friendship can exist under such a condition.

How much a cheery, friendly first impression counts! If a girl would only begin from the first to be kindly and congenial, how much happier she could be and how many more friends she could have! Only a few days of school have passed so far, and it is not yet too late to make our friendships genuine ones. So let us all at Ward-Belmont strive to be friends and in so doing, we shall find our lives greatly enriched.

GREAT NIECE OF MRS. JAMES K. POLK MAKES INTERESTING COMMENT ON STORY

The Hyphen article "A True Story of a Girl Who Went Away to School Over 100 Years Ago" brought to light some interesting personal history which has never been written. Miss Susan Childress Rucker, who is in charge of Ward-Belmont's Infirmary, is the granddaughter of the little Susan Childress who went away to school to Salem, North Carolina, with her sister Sarah, who later became the wife of James K. Polk,

eleventh president of the United States.

Miss Rucker has in her possession a piece of embroidery done by her grandmother at the time her great aunt did the piece which bears such a striking resemblance to the tomb of President Polk. She has also several pieces of silver and furniture which belonged to the Childress family.

The stories which Miss Rucker heard as a child bring out many interesting points concerning the life of Mrs. Polk and her people which have never been published. She has promised to make notes on some of them for "The Hyphen."

Tennessee history is coming more and more to the front in the publications of the day and writers from all parts of the country are seeking material concerning her heroes and heroines. The Saturday Evening Post has started a series of articles in which much attention is being given to the campaign of President Polk and one famous university has recently provided scholarships for graduate work in historic research south of the Mason and Dixon line. Some of the material handled by outside writers has done credit to the subject, but much of it has grossly misrepresented some of Tennessee's most interesting characters.

The girl who is interested in writing her book is not doing better than to choose her subject from her immediate surroundings. Tennessee of the past, as well as the Tennessee of the present, is rich in stories of romance, adventure and high accomplishment.

SIDELIGHTS ON THE EUROPEAN TOUR

Having already loaded our trusty handbags, we decided to invest in another piece of luggage, and I selected quite an attractive looking suitcase, or it really looked more like a young cardboard trunk, and thus conquering our difficulties, we thought that we should indulge in an afternoon tea, dear, dear. So we bounced in a most antique enclosed kitty-car looking affair and totted all over Paris. "Bon-jour" being the extent of my vocabulary, I felt sure that we would reach our destiny with the assistance of a little demonstration, so we started punching on the upholstery, the driver registered, or gave a knowing little gurgle and coo and put the old chariot in first. We felt like Mrs. Gotrock herself and pulled up in front of the Tea Shop, stepped off in a stately fashion, with my little black coat suit, resembling widow's weeds, and a white blouse, walking shoes that look more like violin cases, and a peculiar looking little Italian slouch hat, and I must not fail to add the suitcase. We walked in, stood in the midst of ruffles, fluffy gowns, silk hats, and monies. I was just dumbfounded. We had expected a quite honey little two-table affair, it wouldn't have been such a panic, except that my weird sense of humor started performing. First a smile, then with all of my strength holding back snickers until tears came streaming down. I knew that the no-

bility must have thought that Niagara herself was in their midst—but there we stood, no seats in the front so we walked, yes, walked, in the scent of the Houbigant. I felt as if I was in the land of fairies. But we made it to the back and I started to sit down but the suitcase was in the way. I could easily have rested on my laurels the rest of my life as a human derrick and proceeded to transplant it over my chair to the other side. I have been embarrassed, but never that I know that sensation, even if Mac Sennett would have given a fortune to have seen our "suitcase Simpson" episode in reality. But for myself I haven't recuperated yet.

MRS. ROY-SCHMITZ AND MISS SCUDDER RECEIVE FAVORABLE COMMENT

Interesting comment on the work of a Ward-Belmont teacher and her former student has come to the attention of The Hyphen. Silvio Scinti, of the American Conservatory of Music, Chicago, recently wrote the following letter concerning Mrs. Estelle Roy-Schmitz and Frances Scudder, Mrs. Roy-Schmitz two years ago:

"The work of Mrs. Estelle Roy-Schmitz—both personally and through her student, Frances Scudder—has come under my consideration for some time, and I am happy to say that she is a teacher of well grounded and modern ideas with the ability to impart them, as well as embody them in her own playing.

"It is gratifying to estimate the value of work based on high standards, and how stimulating is such work to the educational progress of a community."

(Signed) Silvio Scinti."
Mrs. Schmitz studied under Mr. Scinti last summer and Miss Scudder has been studying with him for the two past years.

JOYS OF ALL CLUB RECEPTION EVEN OUTLIVE MEMORIES OF ACHING FEET

Aching feet!
The inquiring reporter limped about in search of news and hearing of nothing but bruised and broken feet, asked the question of twenty-five girls, "Did your feet ache after the reception Saturday night?" Five were unable to answer for the misery the question suggested while two looked with pity upon the asker of such a dumb question. The thirteen remaining made answer with wails of "Yes, yes." Some few even insisted they were paralyzed for a few minutes following the battle of removing their shoes. Among those giving such testimony are Alyene God, Evelyn Dobbs, Dorothy Jones, and Mary Lois Patterson. All were eager to appraise the good sense of the girl who wore her music instead of her evening slippers.

One certain party, Margaret Miller by name, came creeping into her room shoes in hand. "It's a whole lot

cheaper to buy new hose than new feet," she philosophized.

It was a night of relief to the monitors. The girls were too tired and footsore to follow the general routine of talking and giggling.

Above the widespread epidemic of blistered heels, newly acquired corns, bruised and sore feet, arises again the memory of the punch, candy and nuts and the strains of the dance music that gave life to those same aching feet. "Yes, but it was worth it," they all say as they paste the court plaster with something of real pleasure.

ALUMNAE NOTES

Edna Loughridge, a graduate of '27, who is now attending Florida State Woman's College at Tallahassee, is pledged to Kappa Alpha Theta. Charlotte Wettsch and Marjorie Moss ('21) are at Missouri University.

Alice Goukling and Mary Martini ('27) are at the University of Illinois.

Doris Tremblay is attending the New York School of Dramatic Art.

Virginia Farmer ('27) has been in Nashville as a guest of Miss Mary Padgett. She plans to spend the winter studying in Chicago.

WHY NOT HAVE A PHOTOGRAPH CONTEST?

It really seems to me a pity that we should not have a contest here to see which girl has the most pictures in her room. Laid end to end the photos would reach from here to—well, anyway, there and back.

It occurs to me that the best way to do it would be to move all the furniture out of Beck Hall (it could be stored in the storage rooms, they're always raving about how much space there is) then hang the pictures about in groups; each group formed of the portraits belonging to one girl. Every portrait would bear a plate, clearly printed, which would tell the name of the boy, whether it is a good likeness or not, that he is or is not a good dancer, how many dates he has had, how long he has known the owner of the group, and a complete description.

The only drawback to such a contest would be that an unpleasant rivalry might be stirred up among the contestants and might lead even so far as hair pulling bouts, and it certainly would be a shame if anything like that should happen to damage treasures which are being so carefully allowed to grow without the interference of the barber's shears.

However, it is a good idea, if it is impractical.

THE MAIL BOX

Aren't the mail boxes thrilling? The mere sight of mine makes my heart leap with joy. The possibility that even if there is no letter today there may be one tomorrow makes me palpitant. I have decamped to tell from away across the room whether there is a letter or not; but that means

nothing, for if the box looks empty from that distance there just might be something there if I got closer. I elbow my way through seas of girls all dashing for their boxes. Or trying to get to a place where they can read their mail in peace.

What a dreadful feeling when, at closest inspection, the box proves to be empty! What joy when there is a letter in it! What ecstasy when there is an orange slip which states almost unintelligently that one of those intriguing parcels in the Package Room is actually for you! What triumph to be able to wave in the face of that catty girl who is always raving about all the college boys she knows a letter (nice and thick) from your own college boy, or if you have none, a letter which has an unmistakable air of masculinity even if the water is your brother. What a pleasant feeling when your chum writes that she is forced to rise at an earlier hour than you are; that lights go out for her sooner than for you; and that the food at her school is terrible; for some reason it makes every thing look a little more rosy and endurable to know that someone else has all the disagreeable things and has all the agreeable ones that you have. What genuine happiness at the letter from your mother? How does she know just what things you want to hear about home? Which things will make you laugh, and which will make you bite your lips to keep the miserable tears from choking you? Mothers just seem to, somehow. And then—crowning delight! The letter from dad which, upon being opened, sheds a long blue-green slip of paper which holds promises of football games and trips to the movies, a new bottle of that heavenly perfume that everyone is using, or even that darling dress you saw downtown on your last shopping expedition.

O, verily, mail boxes are wonderful and delightful things.

EXCHANGE CORNER

Northeast Courier—We think your column "They Say" a fine way of giving the students an opportunity of expressing their opinions on school topics.

The Hornet, Furman University—Your sport page is especially well edited.

Mount Berry News—Your column, "Idle Thoughts," is very interesting.

The Coyote, Weatherford, Texas—We enjoyed reading your paper and will be glad to exchange with you.

The Student Lantern, Saginaw, Michigan—Your column, "In the Limelight," is well written and affords a good opportunity of mentioning the names of the student body—always an interesting feature.

SENIOR PRIVILEGES

Speaking of grand and glorious feelings—what could be more grand and glorious than going down town for lunch on Senior privileges for the first time! No wonder Seniors have such a satisfied appearance. It does give you a terribly grown-up feeling

to go to town unchaperoned. But, in spite of that thrill, a little feeling of guiltiness just will come when you walk out the north front entrance and stand waiting for the street car. You can't help looking over your shoulder to see if there isn't someone coming after you. But, after you get down town you begin to feel "natural" again, because you were allowed to leave the chaperon when you were only a *Senior Middle*. Usually the first thing of interest is food. A mad rush is made for Hettie Ray's or some other such alluring place. After giving your order and waiting until your patience is exhausted, the waitress finally appears with your lunch. The first taste of that delicious fruit salad since you left home! Is it a grand and glorious feeling? I'll say it is!

TALES FROM WARD SEMINARY — 20 YEARS AGO

Perhaps you would like to know something of boarding school life at old Ward Seminary 20 years ago. All right, I'll pass on to you a most interesting little chat that I had with Miss Amis Tuesday afternoon. As I was a little early, I was fortunate enough to hear part of a recitation in a fifth grade French class. After several openings and shuttings of doors to illustrate "ouvert in porte" and "ferme in porte," Miss Amis asked each little pupil to tell what she could say in French. One rose and announced she could say "oui mademoiselle," another, "parlez-vous francais?" Another little girl stood up and said she could shut the door but could not say it in French. Miss Amis plead, "Please don't rattle the ink-wells so; they go 'bump, bump.'" A brave voice asked, "How do you say 'bump, bump, in French?'"

Well, that was all very amusing; now we must return to our story. Old Ward Seminary was located on 8th Avenue near Church Street. The new additions made it rambling, and the various buildings were connected by all kinds of halls and passageways. The roof garden was a favorite spot—especially after light bell when the girls would sneak out of their rooms to meet their friends.

The practice rooms were also a favorite place as girls could hide behind the pianos and avoid going to church. The old girls loved to play pranks on the newcomers; so they discovered an old-fashioned, keyless organ when pumped up would render sounds not unlike a person in agony. On extremely dark nights new girls were taken to the "haunted" room to hear the ghost moan.

The social life of the school was centered in sororities such as: Delta Sigma, Delta Delta, and Argonauts (a day student club). Miss Amis and Mrs. Bryan are both members of the

Argonauts. These sororities gave banquets and teas as a social diversion.

One of the most exciting events of one year was the Vanderbilt fire. Force almost had to be used to bring the girls away from the roof garden back to study hall.

If you were fortunate enough to have a fireplace in your room, it was permissible to pop corn, and although not permissible very enjoyable to make fudge and add the butter you had brought up from dinner in your napkin. (This was possible as each girl had her own napkin and took it upstairs when it got dirty.) But-ter was often hard to manage as each girl had to turn around as she left the dining room and bow before Dr. and Mrs. Blanton's table.

Ten years later Ward Seminary was combined with Belmont College which is now our own Ward-Belmont.

Song at the end of the month:

"Break, break, break
On thy cold gray shores, O sea;
But though you break forever,
You'll never be broke as me."

A timid little freshman

To the new joke box did come
She there dropped in a penny
And waited for the gum.



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BELL'S BOOTERIES

FEMININE FOOTWEAR

504 Church Street

Nashville, Tenn.

The Diary of Mistress Belle Ward



Tuesday—September 20.

Who says I don't rate? Got six letters and a postcard today! Did hear from both Bill and Bob and it complicates matters dreadfully since I'd vowed to be forever faithful to the one who wrote first. And now I can't tear up either's photo and cast him from my heart forever. Such is young love. 'Tis a cruel, cruel fate.

Broke down and studied with much gusto tonite until I suddenly be-thought me that I had a date with Mr. Shakespeare at the library.

Wednesday—September 21.

All thrilled over the slip in my box till I found it was a fine-slip from the library for keeping "Far from the Maddening Crowd" out. If I'd kept it out a year it never would have sunk in. That man Hardy must be the original Mr. Gloom.

My disposition is becoming much too social—wore the heels off my mules jogging downstairs to talk. Gossip is so intriguing. Ah! The eternal feminine!

To gym to dance tonite with my rusher and nigh disgraced myself I was so out of practice. Did manage to fall and acquire a black eye and two bumps. It's all in a day's work.

Thursday—September 22.

Today's my lucky day! Did manage to get a beautiful chocolate cake and three cans of soup through the post office. But oh tragedy! There was no knife! Oh well, another nail file gone for a good cause.

Street-carred downtown tonight a is usual chaperon, saw "Camille," and heard the fight returns. Every time I'd get ready to look over the picture, the announcer would shriek out something about a punch in the nose. Now I ask you, howza good girl to show proper appreciation under the circumstances? Did manage to use up two hankies and my best scarf though. And that prize fight won my eternal disgust and about everything else but the family jools. Much excitement on the street car going home when a policeman got on and jabbed a man in the ribs with a huge gun. I all but lost my chewing gum in the shuffle.

Friday—September 23.

Slid into breakfast after the bell and unfortunately my dear hostess precipitated me because of my short skirt. Whereupon she blessed me out with much vim and vigor for my un-seemly garb. But I was thankful it wasn't anything worse and fervently blessed the tie that bound.

Clubbed extensively this p. x. Had

bids to various and sundry teas and though I went to four by way of investigation, the tea was a minus quantity. Think they were trying to keep something from me!

Saturday—September 24.

Tubbed, shampooed, and manicured all day in preparation for the social function tonite. And did I shake hands? My poor abused little fingers long ago shriveled up and died. But I fooled 'em and took out my spite by eating all the food I could catch which was no small amount, you can just bet your concrete victrola needles. I'm the original go-getter when it comes to procuring nourishment for my feeble frame. Did see one girl in the receiving line with mules on and envied her with a deep-seated jealousy. Ah, to have such courage.

Sunday—September 25.

I knew it was coming—long have I anticipated it. Hah! must have had a good effect on me because I broke down and went to Sunday school. If mamma could but have seen me then! Also churched of necessity and was actually alarmed when Miss Morrison said we could talk awhile.

Languished on the campus this p. x. hoping for something to happen. Well something did. Tore a run in my one and only pair of hose and almost lost my sense of humor over it. Such is life in a female seminary!

"Carry me back to old Virginny."

Did enjoy Miss Van Hooser's talk about Japan but nigh went distracted 'mid the coughs from various and sundry members of the audience. All but rose up and throttled 'em.

Thought I might study tonight but after I'd set the mousetrap and put in my water wave combs, I was much too weary. So to bed.

Monday—September 26.

Nary a letter. Mlle. Vimont called on me and I all but choked to death in my effort to be obliging and answer promptly.

Tearoomed weightily as usual and thence, to read a most exciting novel.

Tuesday—September 27.

Did not arise until my hostess saw fit to tap gently on my door and advise me that 'twas breakfast time. Did scramble too hastily into my clothes dislodging several buttons in the rush and thereby necessitating the use of several safety-pins in my morning attire. Prevented me not at all from "branning" lustily.

One lone letter advising me that my Cosmog. subscription had expired.

almost did likewise from disappointment. Did spill the ink bottle all over me in filling out the new blank. Oh well, it's all in the day's work.

Broke down and wrote seven letters tonight, nigh wore myself out licking the stamps. Must trickle off to bed.

Au revoir, dear Diary.

WEDDINGS

The following wedding announcements are sure to be of interest to the students:

Nathalie Virginia Maynard ('27) to Charles Tiffany St. Clair, Jr., in Bluefield, West Virginia, on September 6.

Valia Margaret Thomas ('27), Colorado Springs, Colorado, to Thomas Rogers Leahy on August 26.

Josephine Adams to John Wilhoite Horton, October 6, in Lewisburg, Tennessee.

Mary Katherine Mobley ('24) to Donovan Boyd Dainels, September 8 in New York City.

Irene Patterson to James William Stamper, September 3 in Austin, Texas.

Ina Elizabeth Falconer ('24) to Malcolm William Welty in Green Mountain Falls, Colorado, on August 30.

Margaret Price ('23) to James Allen Lathrum, August 4 at Mount Morris, Illinois.

Emily Fredericks Schenck ('23) to Asler C. Dighton, June 22, at Pekin, Illinois.

Margaret Ordgen ('24) to Dr. Paul Victor Reinartz October 19, at Glen Ridge, New Jersey.

Pauline Elizabeth Rowden to William Henry Islar at Waycross, Georgia, September 7.

Jean Irene Richardson to Horace Ely McKnight, October 11, at Detroit, Michigan.

JOKES

Scenario Writer: "Two burglars enter. The clock strikes one."
Actor: "Which one?"

It takes a freshman some time to get over her school daze.

Many a college degree is zero.

Cheek is the sub-soil of rouge.

One of the worst habits of which we know is that of the carpenter who continually bites his nails.

"What is art?"

"A pitcher can can't pour anything out of."

Miss Hollinger: "What insect lives in the least food?"
Bright S. M.: "The moth. It eats holes."

"What is a goblet?"
(Thinking of brother in navy): "A small sailor."

You have to dig to cultivate your mind.

She: "I wouldn't marry you if you were the last man on earth."
He: "Of course you wouldn't. You'd get killed in the rush."

Do you carrot all for me.
My heart beats for you
With your cherry lips
And peach complexion,
Radish hair and turnip nose,
My love is as soft as a squash
As strong as an onion
If we cantaloupe, lettuce marry,
We'll make a good pear.

Read backwards!
Do dumbbells all; it do would you know we.

Pullman teeth means one upper and one lower.

The Bored of Education is the teacher of the Flapper Class.

When you come to the end of your rope, tie a knot in it and hang on.

Conversation with some folks is like touring by motor. They always have to make such very long detours

Most things we learn from experience come under the head of compulsory education.

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Individuality!

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Peeping Ahead in the Fashion Calendar!

THAT'S the everlasting job of Lebeck Bros. Buyers—and their alertness is reflected in the intriguing styles, the clever accessories smart women will wear now, next month and the month after.

To the girls of Ward-Belmont we extend an invitation to make Lebeck's story style headquarters—and if there is any way we can assist you we stand ready to do so.

If you keep up with the traditions of your Alma Mater you'll be sure to be intimately acquainted with this big, friendly store.

Lebeck Bros.



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The season's most desired fashion at the town's lowest prices—ALWAYS!

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PARCHMENT KID
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In High Heels Too!

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—Evening Slippers
—Hostery for Every Shoe

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Schumacher



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If your picture was made earlier in the year, or even several seasons back, it is quite simple for us to make new prints for you at a surprisingly low price.

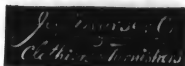
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WARD-BELMONT GIRLS

POST-OFFICE POLLY ON CLUB RUSHING

Dear Family:

We have been having awfully hard work and long assignments, but I am mindful of what a great deal of this year's work will always mean to me and am making the most of all my advantages. Spilt a bottle of ink on my green striped dress but I really couldn't have worn it much longer, anyway.

The girls have been so darling to me since I've been here—the old girls especially. They have asked me to the tea room so much and I have had several invitations to go down to the gym and dance. The girls are not allowed to spend money on me, but they all say that they wish they could. They seem so thoughtful about giving us a good time. I have gone to three club houses to play bridge and everyone seemed so anxious for me to see the house and all. I never did see so many darling, sweet girls.

I need money. I gotta fix up our room cute, as everyone else does. All I need is about \$50. I could make it darling on that.

Will write more next time. Tell Dad to write.

Love,

SISTER.

Darling:

It seems an age since I came to this moth-eaten old hole, but it is still 78 more days till I will see you again. I got your sweet letter and candy. Can't you send me a pennant for my room? That's a dear.

I am bored to death by all the little "parties" I have been going to. They are rushing me and one of the things we have to do is to go these dinky little open-houses—go in and shake hands, sit around and talk, dance with a girl (they're all rotten leaders), play bridge and then leave—without any food. Oh, how different from what I'd be doing at home! Even at State we would be having a good time, wouldn't we? I was dumb not to go there.

Yes, dearest, I remember what you said—in fact, there isn't anything about that last night I don't remember. We'll always remember, won't we?

Well, I guess there's nothing left to do but sit around and wait 'till Christmas.

Loving you as ever,
PAULINE.

Betty, honey!

This school is just the grandest thing you ever heard of. I'm so glad I did not decide to go to State the way you are. You really don't miss the boys much and you meet so many darling girls.

I am just too busy for words. The clubs are giving me quite a big rush. Each club has a perfectly precious little club house and they have been giving all kinds of parties—bridge, dancing, open-house, and such attractive girls! The old girls have been rushing me by taking me to the tea room, which is the cutest thing, with the most delicious food. I have also had several dates to dance at the

gym, which is more fun than a circus.

Pete is still writing, has sent me a grand box of Whitman's, and is sending me a pennant. Are you and Bob getting along better than you were?

Now I must stop as I have a date in fifteen minutes. Tell everyone to write and I'll try to find time to answer.

Lots of love,
POLLY.

NIZE BEEBES

Witt apologies to Milt Gross and no ooder authors.

In de autoom ven de leefes fall, End de scule bell starts to ding, Den I tink of vamous beople, Presidents and odder tings, Dere is Margaret Ellen furstly President uff all vot ees, Dere's Mees Jay de beeg whole cheep Of de seniors, ez you please.

Dere is Volley, red weeg, four eyes, Main ooffer uff hum uff seniors, Itsy coo-coo Catherine Blackman Spicking witt a voice axcited,

"Oi, oi! Not so much de leepatick," To de noisy golls she shouted,

Den dere's leedle Doty Jones, Hoptimeestic chapel shushser, Ruth Rattrill ees dizzy mamma

Never hurries 'es dey rush her, Mary Eleanor, purtee beebie Hedwertizement uff de Y.

Zuzie Zonit ees mamma's dollink Cause she eed opp all de oatmeal, End witt dis my tale iss told

Neher to be sung no more Cause ven yonce you've read, forget it Forget it now und ebmore.

Dear Cynthia

Sara said to me:
They say—Love is blind,
They say—'Well, I'm
in love
all right!
I was just
going out
of town to
buy a new
gown when
I discovered
we have the newest
and most reasonable
things right here at



Bella!
— Boris —

Bell's Booteries

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WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

Volume XVII

NASHVILLE, TENN., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1927

Number 4

WARD-BELMONT'S SYMPATHY EXTENDED TO MRS. PEAY

Bereaved Wife of Tennessee's Governor Was Student at Belmont College

The entire state of Tennessee is stunned by the death of Governor Austin Peay and citizens from the humblest to the highest walks of life have tendered their sympathy to his bereaved family. Ward-Belmont School, through official channels, has formally tendered its expression of sympathy, but there is a deeper, more personal sympathy for Mrs. Peay in the heart of the school, for she as a young girl was a student at Belmont College.

Mrs. Peay's important part in the success of her distinguished husband was recognized by everyone and the Governor, himself, often declared that she was "the girl to whom I owe all the success I ever achieved." She took a keen interest in every phase of his work, traveled with him during his campaigns, kept newspaper clippings, managed the governor's mansion with a grace seldom equaled, and nursed him during the severe illnesses from which he had apparently recovered with a devotion which undoubtedly lengthened his life. Frequently Mrs. Peay, fearing that the pressure of official duties would cause Governor Peay to forget his medicine would go personally to the Capitol to see that he took it.

During the years Mrs. Peay has been mistress of the governor's mansion she has made thousands of friends in official circles, as well as in private life. Before she came to Nashville as wife of Tennessee's chief executive she had already become prominent in women's club work and had won many warm friends outside of her immediate neighborhood. Today the women of Tennessee, like the students and alumnae of Ward-Belmont, grieve not only at the loss of a distinguished statesman, but for the suffering of a woman who has been closely identified with their interests.

Sunday morning Governor Peay made his last public appearance when he visited a hospital ward carrying flowers to little sick children—at five o'clock he had a cerebral hemorrhage and at eight o'clock that evening he died. One of his last official acts was the proclamation of "Girls' Week," in which he expressed lofty sentiments regarding the training of the young womanhood of the state. In all of these gentler acts one could see the influence of Mrs. Peay. She was always with him when he attended church services, when he visited the prisons and was at his side on many vexing problems

(Continued on page 3.)

Ward-Belmont Mourns

Ward-Belmont joins in mourning the untimely death of Governor Austin Peay. It is particularly fitting that the youth of the state should mourn his death, for throughout his administration he showed an unusual interest in the welfare of young people. One of the outstanding accomplishments of Gov. Peay's administration was the act providing for an eight-months minimum term for the elementary schools of the state. Ward-Belmont has an even deeper interest in him, however, for his bereaved wife, Sallie Hurst Peay, was at one time a student at Belmont College.

Three other deaths which occurred last week have also aroused the sympathy of the school—that of Mr. David C. Scales, father of Mrs. A. B. Benedict; that of Col. Charles C. Winnia, brother of Miss Catherine Winnia, and Mrs. John Willoughby, aunt of Miss Paine.

FEAR OF DEATH

Sad thoughts there are that come to me when on
Some high hill I stand to watch the stars
And keeps a vigil through the darkening hours
That slowly pass until at last comes dawn
Pale dawn, who comes with blinking eye and yawn,
To gather in her arms the star-flowers
And paint the sky with mauve and violet bars,
Then call to the sun that the moon is gone.
But when I try I find it hard to tell
Why sadness has me thus in its grim grasp
And I feel as if my tired soul did gasp
In despair as it fell to some dread hell
Of never-ending misery, when my breath
Falls and I know it's just my fear of death.

FLAG AT HALF MAST FOR GOVERNOR PEAY

Three Other Deaths Touch School

Ward-Belmont's flag was lowered to half-mast not only for Governor Peay, but also for three others whose deaths touched members of the school staff. Mr. David C. Scales, father of Mrs. A. B. Benedict, died Saturday night; Col. Charles C. Winnia, brother of Miss Catherine Winnia, died Friday afternoon, September 30, at El Paso, Texas, and Mrs. John Willoughby, aunt of Miss Alma Paine, died Sunday night at her home at Rossvie, Tennessee.

Mr. Scales, who was a veteran of

the Civil War, had lived a long, useful life in Nashville. He was highly respected and his passing is mourned by a large circle of friends and acquaintances.

Col. Winnia was formerly a Nashville man. He was a veteran of both the Spanish-American War and the World War. The fact that he was gassed while in service overseas is thought to have hastened his death.

Mrs. Benedict, Miss Winnia and Miss Paine have the sincere sympathy of the school, as well as Mrs. Peay.

MISS TOWNSEND IN AUSTRIA

This summer while in Europe Miss Pauline Townsend spent several weeks in Salzburg (instead of Strassburg) as stated in THE HYPHEN, Austria, attending the festival conducted by the great producer, Max Reinhardt, producer of "The Miracle."

She was accompanied by Miss Velma Jones who is now a member of the School of Expression in capacity of supervisor of practice and assistant in children's classes.

WARD-BELMONT STUDENT SINGS AT COLUMBIA

Miss Pearl Harper, a Ward-Belmont music student, who has been visiting her sister at Columbia, Tennessee, sang at the eleven o'clock service of the First Methodist Church, of Columbia, last Sunday morning. The Columbia paper said:

"Miss Harper has a beautiful soprano voice and is a student at the Ward-Belmont Conservatory. She is visiting her sister, Miss Allie Bess Harper at the home of Mrs. J. H. McMahon."

WARD-BELMONT ENTERTAINS TENNESSEE FEDERATION BOARD

Mrs. E. O. Susong, president of the Tennessee Federation of Women's Clubs, and over fifty prominent club women from all parts of the state, held their fall board meeting at Ward-Belmont, Friday. A beautiful luncheon was tendered in their honor in the Recreation Hall by the Ward-Belmont hostesses, Mrs. J. D. Blanton, Mrs. John W. Barton and Mrs. A. B. Benedict. The roses used in decorating the tables and as favors were presented Mrs. Blanton by the Joy Floral Company.

The meeting was held in the studio of Miss Pauline Sherwood Townsend and at the opening of the afternoon session Miss Townsend's presence was requested in order that the Federation Board might express its appreciation for the use of her charming quarters. At the conclusion of the afternoon session a rising vote of thanks was extended to Ward-Belmont for the many delightful features of the day.

During the luncheon Mrs. Flora Myers Gillentine, former president of the Tennessee Federation of Women's Clubs, who is a graduate of Ward Seminary, expressed her admiration of Dr. and Mrs. Blanton and declared that whatever her success in public life has been she owes it to them. Mrs. Gillentine is nationally prominent in women's club work and she is to be Tennessee's candidate for the presidency of the General Federation of Women's Clubs.

Mrs. Susong, in her address at the luncheon, declared that she wished she could turn the hands of the clock back and be a student at Ward-Belmont. She particularly mentioned the beautiful surroundings and the excellence of the equipment provided for the training of young women. Other speakers at the luncheon were Mrs. Benton McMillin and Mrs. Alex S. Caldwell, both former presidents of the State Federation. Mrs. John G. Gilmore presided during the luncheon program and Miss Claire Harper, accompanied by Mrs. Kenneth Rose, rendered charmingly two violin solos.

The importance of school organizations in training women for public activities was strikingly shown by the presence at the meeting of several gifted women whose first experience in organization work was in their school clubs.

SENIOR CLASS OFFICERS

The senior class officers were elected as follows: Viola Jay, president; Catherine Standifer, vice-president; Betty Weber, secretary, Margaret Alice Lowe, treasurer.



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CHAPEL NOTES

Thursday—September 22.

Miss Morrison made several announcements that concerned the student body as a whole.

Friday—September 23.

The Chapel period was taken up with the election of THE HYPHEN staff.

Saturday—September 24.

The day students were excused from chapel, but the boarders were assigned their church seats.

Monday—September 26.

Dr. Barton spoke to us on "Education." He stated that it was very interesting to note that the daily papers gave some thought to things that were not material. He gave as an example an article in the *Kansas City Star* on "Education." He said that usually only the material gains from a good education were shown, but this article stated that although many people went to college because it was the conventional thing to do, they should desire an education for the personal joy and spiritual help which they obtain from it.

Tuesday—September 27.

Miss Morrison made some announcements.

Wednesday, September 28.

Dr. Barton announced that a cup would be given to the club having the highest scholastic standing for each semester. This cup must be won three times before it becomes the permanent property of any club.

Thursday, September 29.

Miss Morrison made several announcements.

Friday, September 30.

Dr. Barton told of Lindbergh's proposed visit to Nashville on October 4. The students were to go to the stadium to hear him speak. However, this visit has been postponed on account of the death of Tennessee's executive, Governor Peay.

Monday, October 3.

Dean Quaid spoke on "Work." He said that we should not worry if someone else got a little better grades than we did if we did our best. He quoted Edison as saying that 90 per cent perspiration and 10 per cent inspiration make up genius. The spirit in which we do our work means more than the work we accomplish.

Tuesday, October 4.

There were several announcements. The subscriptions for the HYPHEN were given.

AVOIRDUPOIS

I wish I were a thinner lass,
Not quite so plump and round;
I wish I knew some easy way
To lose weight pound by pound.

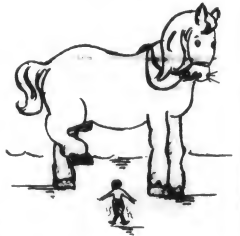
I'd like to be as slender as
The swaying water reed
That bends beneath the evening breeze,
A-blowing o'er the mead.

I'd like to have a lot of poise
And be so slim and tall—
But I'm so big and fat, I have
Avoirduois, that's all!

THE ANCIENT ART OF HORSEBACK RIDING

Horseback riding is really an ancient and refined art which every girl should at some time attempt. 'Tis true that now we cannot hit forth in velvets and plumes like Mary, Queen of Scots, but then tweeds and leathers always did become my athletic type of beauty.

Being a lady of brawn and muscle, I had no fear of ferocious steeds. Besides, I was instructed with the usual fairy-tale that anyone can conquer a raging horse by merely looking him straight in the eye. I haven't decided now whether my horse was cross-eyed or whether I was, but some one certainly had a wrong slant on the subject, for that migrating animal showed disdain from the very first by loping off when I raised my booted foot to mount and leaving me to climb the empty air. Finally, when no one was looking, I managed to climb the fence and hop into the saddle. I really felt as if I were trying to manage Mt. Olympus, for I had that far-away feeling—you



know—far removed from mother earth. With the position thus taken my first horseback sliding lesson began. When the horse heaved up I sank down and so we joggled around the circle.

My animal was really a beautiful creature, a glistening steed with defined curves. His marcelled mane and curly tail waved gracefully in the air, and we were going beautifully until Mt. Olympus heaved his back and made a sudden stop. I have often admired the skill of the cow boys when they buck a bronco, but I really never intended to demonstrate the process myself. My trappings and I flew simultaneously into the air and returned a little to the rear of my former seat. From there I began a beautiful back-slide somersault that placed me in the cinders between the back feet of Olympus. My hands were filled with half of the horse's mane and tail, so I guess that was what displeased him, for he had started away. A little ahead of me he stopped, glanced back over his left shoulder and laughed, then galloped away.

That was my first riding lesson, but I feel that I had experience enough to begin a school where I shall have steeds of all flavors—meek and mild—sleek and wild. Horseback sliding will be my specialty, but every girl will have to furnish her own arnica.

WARD-BELMONT'S SYMPATHY EXTENDED TO MRS. PEAY

(Continued from page 1.)

concerning the unfortunates who have become the care of the state, were being considered by him.

Miss Ida E. Hood, in discussing Mrs. Peay's school days at Belmont said:

"Sallie always had the most beautiful literary taste. I have always had the theory that if girls filled their minds with lovely things there would be no room for ugly thoughts or ugly actions, so I had the girls select and memorize quotations which appealed to them. Sallie and one other girl who was a student at the same time always brought in the most beautiful ones."

Governor Peay was a truly great man and his three administrations as governor, although the third was never finished, will always stand out as a remarkable period in Tennessee history. His service to his state was made richer and fuller by having ever at his side such a woman as Mrs. Peay.

FOOTBALL GAME

Tramp, tramp, tramp, the girls were marching! And so far as I could see, they would continue to march for some time. Ten or twelve blocks farther on, however, there were some signs of life to indicate that after all they had not come in vain. Before them was the football field, hot and muddy but thrilling as ever—that is until they were seated and in a position to feel the heat. Both teams looked as if they might

also enjoy a gust of cold wind at that particular time. But as none was forthcoming, they proceeded to play as best they could 'mid the difficulties nature had seen fit to inflict. The game itself was much too one-sided to be very exciting, but then it was a real live football game and that was something. As the game progressed the heat did likewise, and there seemed to be a premium on drinking water a la pop bottles. In the due course of events, it was auctioned off to the highest bidders. The game finally did end with Vandy leading 39-10, despite heat, thirst, and discomfort. And the W.-B. girls came marching home again.

THE OBSERVER

There were no cases reported at the first monitors' meeting in Pembroke. We learn that Pearson is living in Senior this year.

We note that Margaret King is constantly in a land of fairies and she claims that it is the heat.

Our intelligent little A. K. playmates are trying to give Socrates a little competition. They were so anxious to receive the little jug that they even took the stand.

Gilby and Doc. are quite efficient electricians, and are all for playing the part of Edison. I know Mr. Berry will be relieved.

No, why, this is the last place on earth that I would come. "Hello, Eleanor," we certainly are glad to see you back."

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WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

Published every Saturday by the students of Ward-Belmont.

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Editor-in-Chief.....Virginia Bush
Associate Editor... Kathryn Glasford
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.....Margaret Alice Looie
Advertising Manager. Isabel Goddard
Reporters—Mary Louise Wilcox, Louise Graves, Mary Virginia Payne, Florence Hayes, Celestina Young, Juanita Kenamer, Alice Macduff, Miriam Whitehead, Marjorie Barclay.

Application for second-class entry pending.

EDITORIAL

Now that formal invitations are over, the new girls should be thinking of their responsibilities as club members; and the old girls should be again turning to their club duties. Their membership should mean something more to them than a mere social good time, for upon it are based the finest associations of life at Ward-Belmont. The girls should strive to maintain friendly relations among their clubs, but at the same time they should cultivate a spirit of friendly rivalry; for that always makes for growth and improvement.

In assuming the duties of a club officer or even a member, a girl is doing something which will benefit her greatly in later life. Most of the prominent club and society women of today began their experience along those same lines in college.

So, as we begin another year of club life, let each one of us strive to make her club bigger and finer; because she is fortunate enough to be one of its members.

THOUGHTS OF THE FOLKS BACK HOME HELP

When you have the lazy desire or intention to put off preparing that lesson which you are to have tomorrow or even the day after try thinking about the folks back home. Think what they are expecting of you, never forgetting the check you have just received as a reminder that they love you and have faith in you. Then there will come the comforting knowledge that no one ever failed when they tried with full knowledge that someone had faith in them.

If you doubt that someone is interested reread those letters from mother or dad or big sister. More than one failure has been erased by a letter from home. If your letters are a little late in coming keep trying, for you know that ere long the word you want will come. Don't go too far on the road of indifference, for there is a homecoming in the end. Be ready to greet the folks back home with a glad cry of conquest well done. The world's biggest failure is the fellow who doesn't care. There is a world of happiness and success in

Ward-Belmont awaiting each student who creates the right atmosphere within her own heart. Are you playing fair with Ward-Belmont and the folks back home?

HARMONY

We are a group assembled for the same purpose—primarily to get an education—and we should be a harmonious group. In a country the citizens work together with an ideal, and though they do not realize it, that ideal is to make their country the leading nation of the world. The entire system of this world and its people is built on harmony.

Without that element no race can exist. Why are things beautiful? Because they agree and are consistent and harmonious. A melody is pleasant to the ear because it is harmonious; dance is the harmony of movement and music; poetry is the harmony of words; a nation is a harmony of people; a school is the harmony of students.

We cannot all be the dominant factors. Some of us must play the second parts. We must be the background for the greater ones. But, let us be a cheerful background, for there is always some person to note the little things. Anne Bradstreet realized the value of harmonious co-operation, and she used the tiny insects to illustrate her idea of its value when she said in "The Glories of Nature":

"I heard the merry grass-hopper then sing,
The black-clad crickets bear a second part.
They kept one tune and played on the same string,
Seeming to glory in their little art."

Let us then, all keep the same agreeable melody of school loyalty and glory in the art of keeping it.

OUTSIDE CIRCULATION IS DESIRE OF HYPHEN STAFF

Exchanges coming into the HYPHEN office at the present include papers from only fifteen colleges and high schools. A rapid increase in the number of exchanges to be received is expected. A large circulation of the HYPHEN among the colleges and high schools having the best publications is desired through the medium of exchange. Students knowing of high schools or colleges with publications of unusual merit should submit those names to some member of the HYPHEN staff or place them in the HYPHEN box.

Publications which come to the HYPHEN office at the present include "The New Student," from New York; "The Hornet," from Furman University, Greenville, S. C.; "The Northeast Courier," Northeast High School, Kansas City, Mo.; "Mount Berry News," Berry College, Berry, Ga.; "The C. B. C. Quacker," Chillicothe Business College, Chillicothe, Mo.; "Student Lantern," Saginaw High School, Saginaw, Mich.; "The Coyote," Weatherford College, Weatherford, Texas; "The Megaphone," Southwestern University, Georgetown,

Texas; "The Agonistic," Agnes Scott College, Decatur, Ga.; "The High Times," Springfield Senior High School, Springfield, Mo.; "The Ink-spot," Chenoa Community High School, Chenoa, Ill.; "The Tattler," Selma High School, Selma, Ala.; "The Wizard," Forrest High School, Chapel Hill, Tenn., and "The Sandtonian," Sand Springs High School, Sand Springs, Okla.

"Through a large exchange list we can secure the most advanced ideas of college students all over the United States and at the same time be spreading an idea of what school life at Ward-Belmont College is like," Virginia Bush, editor of THE HYPHEN said yesterday, when interviewed on the merit of a large number of exchanges.

IN THE EXCHANGE CORNER

The *New Student*, an intercollegiate paper from New York presents eight pages of the most interesting college news imaginable. Another name by which we might remember this magazine is "A Magazine of New Ideas." We especially enjoyed reading "Homecoming of the Scholar Gypsies."

In *The Coyote* from Weatherford College, Weatherford, Texas, our attention was held by the amount of news on the front page. This is a lively paper throughout and suggests that the reporters are alive to their duties. A larger number and greater variety of cuts would help, we think.

The Tattler, published by Selma High School, Selma, Alabama, has well edited material but the disappearance of "The" beginnings would improve front page stories. The literary page is exceptionally interesting and we would pay special compliment to the articles "Our Clock," "The Hermitage," "Rest," and "Don Ramon." We shall await with interest the appearance of another paper that we may again read from this page.

FAGS AND FAG-MASTERS

What a difference there is between being a "fag" and being a "fag-master" Who can ever forget the day they were fags? It doesn't seem possible that that any of us ever will! How our fag letter excited us! A mad search immediately began in every hall and in every room for anything from black cotton hose to green ink. When the morning finally arrived, everybody was in a wild state of excitement trying to get into her grotesque costume and get to her fag-master's room by six forty-five. How we had to work after we did get there! But there was one saving thought that persisted in our minds all day—we knew that we'd get to be fag-masters the next year and get to laugh as we were being laughed at. And we have. This year those who were only fags of yesterday were really "ladies of leisure." What a relief to have a fag to make up the bed, dust, and straighten up everything that had been accumulating for

the last week in anticipation of "fag day!" But the fun really began in the dining room where the fags, with their queer costumes and still queerer actions, would have made the Sphinx smile. How different it was to be able to eat bran with a spoon instead of trying to eat it with a knife off the back of a plate!

Yes, there certainly was a great difference throughout the whole day, but after all it would be hard to tell which is more fun—being a fag or being a fag-master.

AND OLD GIRL'S IMPRESSION OF FAG DAY

Gee! ain't it grand to have your clothes pressed, your bed made up, and your room straightened all for nothing? I'll say it is. Believe me, I sure did put my fags to work, too. Got back at them for what happened to me last year. Even made my fags give me a shampoo and manicure. Service—that's what I call it. Authority? My goodness, yes! I shouted orders all day. You can believe me they obeyed them, too. I made them do everything from making beds to writing letters for me. Ha! Ha! Got caught up on my correspondence finally.

The rain? Oh! it only added a little to the excitement and did not dampen our spirits at all.

Really! I can't believe we looked so outlandishly ridiculous ourselves last year. I can't picture us, the dignified (?) old girls, dressed as babies squawking for their mamas, gypsies, apaches, boys and girls, bunnies, old women, etc., like the motley crowd who staggered into the dining room Monday morning. They were all howling and cutting up something fierce! It's ten billion wonders that the little bell in the dining room isn't tapped to bits.

Believe me, sister, when I tell you I sure didn't come to crawl out this A.M. at six bells—especially on a rainy morning. Gosh it was worth it though to see the freakish looking humans on parade around the circle dripping with rain.

A FAG'S IMPRESSION OF FAG DAY

There's a wrinkle and it's in the very bottom sheet, so you'll have to make that bed all over, fag. Here, get down on the floor and wipe that grin off your face!"

It's all in a lifetime and one year at Ward-Belmont, and after all, the fag is the future fag-master. But really, wasn't the dining room a rare sight Monday morning? Girls sitting on the floor, eating with knives off of plates turned upside down, butter flying over in the direction of Mlle. Vimont's chair, some one standing on a table delivering a dissertation on what to do if no one likes you and even your best friend won't tell you. In the little leisure granted the fag she could get a huge thrill out of watching her fellow fags in distress, that is, if she, like the fag-masters, happened to have a cruel nature. It was awfully reassuring to see that the person next to you was having

CLUB LISTS

The following lists of new club members will undoubtedly interest all of the girls:

Twentieth Century—Nell Banks, Marjorie Barclay, Caroline Baxter, Dorothy Benton, Thelma Bohm, Ardelia Bowne, Felicia Chittick, Ruth Clark, Myrtella Daniels, Isabel Davis, Edna Dickson, Jimsey Duncan, Miriam Fairburn, Helen Feller, Helena Herloth, Nathalie Hines, Frances Hinson, Kathryn Hinson, Ann Dorsey Hogdon, Marion Hoshaw, Wynegene Hovendon, Faye Jasmin, Mary Lee Lafferty, Marion Lewis, Ruth Mason, Grace Miller, Katherine Miller, Foss O'Donnell, Genevieve Porta, Ruth Scharles, Martel Swan, Nettie Taylor, Katherine Waitt.

X. L.—Laurette Abercrombie, Vera Anderson, Sara Elizabeth Baker, Elmor Bell, Virginia Berry, Helen Baker, Bettie Page Bradford, Sara Louise Bradford, Eunice Brook, Eugenia Brown, Mary Elizabeth Bryan, Elizabeth Carr, Margaret Chandler, Eunice Conroy, Diana Cox, Helen Donkier, Hester Fiedler, Corinne Gray, Margaret Halberstadt, Elenore Hereford, Rebekah Lionberger, Mary Loyd, Mary Patricia McGowan, Mary Josephine Martin, Charlotte Neff, Mary Margaret Parker, Jean Peterson, Nanny Pierce, Mary Elizabeth Pusch, Ruth Ranney, Nancy Reynolds, Dorothy Russell, Eleanor Sapp, Helen Searcy, Marjorie Seamans, Margaret Lipscomb Smith, Jean Stotzer, Jean Stratton, Edith Toepel.

Tri-K—Irene Adams, Elizabeth Bagby, Christine Caldwell, Jessie Cosgrove, Eleanor DeWitt, Ruthe Donahoo, Hilma Lee Eklund, Alice Ellingson, Lois Fegles, Norma Gruber, Winifred Hagan, Rachel Havner, Martha Henderson, Barbara Higgins, Miriam Hipple, Nell Housley, Mildred Hutson, Alice Kamrar, Gladys Laird, Harriet Lawson, Anne Leifving, Jean MacDonald, Eleanor Marling, Ruth Moore, Dorothy Palmer, Margaret Payne, Jean Perry, Sylvia Peterson, Mary Elizabeth Rhodes, Frances Rives, Nell Roberts, Dorothy Sabin, Novella Sears, Hildegarde Seibel, Ruth Sharp, Margaret Tupper, Nell Tyson, Dorothy Underwood.

Anti-Pandora—Lloy Burns, Dixie

just as hard a time drinking her coffee with only the aid of her knife as you yourself were having baloney bacon on your own.

At noon every fag was ready to eat both her lunch and that part of breakfast which she missed—if she didn't miss all of it—and then she was again at the disposal of her fag-master, unless she was wise enough to go down town or to the infirmary. Five o'clock meant freedom, but, of course, there was the sad case of the fag who's fag-master lived in Senior, where Monday means clean sheets, and who was so used to doing as she was bidden by that time that she just went ahead and made up that bed for about the fifth time only to discover later that isn't wasn't at all necessary as fag day was already a thing of the past when she started.

Colley, Marguerite Cotton, Evelyn Crossman, Elizabeth Davidson, Grace Dupree, Susan Erwin, Emma Jean Fisher, Mary Ellen Ford, Marion German, Jean Gibson, Roberta Glen-dinning, Willie Dell Goldsmith, Bernelle Hamilton, Margaret Howard, Nell Jones, Mary Helen Kingston, Mary Louisa Lenker, Pauline McCollum, Clatara Martin, Mary Ruth Martin, Kathryn Martin, Lois Maxon, Mary Montgomery, Marion Newman, Avis Olmstead, Mary Catherine Pierce, Elizabeth Pendleton, Frances Pettit, Dorothy Kathryn Pope, Josephine Quinker, Louise Skiles, Leora Troxler, Elizabeth Ungles, Ethel Wager, Joan White.

Agora—Lucille Achen, Ruth Aud, Katherine Bachman, Frances Beckham, Helen Bolyard, Eugenia Bunyan, Katie Taylor Craig, Jo Craker, Robbie Flanken, Zeld Goodman, Irene Gray, Lucille Hill, Helen Hooper, Susanne Jones, Juanita Kenamer, Margaret Kipp, Beth Martin, Mildred Miller, Mary Neff, Eleanor Perkins, Louise Rogers, Ruth Silverman, Anne Snyder, Ruth Dudley Snyder, Agnes Spears, Dorothy Stone, Madeline Tarpel, Sylvia Triesbitz, Eather Urundang.

Penta Tau—Virginia Barr, Gertrude Beltel, Margaret Binford, Frances Boyles, Ethel Childress, Ellen Christensen, Alice Daniel, Nancy Drago, Mary Elizabeth Dumas, Emily Ethridge, Margaret Farrar, Mary Belle Fitch, Maxine Fletcher, Beatrice Flowers, Dorothy Gould, Henrietta Gruene, Eugenia Howard, Frances Johnson, Margaret Kidd, Frances Lamar, Martha McBroom, Elizabeth McClendon, Mabelle Martin, Katherine Maxwell, Helen Miller, Elizabeth Leigh Minter, Ellen Moore, Rosa Moore, Jane Moore, Patience Mullendore, Mary Pace, Elizabeth Reese, Inez Renfro, Mildred Schaefer, Virginia Snell, Charlotte Strong, Virginia Suggs, Sarah Taylor, Isabel Thielen, Dorothy Williams.

A. K.—Virginia Atkinson, Charlotte Baldwin, Margaret Benz, Maymie Blacksher, Emily Boyd, Bernice Brock, Helen Brown, Nannie Butler, Margaret Chapman, Charlotte Claybrooke, Josephine Dettman, Ruth Gill, Ella Posey Gordon, Elizabeth Hargis, Pearl Harper, Elizabeth Haynes, Gladys Himeloch, Elizabeth Jeger, Elizabeth Kiehn, Marybelle Kimmel, Kathleen Kingston, Gwendolyn McConnell, Ruth Maule, Betty Messinger, Wylabeth Moore, Sarah Owen, Helen Louise Reagin, Miriam Roberts, Marguerite Rondel, Helene Saunders, Betty Schmidbauer, Helene Sweeney, Celestina Young, Jean Wood.

Ovion—Carman Barnes, Helaine Blum, Miriam Blum, Marion Bordo, Lalla Branch, Margaret Corwin, Patti Dowlen, Mary Ewing, Ruth Gasteiger, Ruth Hamburger, Lucille Hornbach, Marion Hubbell, Phyllis Caroline Ireland, Clara Jackson,

Mary Jackson, Leitner Johnson, Elton Kelley, Edwin Kennard, Hazel Kitcher, Gertrude Leitbach, Lucy Ellis Loh, Anna Lory, Margaret Miller, Margaret Montgomery, Mary Lois Patterson, Hilma Reed, Alene Robson, Dorothy Schrel, Catherine Scruggs, Margaret Scullin, Mildred Ann Smith, Martha Sorrell, Pauline Tideman, Elizabeth Trant, Ruth Webb, Margaret Wilkins.

Del Vera—Cornelia Andrews, Dorothy Arons, Margaret Roger, Clotelle Bryan, Frances Burgess, Ruth Coleman, Clara Collier, Birdie Corder, Maurine Durham, Lela Edwards, Emphia Fisher, Margaret Gable, Velma Horton, Dorothy Huckins, Isabel Johnson, Blossom Kleban, Pauline Kniese, Augusta Knox, Edna Lindley, Libbie Loar, Ruth McCulloch, Kathleen McFarland, Olga Maestri, Frances Miller, Grace Neisler, Rowena Orr, Carolyn Patterson, Betty Perkins, Eleanor Peterson, Margaret Scudder, Phyllis Shattuck, Louise Sims, Catherine Smith, Hazel Strosvender, Betty Williams.

F. F.—Freda Abercrombie, Allie Bowers, Eula Lee Burch, Louise Calloway, Martha Davis, Ava Dietrich, Eleanor Fairchild, Beatrice Friedman, Hilda Gilbert, Martha Harris, Thelma Hart, Lorenelle Houston, Mildred Jones, Mary King, Mary Jane Lemley, Josephine Longfellow, Helen Manternach, Helen Moore, Carlyn Nathan, Ruth Nathan, Maxine Parker, Jane Pressler, Agnes Pruet, Anna Rosenweig, Marion Schmelzer, Allene Smith, Betty Walker, Rosa Lee Werner, Edith White, Dorothy Joe White, Pauline Willingham.

CURRENT EVENTS
CLUB

We want to welcome the student body as members of the Current Events Club. We shall meet one day the last week of every month in the auditorium at the chapel hour. Speakers from Nashville and other cities will outline the outstanding current topics of the past month. We feel sure that you will find the subjects interesting and worth while, and we are glad to have all of you as members.

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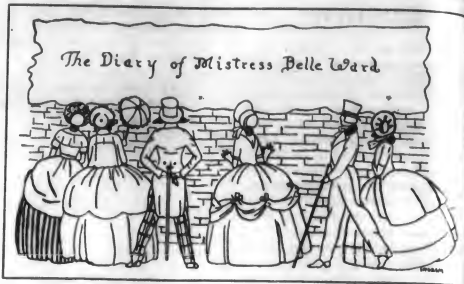
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BELL'S BOOTERIES

FEMININE FOOTWEAR

504 Church Street Nashville, Tenn.



Wednesday—September 28.

If I don't have galloping pneumonia tomorrow, it won't be the fault of the deluge that's swamped me and my spirits all day. How was I to know that the weatherman had ordered this when I sent my poor little ribless umbrella home to be repaired?

Dr. Barton announced that there would be a club scholastic trophy hereafter—whereupon I decided that my club would have a hard pull if it depended too much on my sterling character. Even silver can't shine on forever. One letter! So I wrote seven just for spite to show the family that you can't keep a good girl down. Did stroll into math class late as usual and received the customary blessing out without blinking an eye.

Oh diary, I'm going to see the Lindy next Tuesday! It's too good to be true.

Thursday—September 29.

Try as it will, this weather can't be as bad as my spirits.

Friday—September 30.

Miss Hawks almost lost her maidenly dignity when I wrote to class three minutes early. I came two letters in English class whereupon Miss Ransom gave me an icy stare. She just didn't realize that I must have merely send my pink flannels before I'll ever thaw out, entirely. Bless the rain for making the hockey field muddy though that means that I spend one more day in my entriety. Otherwise I'd probably come home more or less maimed.

Saturday—October 1.

Hurrah for another month! Only two more and I'll be back in old Virginia. Celebrated with so much gusto that Mrs. Gaines thought she was "way out West in Kansas" when she saw the cyclonic condition of my room.

Disipated again by going to the football game this p.x. And was it hot! Aside from that, my throat was as dry as Mrs. Sahara herself, my tonsils just naturally shriveled up and expired. Finally bought a bottle of good old H-2-O—another good allowance gone wrong.

Sunday—October 2.

Broke down and attended Sunday school again. This place is having an evil effect on me, sure enough. Did go into the primary group because there was none better adapted to my comprehension. Churched with a vengeance. Almost fell off the seat, trying to count the colors in

that Presbyterian church. I may decide to turn Egyptian after all.

That perfectly darling Dr. Hill spoke tonight and I wept quarts as usual. I wanna go home!

Monday—October 3.

Can't decide whether I'm in love or just following the general example set in these parts. Anyway, I've done everything but pack my carpet bag and wire the family about it. If I could decide between Bob and Billy, I might desert these fair halls tomorrow. But then again, I might not. Read *The Art of Love* tonight just by way of encouragement and inspiration. Couldn't even muster the usual interest due perhaps to the fact that I was listening for Mrs. Gaines' footsteps in the hall.

Incidentally, today was fog day and my fog-mistress was much too conscientious to suit me. The idea of making a girl of my super-intelligence, fish with a hairpin for goldfish, and embrace all the statues on the place didn't appeal to my finer sense, somehow.

Was so fagged that I infirmaried in the hopes of recovering. But now—ah now—I was not always thus. 'Twas that second fatal dose of castor oil that made me feel like the original ball-bearing. Such is life in a big city, I s'pose.

Tuesday—October 4.

Oh tragedy! Lindy isn't coming, my fondest hopes are shattered. Did have to separate myself from another dollar—for THE HYPHEN this time. And now if THE Athletic Association didn't have to pipe up and (oh no, not request) demand another one. Would like to assemble the members in chapel and discourse to them about my diminishing funds. They just don't understand, poor things! Just must bounce off to my little trundle without even so much as a pleasant smile.

Au revoir, dear diary.

COUPON!

It is worth 10% discount

Bring this coupon to Lebeck's Basement Store. Regardless of the advertised price you will be given a 10% Discount on All Shoes Repairing — The repairs will be guaranteed satisfactory.

Lebeck Bros.

THE BELLS OF WARD-BELMONT

Understand, I have no complaint to make about the song; it's the actual ringing of the bells mentioned herein that bothers me.

Beginning at five-forty-five in the morning, the alarm clocks start shrilling their matins—and how! You wouldn't believe that there could be so many girls with enough ambition to get up so early in the morning. If to arise early the strain about ruins my health and disposition. The alarm clock rancors, muffled by many walls and ransoms, continues until about quarter of seven; then the poor "waking" scollies get a chance to grab off a little sound slumber—just enough to make the rising gong the worst sound imaginable. During the next half-hour yawns and groans and an occasional shoe being dropped are the only discernible noises. Then the breakfast bell rings and the old girls begin to think of getting up. The feat of staying in bed until that time and then getting to breakfast on time is a constant wonder to the new girls who have not yet learned the trick.

Breakfast passes all too quickly and the dire accents of the bell for classes sends shivers down the spines of all the girls who "just couldn't get that lesson at all. From eight-thirty on, every hour (except for lunch) the fateful bell rings in another period of

gloom, brightened once in a while when someone does something funny, such as falling down stairs or bumping into the dean.

Then after three-forty-five, just as life is growing full of joy, and confidences are getting better and better, the dressing bell rings and the groups, which had been wandering about the campus, depart; each girl to scramble into presentable dinner clothes and after the trying day of moccasins, to put her feet into those skyscraper-heeled shoes whose daintiness rejoices her soul; well, maybe not her soul, but her eyes, at least.

As soon as the apparently interminable waiting until one's table is excused is ended, the gym beckons; but just as one gets into the dancing the worst of many bells—the study bell—sends its harsh peals through the room. Oh, for music loud enough to drown that noise! Oh, for sound-proof walls! But not so. Every girl drags homeward reluctantly to study (maybe) until the next bell; when, if she is not too tired, she may have fifteen minutes of recreation; then sounds the room bell and she must go back.

Last of all sounds the "Lights Out" bell and the girls who were struggling frantically to get that last lesson done tear their hair, turn out their lights, and Ward-Belmont retires to slumber until the first fitfully ringing alarm clocks herald the approach of another day.

It's a great life if you don't weaken!

THE KIDDIES PRIMER

See the girl. She is a Senior. That is why she looks that way. She looks worried. She wants to know something. What does she want to know? She wants to know "Who is the prettiest girl in the school?" She also wants to know something else. What else does she want to know? She wants to know "Why am I?" Why does she want to know? Because she is silly. Who is this silly girl? Her name is Mildred Threat.

Who is the red-haired girl? That is Valborg Ravn. Why is she laughing? Because she dropped something. What did she drop? She dropped an apple. When did she drop it? At vespers on Sunday night. Where was she? On the speakers' platform. Why don't you laugh? I am laughing.

What is that? That is a pink elephant? What does he do? Nothing. What is he for? Nothing. What is his name? His name is Unmentionable. Whose is he? Eleanor Robins. Does she love her pink elephant? I'll say she do!

What is that girl doing over there? She is drinking a bottle of Listerine. Why does she do that? Because her Fag Master told her to. Why did her Fag Master tell her to? Because even her best friends wouldn't tell her.

See that funny girl. That is a Ward-Belmont girl. Why is she dressed in black? She is going to church. Why has she such big feet? Because she wears such big shoes. Is she feeling sick? No, she just left off her make-up. Who is that lady I see her with last night? That wasn't a lady; that was a chaperon.

Peeping Ahead in the Fashion Calendar!

THAT'S the everlasting job of Lebeck Bros. Buyers—and their alertness is reflected in the intriguing styles, the clever accessories smart women will wear now, next month and the month after.

To the girls of Ward-Belmont we extend an invitation to make Lebeck's your style headquarters—and if there is any way we can assist you we stand ready to do so.

If you keep up with the traditions of your Alma Mater you'll be sure to be intimately acquainted with this big, friendly store.

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—Evening Slippers
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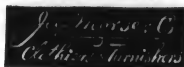
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ALUMNAE NOTES

Ruth Campen is attending Mt. Ida School in Massachusetts.

Ethier Bridges is going to a school in Spain.

Dorothy Sherman is at Sweetbriar.

Jo Strain, at Knox College, is pledged Tri Delta.

Martha Proctor at Missouri State, is pledged to Delta Gamma.

Blanche Mottey, a graduate of '27, is attending the Currie Expression School in Boston.

Carolyn Cosgrove, '27, is now visiting in Paris with her aunt.

Barbara Ershan, '27, is now at the University of Kansas.

Isabel Heffin, '27, is studying in a New York art school.

Dorothy Kendall, '27, is at Manhattan University.

Maxine Lightfoot, '27, Marietta Duncan, '27; Maurine Olinger, '27; and Julia Smithers, '27, are at the University of Texas.

Edna Laughridge, '27, is at this time attending Florida State Woman's College at Tallahassee.

Martha Edythe Rogers is studying music in Kansas City.

Marion Sherman, '27, is at the University of Georgia.

Frances Lon Vinson, '27, is at Missouri University.

PERSONALS

Elizabeth Gwaltney and Nell Banks had tea with Mrs. Anderson Sunday afternoon.

Ruth Moore spent Sunday with Mrs. Tupper.

Louise Graves spent Sunday with Mrs. Bryan.

Carmen Barnes had tea with Dr. George Jackson Sunday.

Corrinne Weibler and Lydarene Majors spent Sunday with Mrs. Goodman.

Virginia Barr and Martha McBroon spent Sunday afternoon with Mrs. Drago.

Dixie Colley and Francis Pettit spent Sunday afternoon with Mrs. E. B. Cayce.

Henrietta Gruene spent Sunday with her cousin, Mrs. Verner Moore Lewis.

Mary Margaret Parker and Betty Walker spent Sunday afternoon with Mr. and Mrs. Daniels.

Marion Hipple went riding with Mrs. Copps Sunday afternoon.

Carlyn, Doris, and Ruth Nathan and Louise Dreyfus went riding with Mrs. Klein Sunday afternoon.

Frances and Katherine Hinson and Edna Dickson went to the funeral of their aunt in Dickson Sunday.

Margaret Kipp spent Monday afternoon with Mrs. Lewis Hartman.

Margaret Witherspoon spent Monday afternoon with her mother.

Allie Bowers was out Monday afternoon with Mrs. Jones.

Mary E. Rhodes and Dorothy Pog had dinner Monday with Mrs. Rhodes.

Barbara Blackman, Alice Macduff, Marjorie Barclay and Mariam Blackman went out Wednesday for dinner and to a show with Nell Richardson.

Blossom Kleban spent Thursday night with her aunt, Mrs. Levy.

Emily Boyd was out for the afternoon Thursday with Mrs. Halnes.

Elizabeth Ungles' mother was here a short time ago for about six days. During her visit she took several girls downtown to dinner and a movie.

Peggy Chandler spent the weekend in Indianapolis with her mother who is leaving for California soon.

Dear Cynthia

Sara said to me:
They say—Love is
blind! Well, I'm
in love
all right!
I was just
going out
of town to
buy a new
gown when
I discovered
we have the newest
and most reasonable
things right here at



Bella!
— Boris —

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WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

Volume XVII

NASHVILLE, TENN., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1927

Number 5

DR. LEON H. VINCENT LECTURES NEXT WEEK

Popular Lecturer to Discuss Greater Victorian Authors

Dr. Leon H. Vincent, who for a number of years has given an annual series of lectures at Ward-Belmont, will begin a group of lectures on "The Greater Victorian Authors," Monday evening at seven o'clock. Dr. Vincent comes from Boston and he is known throughout the country as an authority on literature. He is well known in Nashville through his connection with Ward-Belmont and his work as teacher during summer sessions at George Peabody College.

His subjects will be as follows:

1. Thomas Carlyle and His Wife.
2. Charles Dickens, a Personal Study.
3. Thackeray: the Man and the Books.

4. George Eliot.
5. Lord Macaulay.
The lectures on Monday, October 17, Tuesday, October 18, and Friday, October 21, will be at 7 p.m. The lectures on Wednesday, October 19, and Thursday, October 20, will be at 10:30 a.m.

WARD-BELMONT GIRL WINS HONOR AT WELLESLEY

Mary Elizabeth Smith Makes Highest Grade on Entrance Examinations

Mary Elizabeth Smith, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Isaac E. Smith, of Richmond, Indiana, who was a student at Ward-Belmont last year, made the highest average in the entrance examinations at Wellesley College this year. This high honor is an evidence not only of her ability, but also of the efficiency of the school which had a prominent part in training her. Ward-Belmont is very much gratified over her success.

The following announcement appeared in the Nashville Banner Monday afternoon:

(Continued on page 8)

THAT CLUB SPIRIT

The transition from rushee to club member is not at all a gradual one. It is really rather surprising to find that you are no longer invited here and there, but on fog day are being commended to do this and that. However, perhaps it is good training for you to follow and makes it easier for you to help your club in any way that you are asked to. Go out for your hockey team and do all you can to make your club the best.

Initiation completes the change.

(Continued on page 8)

Ward-Belmont Party Was Entertained In Berlin

Mrs. Bryan's Letter Gives Description of American Club Ball

Being in Berlin on the Fourth of July was an extraordinary thrill for the Ward-Belmont party last summer. The social events alone were enough to make the day memorable, but when these events were coupled with visits to the Kaiser's palace where orders for mobilization of the German army, in 1914 were signed, it made the visit one which is never to be forgotten.

Mrs. Bryan, in a letter to Dr. Blanton, given a most interesting description of the party's travels in Germany. In this letter, which was published in the Nashville papers last summer, Mrs. Bryan says:

"Our stay in Berlin was particularly enjoyable as we were fortunate in being there on the Fourth of July, when we could participate in the celebration. Ambassador Schurman and Mrs. Schurman entertained the Americans in Berlin at an afternoon reception and we were delighted to have this opportunity of seeing the emperor, and of having the social courtesy from our ambassador. He and Mrs. Schurman were both charming, and his daughter, Miss Barbara Schurman, most attractive to look at as well as to know. We were told that the ambassador is 73 years old, but we could hardly believe it. Both he and Mrs. Schurman were particularly interested in meeting the girls of our party representing so many different states. I thought myself, we were well worth any representative's full attention for we could claim any state almost from Florida to Arizona.

AMERICAN CLUB BALL.

"The night of the Fourth, the American club of Berlin had a banquet and ball at the Adlon Hotel. We regretted that we arrived too late to get reservations for the banquet, but followed the advice of a Spanish American whom we met at the tea in the afternoon, and arrived at the Adlon at 10:30 o'clock in time to hear the ambassador's address, but a little too late to hear Freda Hempel, though we enjoyed seeing her at the ball.

"A great part of the ambassador's speech was devoted to the commendation of Lindbergh and Byrd, and he told of a letter that Byrd had brought over to him, and how he valued it.

"The ball room was decorated with flags and the room was made more colorful by each guest having balloons presented, which were carried during the dances. Our girls had the time of their lives, as they met a great

number of Americans, many of whom were most interesting. We met Mr. Wiley of the embassy who immediately brought many men up to meet the girls—an introduction was all that was necessary and soon I was about the only member of the party to adorn the wall. We met a Major Landis of Wisconsin who knew some of our Ward-Belmont students. He inquired particularly of Mary Stuart Norton as he knew her family very well. A Mr. John Scott, originally from Atlanta, and for three years president of the American Club in Berlin, gave us his undivided attention, and was delighted to find friends of mutual acquaintances from Georgia, in our Georgia girls.

SIGHT-SEEING INTERESTING

"Our sight-seeing in Berlin was most interesting—particularly the Royal Palace, the winter home of the ex-kaiser. For the first time this year the visitors to the palace can see the part of the palace where the kaiser actually lived and transacted business. We saw the tables where he signed the order for mobilization of the German army and navy on August 1, 1914, then the balcony where he announced to the people that war had been declared. It was from this same balcony that Roosevelt stood with the kaiser and watched the German soldiers parade, making the remark to the kaiser that with such soldiers, Germany could whip the world.

"It is most interesting to see the things that the government has bought from the kaiser in order to keep them at the royal palace. We were interested in hearing that he refused to sell a large bronze clock that had been given him on the twenty-fifth anniversary of his reign by the people. The government was anxious that it should stay at the palace, but the kaiser refused to sell it."

Other interesting details concerning the scenic beauties of Germany and descriptions of Dresden, Prague and other cities are also included in Mrs. Bryan's letter. The party will also visit Italy.

"Our guide in Dresden," wrote Mrs. Bryan, "told us that rents there were just about the same as they were before the war, but that taxes were ten times as much. He showed us some lovely apartments where he said only the well-to-do lived, and which cost \$200 a year. We found all through Germany that good provision had been made for the poorer class—nice, clean apartment houses, really most attractive, which rent for a small sum—too small for Americans even to conceive."

KENNETH ROSE CONCERT ENJOYED

Mrs. Rose Acts as Accompanist for Husband

A most enjoyable and splendidly rendered program featured the recital of Mr. Kenneth Rose on Thursday evening in the chapel. The large auditorium was well filled by an appreciative audience which showed its appreciation by round after round of applause.

Ward-Belmont is indeed fortunate to have such gracious and gifted musicians in its organization and not only has Mr. Rose frequently furnished these delightful entertainments for the student body and faculty, but they have been enjoyed by a host of Nashville people who, appreciating the best in the musical world, are ever anxious to take advantage of every such opportunity offered by the school.

The program which Mr. Rose presented on Thursday evening, follows:

1. Sonata in D Major Nardini
2. Concerto in D Minor Bruch
3. (a) Paraphrase Kreisler
- (b) Rose's Complaint Franz-Rosen
- (c) Minuet Kopplow-Hartmann
4. (a) Nigun Bloch
- (b) Hungarian Dance No. II Brahms-Jochim

DE LUCA, FAMOUS BARITONE, SINGS THURSDAY

Ward-Belmont Music Students to Assist Great Artist

Giuseppe De Luca, celebrated baritone of the Metropolitan Grand Opera Company, will appear in concert at Ryman Auditorium Thursday evening, October 20. De Luca is appearing under the auspices of Ward-Belmont and is to be assisted by Mrs. Ablee Stewart, of the voice department, and Miss Clare Harper, of the violin department. The fact that De Luca has appeared in Nashville on previous programs is causing the entire public to look forward eagerly to his coming. He is known internationally and hearing him will be a rare treat.

CLUB INITIATIONS

Flickering candle-light streaking across the ground; dim processions of maidens, garbed in spotless white, winding along stone walks; slow, solemn music; glimpses of other maidens, hushed and sober-faced; tall Ethiopians stooped under heavy trusses rushing across the open spaces of the grove. Doesn't it sound thrilling? It was, too, and if you think differently, just ask any of the pledges who stood,

(Continued on page 8)



The Smart Ensemble for Street Wear

FROM her smart ribbon hat to her pumps, the summer girl must choose carefully, piece by piece, the garments that suit her style. The outfit shown here is similar to many entrancing effects you may secure by shopping at Castner's.

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ALUMNAE NOTES

Virginia Martin, Carol Journs, Edythe Dixon, Margaret Hickman, and Dorothy Miller are at Northwestern in Evanston, Ill., this year.

Katherine McKee is attending Madison University this year.

Ruth Hamersly is at the University of Indiana.

Grace Burney is attending the University of Kansas.

Madeleine Smith is training for nursing at the Research Hospital in Kansas City.

Frances Foote pledged Alpha Chi Omega at the University of Indiana.

Ruth Browning is attending the Art Institute in Chicago.

Thekla Lanning pledged Kappa at the University of Kansas.

Marjorie Tootle pledged Zeta at Miami University in Oxford, Ohio.

Dola Winkles is attending Womans College at Terre Haute, Ind.

Margaret Meyer, '26, was recently elected vice-president of the senior class of the literary college at the University of Michigan.

Lala Phelps is attending the University of Arizona.

Virginia Bell is going to the University of Oklahoma this year.

Jessamine Daggett, '27, pledged Kappa Alpha Theta at Sophia Newcomb College in New Orleans.

The names of Elizabeth Goode and Annie Mai McCauley, of Ward-Belmont, appear in the list of Tri-Delta pledges in the *Kentucky Kernel*—University of Kentucky paper.

LITERARY CLUB NOTES

Unfortunately several of the members did not return this year; therefore, it will be possible to accept candidates for their places and the remaining vacancies. Announcements will be made Saturday to the Senior Middle Class concerning this matter. Elizabeth Wenning reviewed the play, "Cyrano de Bergerac," which she saw while in Munich. This meeting was unusually interesting.

Ward-Belmont's Literary Club, the "Wordsmiths," has begun its first real year. For as the old girls know and as the new girls will soon know, this club was only organized the latter part of last school year. Since Janet Carter did not return, Elizabeth Gwaltney fills the vacancy of secretaryship. We all hope that the Wordsmiths will succeed in stimulating interest in the new girls.

Y NOTES

Each girl found herself a definite part of a network of fun, pleasure and mystery Tuesday at Chapel hour. A peek into the happenings of this week was revealed in a three-act playlet, put on by old members of the Y, in order to explain the fun and procedure of peanut week. This was the beginning of many mysterious actions on the part of "peanuts" and "shells." The house mail was unusually busy. Typewritten messages and notes written in peculiarly cramped style found high favor in the little square mail-boxes. The Y tea, on Friday, was the scene of agitated and appassing chatter. With a large measure of, first, mystery, and, then, humor, new friends were made and old friends were brought closer, thus completing the purpose of peanut week.

Remember! the Y library is open before dinner, Saturday!

With a quiet magnetism that penetrated the consciousness of every girl, Dr. Hill addressed us at Vespers the Sunday evening of October 3rd. A familiar text, "Consider the lilies, how they grow," was drawn from its hackneyed associations and pictured in a new, interesting and vivid manner. The growth of the lily was traced with that of the soul through its birth, budding, and maturity. His interpretation of the fragrance of a crushed lily as compared with the loveliness and perfection of a soul that has felt great sorrows or endured consecutive failures left an indelible impression.

This last Vespers service, Dr. Edward F. Cook, secretary of the Sunday School Board of the Methodist Church, spoke, using as his text, "For we are laborers together with God." He emphasized the facts that "the true, the good, the beautiful, and the healthy is the normal in God's economy," that "workers in art and music are workers with God and in Christian service." He concluded, saying that "in life there are ten thousand avenues in which to work with God, to enjoy the fulness and blessings that God has provided for the race."

Well! Sunday school has started in earnest. With Lydarene Majors, chairman of the Sunday school committee, and Mary Helen Foulds and Eloise Pierson, other members of the committee, at the door to welcome the girls again this last Sunday, well over a hundred seats were filled. After hymns and prayer in the order of the worship service, the regular four groups were formed. The scout training group has been divided into patrols, each with an elected patrol leader. Patrol calls, songs and emblems have been decided on. Plans for a year full of live fun are under way. The girls in this group already number near fifty.

Some forty-odd girls tripped back to the days of toy elephants, dolls, and Noah's arks in the Primary Training Class. Miss Emily Olmstead is just as clever as she is lovely.

Just picture W-B girls forgetting all about being young ladies and suddenly becoming Daniels with roaring lions about them. Dramatising parables and learning to teach children up to ten years of age with visions of Noahs, Josephs and beasts of all kinds, is enough to make the walls of the Y room echo and absorb laughter to last an eon.

The Kindergarten group, with Miss Kate Hackney, a trained kindergarten from Columbia, had its first meeting last Sunday.

The Bible Study Group met again in the cozy little Y room at the head of the stairs near the balcony. This is a group that has "lasted" from last year. They have elected as their president Mary Helen Foulds. Bible study, and under Miss Van, needs no explanation. The little Y room was quite full.

THE MOVIE

"Paris"—with its breaking film reels! "Paris"—with its unfocused pictures! "Paris"—with its prehistoric subtitles! Paris—with its smoke-heavy Apache dens, with its crooked, shadowy alley-streets, with its cruel, relentless police! Ah—so this is Paris! We don't yet quite understand what it was all about except there was the love of a maid for her man which seemingly overcame all difficulties.

While not versed in the gentle art of movie acting, "Shorty" McLean done her dooty and we mean to say it was SWELL.

ANTI PANDORA CLUB NOTES

Every old girl gave a sigh of relief and every new girl a sigh of contentment as we finished our club song

last Thursday night and had become one for better or worse.

Just to start this new year right we had undoubtedly the prettiest and best refreshments of any club on Inhibition night, for what could be better than brick ice cream with green keys in it and small cakes—not too small—with A. P. on them in green and yellow icing.

Last year the Anti Pans beat the boarders and practically tied the day students in Hockey. We are planning to do our best again this year.

All you who are not fortunate enough to be in our club take notice. We are not making any rash promises but we merely advise you to cling tight to every Anti Pan you see so that you may receive an invitation to the prettiest and peppiest dance of the year.

EXCHANGE CORNER

The Gopher's Whistle.—We think your paper is well organized. The illustrations are quite clever and original.

Rough Rider.—Your paper is well edited.

The High Times.—Your paper is very clever and interesting. We will enjoy exchanging with you.

The Green and The White.—Your column *The Steve* is very witty. Your athletic page is well planned.

The Midway.—Your paper is very lively throughout.

The Wilson Messenger.—Your paper is well organized.

The Northeast Courier.—We think your paper shows a great variety of clever and newsy articles.

The Westport Crier.—Your column "Under the Clock" is very clever.

The Kangaroo.—Your paper has well-edited, interesting material.

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WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

Published every Saturday by the students of Ward-Belmont.

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Application for second-class entry pending.

EDITORIAL

What kind of a place would the United States be if everyone suddenly decided that obedience to laws was not necessary, and therefore, began to break them? There would no doubt be an upheaval. Business would soon cease for there would be no limitations in competition or methods. If the students of a school should decide to disregard all rules the school would soon have to be closed. There are always some who disregard regulations. Here at school—if we reflect a moment, it is absolutely necessary to speak to our neighbor in chapel when we can see her many times in that day where it would inconvenience no one by talking to her? What benefit can possibly be derived from wearing rouge and lipstick? The majority of other girls certainly do not wear it. Why should any one girl do it when everyone else appears as she does without it? As long as we know rules it is certainly a deliberate motive which prompts us to break them? When we do not know them, it is our duty to learn what they are. When we break rules we are dishonest—dishonest to the school and ideals that created them; dishonest to the person who hears restriction and does not yield; and dishonest to ourselves by showing a weakness in will-power.

HYPHEN RULES

All contributions to the HYPHEN must be written legibly, on one side of the paper only, with an inch margin. The paper is issued on Saturday, and all material must be in not later than Wednesday morning at 8:30. This applies to club reporters as well as to the others. So far, very few club reports have been written; so we are urging the club reporters to get busy and give their clubs a little publicity.

CONTRIBUTE!

You've all seen people who go around continually knocking everything or anything just for the sake of talking. But how many of those people make their criticisms in such a way that they do some good? How many times have you heard people make critical remarks about the *Hypphen*, or about certain features of

it? It is to all the "Critickers" as well as to all the other Ward-Belmont students that this appeal is directed.

If you have any criticism or comments, just write them out and drop them in the *Hypphen* box. You need not sign your names if you don't choose to do so. What counts is your opinions of the paper, and realizing this, the staff welcomes any criticism or comment from the students. We realize that constructive criticism makes for improvement and we do not maintain that our *Hypphen* is perfect. In it as in any other thing, however good, there is room for improvement.

So hereafter, instead of, or in addition to voicing your opinions of the *Hypphen* to your friends, let the staff know about it. In this way alone, we can have a better, more interesting weekly paper.

ART 21 CLASS TO VISIT PARTHENON

Miss Ross' History of Art 21 class is planning a trip to the Parthenon in a few days. Mr. Hart, to whom much credit is due for the exact reproduction of the famous work of art, will accompany the party and explain the structure of it to them.

NEW GOVERNOR'S SON WEDS WARD-BELMONT GIRL

All of Tennessee has been interested in the marriage of Josephine Adams, who graduated at Ward-Belmont with the class of 1921, to John Wilhoite Horton, son of Governor Horton of Tennessee, which took place at Lewisburg, October 6. The sudden death of Governor Austin Peay left the office of chief executive vacant and Mr. Horton's father, who was speaker of the State Senate, succeeded to this important position.

Papers in all parts of the state carried pictures of the young bride and elaborate descriptions of the wedding.

SWIMMING

The water w-w-w was so c-c-cold that I sh-sh-shivered and sh-sh-shivered after my first swim lesson.

I didn't like my suit because gray never was a color I should wear. But, there's one thing about these tank suits. After a season's stretch here father or brother can wear them at home.

The first thing to learn in swimming is how to keep on top of the water. They first teach you the dead man's float—called dead because statistics have shown that more people drown with their faces in the water than otherwise. When you can manage to get nerve enough to fill your lungs with air, expand your chest, close your eyes, say farewell, and give a push from the side of the pool, face into the water; you are doing the deadman's float. Under water everything is a blur, you first encounter numerous hands and feet, hundreds, thousands of them. Then all of a sudden when you try to get more air you realize that it can't be done.

The main idea then is to kick a lot until some kind person grabs you up or you bounce so hard on the bottom that you come up to air.

And so you and the Ho continue to battle until the kind words of "That's all!" reach your ears. Your head is probably ringing an anthem and buzzing like a bee-hive until another goose floats into memory as: "Ding-dong bell

The girls are in the pool

They're trying to learn to swim and dive

Because they must at school."

WAILS OF A WOULD-BE ATHLETE

In the first place, it isn't my fault if I'm a total blank in the realm of physical torture. I don't like athletics—I'd rather see than be one—and don't really look the least bit chic in middle and bloomers. I adore gun metal chiffon hose, but they really don't seem practical, and those awful tennis shoes give me fallen arches. No, I'm no lover of sports.

For my fall sport I chose archery, but the best thing I've done was to arch my eyebrows when told I was N. G. Frankly, Cupid, Robin Hood, William Tell and I have naught in common. However, the class is most appreciative of my noble endeavors—laughs at everything I do. But I did distinguish myself by hitting the target. And Miss Morrison just laughed and laughed, "cause she knew all the time I was aiming at her.

Oh, all the people I most admire and hate the mostest is our club athletic manager. Did she take one look at my canary-like figger and pass on by? Not much, she gushed, flattered, teased, coaxed, I played hockey and finally demanded that I play hockey till utterly worn out and bewildered I gave in. And whadda rival football has! After getting whacked on the head, kicked in the back, and slung in the mud, I was severely reprimanded for waving my stick in self-defense. Ah, death, where is thy sting!

Now, gentle reader, if you ever hear of me as passing calmly and quietly away in the cold, grey hours of morning do not weep for me, just smile and say, "Poor girl; she was an athlete."

THE WARD-BELMONT PARTY IN FLORENCE

We were all just as thrilled as young school girls when we were in Florence, and revived the spirit of '76 by decorating a most peculiar horse and buggy. Sherman, Nonie, Aunt Sally and myself, despite the heat of the day, nearly shrivelled up one's cells. We thoroughly enjoyed making quite unnecessary puns about the length of their trousers, and not a sign of a crease in their pants. They couldn't understand a word, so with a sweet and girlish smile we would ask them if they used Listerine; finally, at our wits' end, we reached our destiny and hailed the old monastery. We enjoyed talking with the monks and seeing most interesting things every step that we

made. After thoroughly enjoying everything that the old place afforded, we started back. We knew that we were beautiful, that we were living examples of the vogue, that we possessed the school-girl complexion. Yes, and those laughing, liquid eyes, but it does make one feel rather queer to create such a sensation, and to be stared completely down by all of the Italian John Gilberts, and when some little upstart came right to the edge of the carriage and looked in—I've never heard of such crust! So we yelled, "Fresh!" But our maidenly dignity was quite backed; we registered to the fact that he was a custom's officer. If ignorance were bliss, we felt like blisters. You know, in other countries they erect their targets, but in Italy they elect them, so we let not a word slip our lips lest we find a little mother of pearl knife behind our fronts.

FOOTBALL GAME

Ratta—toot—toot!

Ratta—toot—toot!

We're the girls from the Institute; We don't smoke and we don't chew! And we don't go with the girls that do!

Did we take in that football game? or was it a track meet? Now, I ask you, none but our Vandy Apollus could have made a touchdown from the kick-off, and we did get the biggest punch out of seeing the old fight, and we whispered in a rash manner, "Resist them, boys," but they didn't have to put out much resistance. Guess it was the inspiration of the side-lines. Anyway, we think that, then, forward march, the charge of the Light Brigade saunters back. Ratta—toot—toot!

THE COO-COO COOS

Sufferin' pancakes!

Ain't it awful

We don't never

Have no waffles.

All we have is

Work galore,

More and more,

And still some more.

Work so hard

We nearly drop;

Labor 'til we

Have to stop

From sheer exhaustion

And fatigue;

Begin to plot

With some intrigue

Of how to learn

And not "put out"

It can't be done,

We found that out.

Guess I'll flunk

In everything,

'Cause I don't

Know anything.

If there's sense

In this I'll rime

Give me a nickel,

I'll give you a dime.

THE DIFFERENCE

"And have you any brothers?"
"Three; two living and one married."

—C. C. N. Y. Mercury.

DON'TS" FOR THE NEW GIRLS

These few words of warning are for the new girls particularly, but I believe they would help the old girls, too. Sometimes I think the old girls are inclined to tell the new girls how little they are not always perfect. Let's be low many of us, both old and new, can remember these necessary "don'ts."

First and foremost, don't disobey the rules. I know they are hard, but just think that for years and years girls from all over the United States and other places too have had to go through the same things when they come to W.-B. "Don't wear rouge or high heels," is almost the first thing one hears because most of us think of our personal appearance before everything else. But if you are worried because you don't look quite as nice as you would if you had on a little rouge and because your feet would look smaller and daintier in high heels, just remember that there are over eight hundred girls thinking the same thing.

Don't cut your classes or go to classes without studying. It is awfully hard to study when there are more interesting things to do, such as, write to the "boy friend," gossip with your classmates, and read magazines and anything else but school books. Don't cut gym, for although it may seem nice, just wait until you have to make it up. Why I know one girl last year who had to take gym four times a week for a whole semester for doing that.

Don't complain about your roommate. If you are always thinking bad things of her remember that she may think the same of you.

Don't brag about the good time you had at home, and don't be snobbish. Every one else probably had just as good a time at home as you did.

And one last warning, don't talk in chapel. It is only for thirty minutes, and we can try to be quiet that long. Don't get mad at the monitors either, for they were appointed, and they don't want to report you unless they have to.

Well, let's all try to remember these few words, and I am sure that they will help all of us.

MONITORS ON THE JOB

And the thud, thud, thud of marching feet down the long corridors, beats a nightly tattoo in Ward-Belmont. The strained ear catches the echo of approaching footsteps which tell of the approach of the monitor, the monitor to all nightly feasts and whispered conversations. Instantly all is silence and darkness.

Somewhere an occasional one may roll over into a bed of cracker crumbs or squash down on a soft gey cake, but the coverlets are always drawn around a picture of "repose and sleep" when the door opens. The "ah-ah" is quiet sufficient. A few whispered words by the occupants of the room, and the last cake is quickly disposed of. Not caring to

receive a summons to "Monitors' meeting" the disturbers are soon asleep. Midnight feasting is almost an unheard of joy around Ward-Belmont, so keen are the mail inspectors who tap, tap on the too heavy laundry boxes.

There are boarding schools and boarding schools where students make war on cakes, pickles, baloney and all the guesy that makes for the feeling of "The morning after the night before," but seldom around here.

Student government fulfills its place in the life of Ward-Belmont. A monitors meeting is a serious thing and early in the game the new students learn that "Lights out," means "Lights out," that mail is not to be read in chapel, and giggling is not a part of vesper. But the swing, swing of the bells penetrates all hearts, and soon the old and the new are walking in its glad way.

CLUB TENNIS TOURNAMENT

Next Monday, Oct. 17, marks the beginning of our annual tennis tournament. There should be a great deal of interest in the tournament this year, for there are lots of good players in school. Also last year's champion, Martha Farr, is not back. So far, no one is able to guess how the tournament will end.

This fall each club is to have a singles tournament. The date for starting was put off a week to give everyone a chance to practice. We are hoping that every girl will go out for her club team and championship. Next spring we will have the school championship decided. The champion and runner-up in each club will represent their club in the fight for the school championship. The winner's points will count for her club as well as for herself.

Come on girls! Show your pep and help your clubs by going out for the tennis team.

PERSONALS

Margaret Witherspoon spent the afternoon with her mother Monday.

Allie Bowers spent Monday afternoon with Mrs. Dr. Jones. Mary E. Rhodes and Dorothy Pope had dinner with Mrs. Rhodes Monday. Dorothy Palmer went riding with Mrs. Caldwell Tuesday.

Martha Henderson had dinner with Mrs. Pratt Tuesday.

Loronell Houston spent the night in town with her parents Tuesday.

Blossom Kleban spent Wednesday night with her aunt, Mrs. Levy.

Susanne Jones and Allie Bowers spent Wednesday afternoon with Mrs. Dr. Jones.

Frances Pettit spent Wednesday afternoon with her sister, Mrs. Claud Stephenson.

Betty Marr, Lydareene Majors, and Mary Virginia Brabaton spent Wednesday afternoon with Miss Helen Moser.

Rebekah Lionberger spent Thursday afternoon with her aunt.

Patti Dowlen spent the afternoon Thursday with her aunt and Ann Dowlen.

Virginia Barr spent the evening with her parents Thursday.

Carmen Barnes had dinner with her mother Friday night.

Eugenia Mahan and Mary Jane Pulver had dinner Saturday with Mrs. Cayce and Mary Elizabeth.

Katherine Reese had dinner Saturday night with her mother.

Helen Hynds and Naomi Kilgore had dinner with Mrs. Kilgore Saturday night.

Nell Banks had dinner Saturday night with Mrs. E. Porter, Jr.

Ethel Wager spent Saturday afternoon with Mrs. Bergula.

Ruth Moore and Betty Marr spent Saturday afternoon with Mr. and Mrs. Leland Hume.

Virginia Risinger entertained Agnes Brickley Saturday night for dinner.

Margaret Chandler spent the weekend at home.

Frances Johnson spent Sunday with Mrs. Neil and Argie.

Ruth Hughes spent Sunday with Mrs. Wherry and Augusta.

Katherine Tabb spent Sunday with Mrs. Cresap Hays.

Ruth Silverstein spent Sunday with Mrs. Goodman.

Brownie Clark spent Sunday with Mrs. Robert Coles.

SPORT NOTES

The athletic managers were elected last week as follows:

School Manager—Blanche Smith.

Del Ver—Alyene Goad.

Anti-Pan—Allie Brown Clark.

Tri-K—Catherine Blackman.

Penta Tau—Dorothy Jones.

X. L.—Margaret Ellen Doudy.

Oseiron—Valbourg Ravn.

A. K.—Marian Blackman.

F. F.—Eleanor Robbins.

T. C.—Margaret Kessler (hockey manager).

Argora—Pearl Naylor.

There are a hundred and fifty girls out for archery now. We hope to have lots of interest and enthusiasm when the girls get to be "good shots."

There will be a tournament in archery as well as in hockey.

Every club has been having good crowds out for hockey. Several of the clubs have girls out who played on the team last year.

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Wednesday, October 5.

Such a day! I'm firmly convinced that Miss Norris has a crush on me—she called on me no less than six times. Devotion is all right in its place but—?

Dr. Barton nearly ruined my sweet disposition this a.m. when he kept us in suspense over the winner of the scholarship trophy—my bump of curiosity nearly turned cart wheels.

Decided to break down and go to archery today as the weather didn't give me any excuse for not going.

Did enjoy some delicious canned spaghetti tonight—my never known how useful a shoe horn can be till you're hard-pressed for cutlery.

Thursday, October 6.

Initiation was tonight—and did I stand in line? I'll have galloping bunions for weeks to come. Did take it all seriously till I saw some old girl consuming the wax from their candles and then I nigh exploded and crabbled the whole show.

Friday, October 7.

Just one letter—and that from the girl friend who's supposed to keep me well informed on subjects of the heart—but, you can't trust a woman—it's I that knows.

Dr. Noce spoke in chapel and he deserves a pink elephant for ceasing ten minutes early. Just had time to rush back to the room and throw the spaghetti can out the window as Mrs. Hall bade me "Good-Morning." Speaking of narrow escapes!

Saturday, October 8.

Spent the day in honest labor—attempting to enhance my fatal beauty with a combination of beauty clay and cold cream. Must have made some fatal mistake as I nearly peeled off my school girl complexion with the aforementioned mixture. Swear I haven't a sign of an eyebrow left. It all comes of trying to be beautiful as well as dumb.

Sunday, October 9.

Amblod off to the West End Methodist Church just as if it were the thing to do. On my return, Mrs. Charlton informed me none too gently of my fatal error, but I just laughed and laughed 'cause I knew all the time I wasn't supposed to go there—just an experiment.

Did manage to drop three apples and a hymn book in vespers tonite, thereby causing much excitement—that's the old age! A shorter and peppier vespers!

Monday, October 10.

Dr. Barton sent word that he

couldn't come to chapel. But I wasn't deceived—I knew it was against Mrs. Morrison's principles to let us go early. Did sing "The Bells of Ward Belmont" until I was all black and blue because of the knocking I received from my neighbors who aimed to put a swing into it, but only succeeded in putting several bruises on me.

To the Coffee Plant this p.m.—can't imagine what it was all about—and if I have to read all the literature they gave us to find out, guess I'll never know. Did appreciate the ride though—always was a grateful soul. Hear! that we're invited to the new milk plant—now I'm boasting bigger and better automobile rides!

Tuesday, October 11.

Peanut week has come at last, but from all appearances, or failure of appearances, I drew a boner. Haven't even so much as received a measly little Hershey. Think my shell must be Scotch. Just to show the world at large that I bore malice toward none, I sent my peanut, my favorite bottle of castor oil and some cough syrup that I've been cherishing lo! these many years.

Took in "Ben-Hur" tonight and got so excited over the chariot race that I all but rose up and shrieked, "Yeh Mess aia, Raspberries! Did manage to kick all the slats out of the seat in front of me and incur the wrath of a sweet and gentle matron who believed that "little girls should be seen and not heard." But I just shattered her girlish illusions all to pieces. Did dream about the Pirates all night—thought I had one by the beard, but only woke up to find half my mattress missing.

Must cozy off to study in the seclusion of my cubby now, to make up for tonite's dissipation.

"Hey! Lamby, what's a detour?"
"Oh, it's the roughest distance between any two points."

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WEDDINGS

Ogden have extended invitations to the marriage of their daughter, Margaret, to Dr. Paul Victor Reimarus, which will take place at eight o'clock Wednesday evening, October 19, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Ogden in Glen Ridge, New Jersey. The bride-to-be graduated at Ward-Belmont in 1925.

Mr. Samuel Davis Eccles has issued invitations to the marriage of his daughter, Elizabeth, to Mr. Acree Miller Agee, which will take place Wednesday, October 12, in the Broadway Methodist Church, of Paducah,

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas E. Mobley have issued announcements of the marriage of their daughter, Mary Kathryn, to Mr. Donovan Boyd Danahy, on September 8, in New York City. Mr. and Mrs. Daniels will be home after October 15, Buffalo, N. Y.

Invitations to the marriage of Miss Bernice Martin to Rev. Daniel Edwin Grieder have been issued by the bride-to-be's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Martin. The marriage will take place in the First Presbyterian Church of Wichita Falls, Texas, Wednesday evening, October 18. Bernice graduated at Ward-Belmont in 1925.

The marriage of Jean Irene Richardson, who graduated at Ward-Belmont with the class of 1925, to Mr. Horace Ely McKnight, will take place on Tuesday evening, October 11, in the North Woodward Congregational Church, of Detroit, Michigan.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Judd



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Invitations to the marriage of Miss Josephine Adams to Mr. John Wilhoite Horton, October 6, at Lewisburg, Tennessee, were received at Ward-Belmont. The bride graduated at Ward-Belmont in 1921. The groom is the son of Tennessee's new governor.

The marriage of Miss Reba Webb Dean to Dr. John Lytle Scales, Jr., took place at the home of the bride's mother in Belle Meade Park, Nashville. The bride was formerly assistant in the dean's office at Ward-Belmont. After October 15, Dr. and Mrs. Scales will be at home, 2782 Fairfield Avenue, Shreveport, Louisiana.

Billie Burke, 1918-1920, to Dr. Robert McNair Purdie, on June 16, 1927, at Lufkin, Texas.

Martha Fraiser, 1920-1923, to Mr. Donald Noble Dulweber, on June 12, 1927, at Greenwood, Miss.

Helyn Maxine Spradley, 1923-1924, to Mr. John Frederick Wolf, on June 15, 1927, at Salina, Kans.

Theodosia Cartwright, 1924-1925, to Mr. Carl Edward Strong, Jr., on May 6, 1927, at Denver, Colo.

Mary Pearl McClanahan, 1924, to Dr. Cecil Palmer Jarrell, on June 23, 1927, at Columbia, La.

Susanmary Roberts, 1922, to Dr. Clark Homer Hall, on June 9, 1927, at Nevada, Mo.

Clara Lois Scarritt, 1922 and 1923, to Mr. James Mendel Gilbert, on June 10, 1927, at Kansas City, Mo.

Florence Mildred Lehman, 1922, to Mr. Britton Dale Churchman, on June 23, 1927, at DeFiance, Ohio.

Thera Speer, 1920-1922, to Mr. Henry Theodore Moore, on June 15, 1927, at Philadelphia, Pa.

Ruth Bailey, 1925, to Mr. Willis Russell Holder, on June 29, 1927, at Nashville, Tenn.

Orlean Palmer Henderson, 1922-1927, to Mr. William Cutter Alford, on June 6, 1927, at Nashville, Tenn.

Alice Lucille Caywood, 1921 and 1922, to Mr. David Kirk Gunby, Jr., on June 21, 1927, at North Middleton, Ky.

Louise Millsaps Atkins, 1922-1924, to Mr. Edward James Seymour, on June 14, 1927, at Monroe, La.

Joe S. Roof, 1923, to Mr. John Wood Logan, Jr., on June 11, 1927, at Gainesville, Fla.

Margaret Antoinette Quinn, 1924, to Mr. William Lamar Parker, on May 9, 1927, at Palm Beach, Fla.

Margaret Corinne Mathieu, 1921 and 1922, to Mr. James Lennox Brooks, on July 10, 1927, at Louisville, Ky.

Customer — "Chicken croquettes, please."
Waiter — "Fowl ball."

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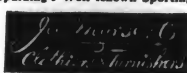
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GOOD NEWS

"Absolute knowledge I have none
But my Aunt's washwoman's son
Heard a policeman on his beat.
Say to a laborer on the street
That he had a letter just last week
Hand written in the finest Greek
From a Chinese coolie in Timbuctoo
Who said a son in Cuba knew
Of a colored gent in a Texas town
Who got it right from a circus clown
That a man in Klondyke got the news
From a gang of smooth American
Jews

About some fellow in Borneo
Who knew a man or blamed to know
A hermit who lived beside the lake
Whose mother-in-law will undertake
To prove that a friend's sister's niece
Has stated in a nicely written piece
That she has a son who knows about
The date the new Ford is coming
out."

—Ex.

CLUB INITIATIONS

(Continued from page 1)
shivering a little, on the porches of
the ten club houses; for the preceding
is a description of Club Initiation
Night.

Ended now is the thrilling feeling
which stirred within the new girls as
they held the envelopes which bade
them belong to one of the ten clubs.
The thrilling rushing week is done,
and each girl becomes acquainted with
her club and settles down to club life
contentedly.

The inner mysteries of the initiation
are, of course, not to be divulged but
we do know that the "eatments" were
plenty and if any girl went hungry
it was her own fault.

After refreshments had been served
and eaten, everyone danced until the
bell rang for all to go to their halls.

THAT CLUB SPIRIT

(Continued from page 1)
The new member must feel a thrill
of delight when she realizes that she
is really a part of that club which
is to form a large part of her life at
Ward-Belmont. The number of girls
down at the different clubs last week-
end showed that many were already
taking advantage of their privileges.
The bashful ones, opening the door
carefully and peering in, were easily
distinguished from the old members
who strolled in and tried to make them
feel very much at home.

But really, isn't it worth sitting on
the dining room floor and eating with
knives just to be able to go down to
the club, sit around the fire and talk
or play the Victrola or piano?

Dear Cynthia

Sara said to me:
They say—love is
blind! Well, I'm
in love
all right!
I was just
going out
of town to
buy a new
gown when
I discovered
we have the newest
and most reasonable
things right here at



Bells!
— Boris

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CHAPEL NOTES

Wednesday, October 5.—Dr. Barton presented the cup given by the school to the club having the highest scholastic standing. This cup is kept each semester by the club which has made the highest general average the previous semester and must be won three times in succession before it becomes the property of the club.

Thursday, October 6.—Miss Morrison made some announcements.

Friday, October 7.—A speaker from Nashville was brought to Ward-Belmont.

Saturday, October 8.—A meeting of the new boarders was held in the chapel and Miss Irvin talked to them about learning thrift at school and explained several of the rules.

Monday, October 10.—Dr. Barton sent word that he would be unable to be present at chapel, so "The Bells of Ward-Belmont" was learned and Miss Morrison explained that respect was due our school song and that anyone connected with Ward-Belmont should stand whenever they heard it.

W.-B. GIRL WINS HONOR AT WELLESLEY

(Continued from page 1)

Wellesley, Mass., Oct. 10.—(Special.)—From the office of the dean of Wellesley College comes the list of the members of the class of 1931 who passed the entrance examinations with more than ordinary honors. Thirteen per cent of the freshman class averaged 80 per cent or better in the examinations.

The honor of attaining the highest average goes to a prominent young woman, who prepared for Wellesley at the Ward-Belmont school at Nashville, Miss Mary Elizabeth Smith.

Considerable interest is held in the entrance examinations each year and to attain the higher averages is considered an academic achievement. Naturally it supplies considerable credit to the school from which the freshman graduated in proportion for Wellesley College, whose entrance requirements rank among the highest of young women's colleges of the country, hence congratulations are being tendered Miss Smith today.

WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

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Volume XVII

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Number 5

GIUSEPPE DE LUCA GIVES BRILLIANT CONCERT

Ward-Belmont presented Giuseppe De Luca, the celebrated baritone of the Metropolitan Opera Company, in concert Thursday evening at Ryman Auditorium. Appearing with him were Mrs. Abilee Stewart, of the



GIUSEPPE DE LUCA

Who appeared Thursday evening at Ryman Auditorium under the auspices of Ward-Belmont.

Ward-Belmont voice department, and Miss Claire Harper, of the violin department.

Probably the greatest thing which could be said of the student artists is that they were not overshadowed by the superb performance which De Luca gave.

The New York World, in a recent criticism of De Luca said: "It is doubtful if any living operatic baritone has more perfect vocal control or more subtle and varied artistry."

The truth of this statement could never be questioned by anyone who heard him Thursday night.

De Luca's career has been a particularly interesting one and it is remarkable that after his training and long experience in the leading cities of the world he considers the Metropolitan Opera Company, of which he is a member, and the Metropolitan opera house, the best in the world. In discussing this subject he recently stated that before the world war there were some good opera houses in Europe, but that now there is only the Metropolitan—that is has the best orchestra, the best singers and the best settings in the world.

When Bartolini, the noted baritone, heard De Luca, at the age of 13, sing, he was so favorably impressed that he urged the boy to study seriously. Accordingly, De Luca entered the Con-

(Continued on page 7)

CRITIC PRAISES KENNETH ROSE

Ward-Belmont's Master of Violin Gives
Splendid Recital

George Pullen Jackson, one of Nashville's leading music critics was generous in his praise of the concert program given Thursday evening, October 13, by Kenneth Rose, head of the department of violin, Ward-Belmont School.

Mr. Jackson's article on the subject reads as follows:

"It was violinistic mastery of a high degree that gave joy to a large audience in the auditorium of the Ward-Belmont school Thursday evening on the occasion of Kenneth Rose's recital. For it comprised, in addition to the Ward-Belmont student body, practically all the fiddle fans of the city, a growing group which is always in evidence when Kenneth Rose, the dean of their coterie, is to be heard.

"Mr. Rose opened his bill with the Nardini sonata in D Major, a beautiful thing for the mid-eighteenth century, an ugly thing when contrasted to the tonal thoughts and emotions of the decades since that damnable artificial period. I suppose it is a good thing that recitalists start their programs rather generally with musical periwigs, with foppish imitation-emotions, near-feelings. If they didn't we could not drink so deeply and so enjoyably when they go over presently into the realm of the honest tone-poets—with a soul, into the tragic nineteenth century when a Bruch put its tragedy into musical sound, and then into the still more tragic twentieth century when an Ernest Bloch leads us still deeper into the suffering soul of humanity.

"There is no doubt as to the high points of Mr. Rose's offerings last evening. They were the Adagio from the Bruch D Minor concerto and the Bloch "Nigun." Another altitude was reached when the recitalist reminded us, by means of a Gluck mel-

ody, an encore, that the eighteenth century grew decidedly better when it started wearing long pants.

"By way of lyric lightness Mr. Rose brought the Kreiser paraphrase of the Volga Boatmen song, and effective arrangement by Rosen of the Robert Franz song "The Rose's Complaint," and the Kopylow-Hartmann Minuet. The program closed with the second Hungarian dance by Brahms in the Joachim version.

"Mr. Rose attained to a new high mark in his art last night. His plush-like tone, his clear execution of the most exacting passages and his virile, masterful interpretation of the creations—varied as they were—of the different composers; all these qualities came as a surprise even to those who have followed his work closely.

"And in all justice and honesty it must be said also that Nashville audiences have rarely heard piano accompaniments as effective as were those of Helen Coate Rose last evening."

Mr. Rose's program in full was as follows:

1. Sonata in D Major.....Nardini
2. Concerto in D Minor.....Bruch adagio ma non troppo
3. (a) Paraphrase.....Kreiser
(b) Rose's Complaint, Franz-Rosen Minuet.....Kopylow-Hartmann
4. (a) Nigun.....Bloch
(b) Hungarian Dance No. II.....Brahms-Joachim

GEORGIA CLUB ELECTS OFFICERS

The Georgia Club met Saturday noon, and the following officers were elected:

Virginia Cooper, president; Harriet Lawson, vice-president; Lalla Branch, secretary-treasurer.

THE WIND

I'd like to sweep with the wind tonight
As it whirls about in a gale,
And soar o'er hill-tops mist bedight
As a barge through sea waves sail.

If, against the wind's fluttering hair,
I could press my soul hands out
I'd find the adventuring, ceaseless pulse
That throbs in me, no doubt.

—CHRISTINE CALDWELL.

DR. VINCENT GIVES SERIES OF LECTURES

Famous Author and Lecturer
at Ward-Belmont

Ward-Belmont is fortunate in having Dr. Leon H. Vincent for another series of lectures this year. For a number of years he has been delivering lectures to the student body and faculty of Ward-Belmont and it is a remarkable fact that he never fails to hold the interest of those who have heard him before—nor to win the enthusiastic admiration of his new hearers.

Dr. Vincent, in addition to being a lecturer of unusual ability, is well known as the author of "The Biblioph and Other People," "American Literary Masters," "Dandies and Men of Letters." He has also written a series of brief studies on French society and letters in the Seventeenth Century: "The Hotel de Rambouillet," "The French Academy," "Corneille," "Moliere." Numbers of short stories and essays published in the *Atlantic Monthly*, *Scribner's*, *The Century* and other periodicals of the higher class, are also to his credit.

For a number of years Dr. Vincent has been a member of the staff at the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Science and has given courses in such institutions as the University of Chicago, Columbia University, George Peabody College for Teachers, and Colorado State Teachers' College.

Ward-Belmont girls have particularly appreciated the lectures he has delivered during the past week on "The Greater Victorian Authors." He has made Carlyle, Dickens, George Eliot and the others he discussed human and interesting and his own delightful humor cropping out at unexpected places has contributed, more than a little to the pleasure of his lectures.

The following excerpt from *The Athenaeum* (London) shows something of the appreciation which the literary world has shown Dr. Vincent's work:

"From a review of 'Dandies and Men of Letters' Mr. Vincent is a most agreeable writer, with an altogether fresh perception of men and books. His humor does not belong to the modern American kind, with its ingenious but violent collections of ideas. Mr. Vincent inherits, rather, the quietly whimsical outlook of Oliver Wendell Holmes, appreciative of what George Meredith called the fine shades. . . . Besides he knows his period—the Regency and later—intimately; and on his apt observation that a sound volume about that age is wanting, we make the plump and plain comment that Mr. Vincent is the man to produce it. He has just the right touch."



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"Y" NOTES

Everything young takes time to grow. And Sunday school is growing! Starting with something slightly less than a hundred members it has increased to surprisingly near one hundred and fifty. Last Sunday, Eloise Pierson, a member of the Sunday school committee, led the services. The usual groups were formed; scout group consisting of about half a dozen patrols met, and discussed the songs, calls, etc. A hike is planned for next Saturday afternoon. This hike is just "a starter" for longer, more venture-some ones to come.

The little "Y" room was full—and has been full, but last Sunday it was nothing short of packed. Must be something there. You'll hear about it if you can't get in yourself.

Peaking in the window of the big Y. W. room "Don" was seen pacing back and forth with an expression of heavy importance on her face. Around her on the floor were seated, cross-legged, some eight or ten girls (lions, bears, ?). Perhaps she was Noah trying to decide who and what to put in the ark, or perhaps she was merely a patriarchal father trying to find the wherewithal to feed his hungry horde. The Primary group were meeting under the direction of Miss Olmstead as usual. There's a rumor abroad that the rest of us are going to be let in on the "deep and dark" of all of it before long.

The Kindergarten Group met in the faculty sitting room. As the regular leader, Miss Kate Hackney, was unavoidably absent, Josephine Rankin read. Miss Hackney sent a message expressing regret of her absence, and assurance of her return next Sunday.

IN APPRECIATION

Now that Peanut Week is over the realization comes to us that it took a good many old friends to help make the new ones. Those old friends made Peanut Week, with all its fun, possible. First, on Tuesday morning the playlet, as introduction, was put on by Dorothea Gilbert, Bee Flowers, Edwina Kenard, and Mary Jane Pulver, with the assistance of the Peanut chorus consisting of Florence Abels, Mary Belle Johnson, Eleanor Gray, Kate Parker, Barbara Blackman,

Pearle Harper, Miriam Wilson, and Carrie Walton Hopkins, accompanied by Josephine Rankin. Mr. Peanut Man was Doris Yochum. Ann Johnston represented the seer. At noon Mr. Peanut Man and his chorus distributed the peanuts. For three consecutive days Mr. Peanut Man had a message to deliver at luncheon. And then Friday the teal "Bill" Jackson was chairman of the dances. Under her guidance Peggy Corwin, chairman of the decoration committee, Margaret Payne, chairman of the music committee, Susan Graham, Erwin and Kate Parker, chairman of the food committee, the Gym blossomed as it has never blossomed before. Cozy settees, pennants, snappy music (four-piece orchestra) and punch with favors of little baskets of candy peanuts—certainly was a big factor in putting over a good time. The punch was served by Susan Graham Erwin, Louise Skiles, Peggy Corwin, and Eleanor Herford. Betty Hendricks played the piano, Beverly Freeland and Margery Northrop the banjos, and Margaret Payne the kazoot. Mr. Peanut man as a fitting climax awarded a miniature peanut man to the best shell. Margery Northrop was voted the winner of that prize.

Friday night the membership drive was started. Mary Louise Wilcox was chairman, and had as her workers each member of the cabinet.

The Vesper service given for the recognition of the new "Y" members was impressive, lovely. The chapel was in complete darkness save for a few soft lights on the platform, lights made softer by the ferns and palms that were set about here and there. The "Y" cabinet entered from the back of the chapel, in two lines carrying lighted candles, and singing. After they had taken their places on the platform, a hymn was sung, followed by a harp solo, Barcarolle, played by Lola Branch. Mary Eleanor Gilmore, "Y" president, gave a short prayer, and a word of welcome to the new members. Then the new members of each class were formally recognized and received into the "Y" ranks as their representatives, Senior College, Viola Jay, Second-year College, Aileen Goad, Senior Middle.



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Rachel Havener, Frances Henderson, Junior Middles, Gladys Laird, Junior High school, Eleanor De Witt, Second year high school, and Winifred Hagan, first year high school, in turn lighted their candles by the central flame, a tall, slender, white candle representing the light of Christ's love.

That song that many know, and as many love, "Follow the Glean" preceded the benedictory prayer of consecration.

ALUMNAE NOTES

Katherine Rogers ('27) is teaching school in Mountain City, Tennessee.

Virginia Buxton and Pansy Hawly ('27) are attending William and Mary College at Williamsburg, Virginia.

Carol Cruise ('27) is attending the University of Michigan.

Maxine Murray ('20) was married to J. Robert Quigg in Richmond, Indiana, on October 12th.

Dorothy Davis is going to Oklahoma this year.

Clarice Davis, Helen Ruth Kelley, and Dorothy Dee are attending Birmingham Southern in Birmingham, Alabama, this year.

Lalla Phelps pledged Kappa at the University of Arizona.

Marietta Duncan pledged Kappa at the University of Texas.

Julia Smithers pledged Kappa at the University of Texas.

Mary Moore ('27) is studying art in New York.

Mary Grady Parks is attending Chicora College in South Carolina.

Lucille Taliaferro is attending the University of Kansas.

Rosemary Adams is going to Millsaps at her home in Jackson, Miss.

Sarah Hilton is staying at her home this winter in Blakely, Georgia.

Catherine Davis is attending the Centenary at her home in Shreveport, La.

Winlenia Curran pledged Chi Omega at the University of Kansas.

Marian Sherman pledged Chi Omega at the University of Georgia.

in their victoria! What are they doing now? They are having a meeting. Who is that girl? That is the president, Eloise Pearson. What is she doing? She is introducing the new girls. Now what is she doing? She is introducing the officers. Who is the girl that talks all the time? That is Virginia Baird. Who is standing next to Pearson? That is Miss Amis. What is she doing? She is making a speech. Do the girls like the speech? I'll say they do. What is the funny noise? They are all singing. What's the best club on the campus? Ask an F. F.; she has "It!"

PERSONALS

Mary Lloyd's mother and father, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Olive, were in Nashville last week.

Pearl Harper had dinner with her aunt, Mrs. Harper, Wednesday.

Ethel Childress spent the week-end with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. P. L. Childress of Ozona, Texas, who were here last week.

Martel Swan had dinner with her grandfather, Mr. Craig, Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Mason of Port Huron, Michigan, have been here visiting their daughter, Ruth.

Mary Elizabeth Rhodes had dinner with her father Wednesday.

Marjorie Holmes spent the week-end at home in Riverside, Illinois.

Mildred Newbern spent the week-end with her parents.

Eleanor DeWitt had dinner Friday with her father who was here from Glen Gardner, New Jersey.

Mary Margaret Parker spent the week-end with her mother.

Dorothy Huckins spent the week-end with her mother at the Andrew Jackson Hotel.

Rosalie Warner had dinner with Mrs. C. C. Gilbert Friday.

Leora Troxler spent the week-end with her parents.

Jean Peterson's parents were here from Indianapolis last week.

Lillie Jackson spent Sunday with Mrs. George Killbrew.

Nancy Drago and Betty Marr spent Sunday afternoon with Mrs. Bransford.

Joan White spent Sunday afternoon with Mrs. Troxler.

Elizabeth Ingle's parents from Glendale, Ohio, were here last week.

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Application for second-class entry pending.

EDITORIAL

Are you giving your best to each day's tasks and pleasures? Are you making this year at Ward-Belmont really count for something? Of course, we all intend to buckle down and accomplish things sometime, but how often we think, there's plenty of time—that can wait a little longer. Already the first month of our school year has passed, and before some of us decide to settle down to work, an ever shall have passed as quickly. Have you ever noticed that it is the girls who are failing in their studies and those who are not doing their best to "respect and obey the school's laws" who are the most dissatisfied? We can no more be happy without work than we can without other physical necessities, such as food and shelter. So let us all buckle down and give our best to our class work as well as our social life, thereby creating a better and happier atmosphere for ourselves and making for a greater and more beautiful Ward-Belmont.

SENIORS YOURS IS A RESPONSIBLE PLACE

Senior recognition day has passed. This, it, or should be, significant in the life of every senior, for to the senior class has been given the responsibility of upholding and carrying still higher, the glorious colors of Ward-Belmont. The senior class, because of its wider experience, should be the leading class in school. This responsibility should be taken individually by every senior girl. Think of the tremendous influence the class of '28 could have toward enlarging and perpetuating the ideals of loyalty, honesty and love, so outstanding in the life of every girl who has caught the spirit of Ward-Belmont, if the seniors would stand one hundred per cent for Ward-Belmont traditions. We want to strive to keep these traditions of the present as well as of the past. We never obtain perfection, but how miserably we fail when we cease to strive for it.

Wonderful and beautiful as the ideals of Ward-Belmont are, we can spread their fame still farther, with the senior class of '28 leading. Pledge are always ready to follow, and

there isn't a girl in Ward-Belmont but can and will help someone to see those ideals, if she but places them first in her daily life. Loyalty to these high ideals is the greatest thing Ward-Belmont has for all of us, and if we miss that, all the rest matters little. Seniors you have made your vows. Stick to them, for the rest of the school is watching you.

WHO IS THE GIRL AT YOUR ELBOW?

Don't be afraid to elbow the girl you have never been formally introduced to. She may be seething with the companionship you need, but just a little bashful about becoming acquainted. The greatest thing you will gain from attending Ward-Belmont is a host of friends who will be your joy in later life. Long after the Latin and French are forgotten or time has made their sound rusty in your mind, you will have occasion to remember your roommate, and other close friends. You'll cherish the old memory book because of the faces of friends of bygone days in Ward-Belmont which it holds. The girl you'd like to know may be just as bashful as you are, if not a little more so, and it is up to you to break down the foolish little barrier that makes strangers of you.

Undoubtedly you are ashamed when you go to class without any preparation of the lesson, and you should be just as ashamed to sit side by side with the same girl for days and weeks and never get acquainted with her. Ward-Belmont is proud of the girls who stand at the head in the class of friendship. Start elbowing the girl to your right if you don't already know her. If you are discontented and unhappy in one of your classes—see if you are in a land of strangers, and if so get acquainted. Where friendship enters unhappiness has to depart.

BIRTHDAY DINNER
A LOVELY AFFAIRThirteen States Represented
In Group of Eighteen
Ward-Belmont Students

Eighteen Ward-Belmont girls, representing thirteen states, were entertained at a birthday dinner by Dr. and Mrs. Blanton Thursday evening, October 13. Each month dinners are given for the girls whose birthdays take place during the month and these affairs are among the loveliest events on the social calendar of the school. Dr. and Mrs. Blanton, have for a long while observed this lovely custom.

Pink cosmos in silver bowls, pink candles in silver candlesticks and pink rosebuds as favors, were used in decoration. Dr. and Mrs. John W. Barton, Miss Edna Irvin, dean of residence, with Mrs. Blanton as hostess, and the following girls, were present: Misses Florence Abels, Springfield, Ill.; Nannie Butler, Huntsville, Ala.; Marion Blackman, Holme, Ill.; Virginia Barr, Chattanooga, Tenn.; Diana Cox, Ft. Wayne, Ind.; Ava Dietrich, Belle-

fontaine, Ohio; Louise Dreyfus, Hattiesburg, Miss.; Josephine Detman, Manitowoc, Wis.; Winona Griggs, Amarillo, Texas; Norma Gruber, St. Paul, Minn.; Wilma Hyink, Le Mars, Iowa; Anne Hodgdon, Hannibal, Mo.; Dorothy Jones, Kansas City, Mo.; Gladys Laird, Springfield, Ill.; Mary Louise Lonker, Ashland, Kansas; Gwendolyn McConnell, Ironton, Ohio; Pearl Taylor, Coweta, Okla.; and Margaret Witherspoon, Gallatin, Tenn.

MICHIGAN GIRLS MEET

The old Michigan girls with their sponsor, Miss Estelle Roy-Schmitz, entertained the new girls from their state at a delightful tea on Monday evening from five to six. A very enjoyable program was given, consisting of two beautiful piano solos by Miss Schmitz, an interesting humorous reading by Josephine Rankin, and a piano selection by Ethelmarie McClean. The girls were delighted to have among their guests Mrs. Blanton, Miss Irvin and Miss Leavell.

This social gathering was preliminary to the formal organization of the Michigan Club which is to take place within the next few days.

CHAPEL NOTES

Tuesday, October 11—Several of the old "Y" girls gave a play to illustrate the meaning of peanut week. Every girl in chapel had visions of pink elephants afterwards. Don't worry, they were only plush ones.

Wednesday, October 12—Doctor Barton discussed the subject of cheating; if any one tries to cheat after that, she should be ashamed.

Thursday, October 13—Meetings of various classes were held in different rooms.

Friday, October 14—Senior Recognition day. The officers of the Senior class each made a short speech; then Dean Quaid spoke briefly and amusingly to the effect that the Senior class of Ward-Belmont is the best class in the world. Miss Irvin, the class sponsor, read a delightfully sincere speech addressed especially to the Seniors.

Monday, October 17—The pledges and song to be used on Class Recognition Day were practised.

Tuesday, October 18—Several announcements were read. The Class Day pledges and song were practised again.

PEANUT WEEK

Peanut Week began a week ago Tuesday at luncheon; when, accompanied by much rustling of brown paper, the "Peanuts" distributed their namesakes—one to each girl. Little bursts of mirth arose as everyone opened her shell and discovered who was to receive her gifts. Much glee was shown by some of the new girls when they discovered that the Senior who had worn them out so on "Fag Day" was to be the recipient of their gifts. Now to be revenged for having to endure the ignominy of eating on the floor that terrible day.

From Tuesday until Friday everyone went about wearing broad grin. It certainly did seem fine to have something in the mail box every time one went past. Gifts appeared in rooms very mysteriously and amusingly. If one considers it an insult to receive a cake of soap as a gift, there were plenty of badly inflated girls.

Friday afternoon the "Y" tea brought the week to a successful close. The gym was simply transformed. Dolls and pillows and banners and pennants, to say nothing of greenery to hide the unsightly gym equipment. The "Y" orchestra—just think of it and you'll laugh yourself silly—furnished music (and how!) for dancing, and there was punch—and did it taste good? Just ask anyone who was there. Little baskets filled with candy peanuts were given as souvenirs.

To cap the climax, Mr. Peanut himself (in person, not a moving picture) gave the grand prize, a beautiful "peanut dollie" to the nicest shell of the week.

A. K. NOTES

Last Wednesday night we had the first gathering of all the old and new members of the club. The new girls had to write, on a slip of paper, their names and their special talent or favorite sport. Then Helen Johnson gave a very interesting and clever talk on the history of Ward-Belmont. We learned all about how the "first girl of Belmont," Lady Acklen, did her shopping (imagine riding down town and having the merchant bring out all his silks and satins to your carriage for your inspection!) and why all the dogs and lions "adorn" this campus. Then the ringing of the bell for study hour caused us all to have to come back to the present day with its problems and worries of college life.

ANTI PANDORA NOTES

"And the goblins will get you
If you don't watch out!"
Through the smoky, hazy air of fall, the spirits of the poet come stealing back to haunt the night of Halloween. Low moaning sobes and high piercing shrieks come from the dark to chill the hearts of humans. Dusk orange eyes and pointed teeth of pumpkin heads glare horribly. A soft thud—silence—a creeping feeling that something is watching you—and then an awful howl, unearthly, terrifying. And what was that—that was the cat.

But Halloween means more—a frolic, a masquerade, a costume ball. There are dancing, eating, charms to find your lover, confetti to be thrown, balloons to be chased and all the other joys peculiar to this spooky night.

We Anti Pana and our guests are going to drink deep of the joys of Halloween. We have already issued invitations to all the witches and hobgoblins of the other world and the cats and goblins of all time.

"Bubble, bubble,
Toil and trouble
Fire burn and
Cauldron bubble."

HALLOWE'EN!

DR. VINCENT DISCUSSES CARLYLE

Dr. Leon H. Vincent began on Monday evening in the school auditorium a series of lectures on "The Greater Victorian Authors." His first study was "Thomas Carlyle and His Wife." Dr. Vincent calls Carlyle "my literary hero" and a giant of literature. In little things Carlyle was somewhat selfish; he was greatly annoyed by a neighboring piano or a howling cat on the back fence. However, that he was generous and kind in larger things is shown in his attitude toward John Stuart Mill, who, indirectly and unintentionally was responsible for the destruction of Carlyle's work on the French Revolution. The author tried to keep from Mill the fact that the first drafts of the three volumes had been destroyed. Carlyle rewrote his history and discovered it was much better than the previous account. He said of the incident of the loss of the books that he felt like a young school boy who had presented his copybook to the professor only to see it torn up before his eyes and asked to rewrite it in its entirety. This book, called "The French Revolution, a History" was received in America before it was acknowledged in England. It was reviewed by Thackeray and considered later by Englishmen an extraordinary success, because of its newness of style, that of drama rather than mere dates and facts set down in an exceedingly dry manner. He wrote several accounts of the life of Frederick the Great of Prussia, and although he did not have the military insight of Gibbon, he made his works so clear in militaristic ideas that they were translated into German and used as reference books in the German military schools.

Harriet Martineau helped Carlyle to give lectures on German literature which was then the favorite topic of discussion. He covered his ground thoroughly and was rewarded with plenty of money to live on and a wide extension of personal popularity. Later he was elected by the faculty and student body of the University of Edinburgh as Lord Rector. He was a great favorite among the students who escorted him wherever he went in processions.

He was visiting some relatives when he received news of his wife's death. She died quietly and unobserved in the seat of her carriage while she was driving through the park one afternoon. Mrs. Carlyle, nee Jane Welsh, was a really remarkable child. She desired to "be a boy and learn Latin." Upon being denied this request she obtained a Latin grammar and committed to memory the first declension. At the age of 10 she was reading "Virgil." Dr. Vincent gave us an amusing incident in her life when she stabbed her doll with a pen-knife and burned her on a funeral pyre, because she thought she was too old to play with dolls.

Jane Welsh had many admirers but treated most of them any way she wished. Carlyle called her a little witch; she was. She was not easy to win, but after she became the wife

of Thomas Carlyle she was faithful to him and helped him in his work. Dr. Vincent presented this remarkable couple to us in a most enjoyable and delightful manner. His accounts, full of interest, and touched with humor, will not soon be forgotten.

On Tuesday evening Dr. Vincent presented to us "Charles Dickens, a Personal Study." Dickens was a man of spontaneous production; he "never had enough paper." His thoughts were always so full that he had to cut down most of his work after he had written it. One can never exhaust Dickens. Read him a hundred times, and there is always something new that is revealed. Of Dickens' three thousand characters Dr. Vincent seems to prefer Pickwick who has been "the principle jackass in a club of jackasses."

In 1843 Dickens visited America on a sightseeing trip but was so constantly rushed that he could not do what he wished so was thoroughly bored. He disliked America although he thought the women were pretty.

He was disgusted with the American habit of public expectation. In spite of his dislike for America he said that the people of this country were kind, earnest, frank, hospitable, very courteous to ladies, and extremely devoted to great men.

Before Dickens was thirty years old he had written five of his greatest works including "Pickwick Papers," "Nicholas Nickleby," "Old Curiosity Shop," etc.

Charles Dickens ended his wonderful career before he was sixty years old. On popular demand he was buried in Westminster Abbey. Thousands of people came to pay him tribute. "His death had eclipsed the gayety of nations."

Dickens' career, which culminated in his book "David Copperfield," is as miraculous in its way as Shakespeare was in his way. Every English-speaking person will find happy, charitable thoughts that are cheerful and helpful in any of Dickens' works because he firmly believed that every cloud had a silver lining.

Dr. Vincent is certainly delightful in his presentation of these writers, and we are looking forward eagerly to the three remaining studies.

GIGGLING THROUGH EUROPE

Ship ahoy! And all that sort of thing. We boarded the train for Brussels and loped in. Lunched at the best hotel on the continent and stomped down on everything but the kitchen stove. Saw the many interesting monuments, buildings, statues. We attacked the Hall of Justice—it was a beautiful building but the guide spoke Dutch and English, so Alice and I decided that we would observe

the little number for ourselves, and we ambled around commenting on different things until our eyes suddenly rested upon a most stately flight of stairs, being beautifully carved, and having the most enticing carpets; so we thought that we would take them in a very queenly fashion. Sherman was Queen Victoria and I was Elizabeth, so she went up there on one side and I took the other. No sooner had we alighted the stairs, with our hands gracefully reposed at the side with an air of superiority, than suddenly, out of the blue sky, some little upstart of a keeper came toddling up after us, but the faster he ran the faster we did. After having hit hockey at Ward-Belmont we covered a bit of territory. It truly was a riot. I can just see his little swallow tail coat switching back and forth and the look of determination on his face. I regret to state that we were casually informed that the stairs were used only by nobility. I explained that I was a descendant of Daniel Boone; but it didn't get over so big, and hysterically we departed.

T. C. CHATTER

The first real meeting and what fun we had! Of course, there was some business to attend to—namely, electing a tennis manager and the sergeants-at-arms. That all was done in a most snappy manner, and the results certainly were satisfactory. Dorothy Valentine is to see that the T. C.'s win the tennis tournament and Isabel Davis is going to help her. Anne Dorsey Hogden and the same Isabel Davis hold the exalted positions of sergeants. Congratulations, girls.

And, incidentally, sister T.C.'s, before I forget, do help Jane keep the kitchen clean. You know how it worries her, and we couldn't have our little Jane gray before her time. I should say not!

We danced and talked and made plans for the "weenie" roast till some of us decided it was time to hie ourselves home to our patiently-waiting lessons, and away we went.

THE PENTA TAUS REPORT

The Penta Taus combined business and pleasure in their first formal meeting on Wednesday evening. Miss Jacobs, sponsor, and Doris Tatum, president, gave short, intimate talks, and the various committees were named, and then an open fire and marshmallows occupied the attention of the members for the rest of the meeting.

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The Diary of Mistress Belle Ward



Wednesday—October 12.

Dr. Barton didn't mention the fact that this was Columbus Day, so I just laughed and laughed 'cause I knew he'd forgotten it himself all the time. Praise be for forgetfulness.

Did breeze downtown for the fourth time this week, and the glance my worthy hostess gave me might have daunted on Egyptian mummy, but not I.

Thursday—October 13.

Some stamps from my peanut but as yet no written word. She's probably one of those females who has learned not to commit herself on paper.

Did "arch" beautifully if I say it myself. Miss Morrison only dodged once and that was the time I skinned three fingers and my right ear. She had nothing to complain of.

Did hear a man's voice in the dining room tonight. What have we here?

Took in Mr. Rose's concert tonight, of necessity, and bore up well under the strain. Some of the seniors didn't though—judging from the stirring sounds in the balcony.

Friday—October 14.

Senior recognition in chapel and it was just lovely. Incidentally, the mercenary side of my mind wondered at the unexpected effectiveness of the yellow stockings—the way some of the girls walked, I'd have thought the hose were made of nothing short of sandpaper.

Peanut dance this p.x., and I was skinned—bitterly, hopelessly shunned. Neither my peanut nor shell showed up and I felt like the one and only social blunder.

Saturday—October 15.

The "Wordsmiths" entertained us in chapel—think I shall submit my own version of "The Billboard" for their approval.

The movie tonight was "It" and to have heard Miss Morrison's tone when she announced it, anyone would have thought "it" was something contagious. But it wasn't—thrilled me so I almost swam out and grabbed the lifesaver of the clinging vine.

Sunday—October 16.

Sunday school again. Decided to promote myself to the Girl Scout group—just for the sake of the promised hikes. Let myself in for more than I thought when they commanded me to be peetic and write 'em a song. Oh, well, they haven't found me out yet. "Herded" to church in the usual frivolous Sunday costume. Was much amused to see an old man with an

entire garden in his button hole stroll in.

Did plan to study a little tonight, but became so interested in telling my own fortune that I had to postpone the little session for some other time. There are some things that can always wait.

Miss Ashbruner would stage a raid tonight, just when I was peacefully reading "Fascinating Womanhood" in the privacy of the cubby. My vain soul rejoiced in the fact that I had on my new black and orange p. j's. They intensified that innocent look of mine so that the "dere teacher" looked almost credulous when I told her I'd lost my favorite safety pin down the drain pipe. Noticed she didn't help me look for it though. Now I'm for more co-operation in this hall.

Monday—October 17.

The mystery of the unknown man is a mystery no longer! We are to be subjected to a series of lectures, and Miss Morrison urged us to forget our "little wriggings" during the evening. Well, it all depends. She did keep the seniors after we left and my bets are on their getting blessed out for their various amusements at the concert.

Did hear the lecture, not by choice, and was much shocked to find it highly interesting. For once I was happily surprised. Did take five pages of notes just to convince Miss Pugh that I'm not always the erring little lamb that she suspects.

Tuesday—October 18.

Just one letter! Sang "Giver of Gifts" in chapel till I was sure either it or I would give out. 'Yea, all for setting it to the tune of "I'm, Sir, That's My Baby." It'd be a big improvement, methinks, as to the present tune—well it may exist, but I've never discovered it.

Did want to go to see "The Magic Flame" tonight, but had to be satisfied with "Dickens" instead. Suppose it was more elevating, but I craved

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to the depths of my plebeian soul to see the good old Banks-Colman team again.

That crushed pineapple I salvaged in the hall tonight had seen better days. Hence, I must trot infirmly-ward to partake of the remedy for all human ills.

INTER-CLUB COUNCIL AND INTER-CLUB SPIRIT

On Thursday night, October 13, a meeting of the social club presidents was held and a permanent organization was established. With Eloise Pearson, F. F., as chairman and Lydia-reene Majors, Anti Pandora, as secretary; the club presidents have united to promote bigger and better inter-club spirit. Two of the things which this council is working on are the establishing of rush week laws and the beginning of inter-club "open houses" on Sunday nights.

The clubs heretofore, especially in the rushing season and hockey season, have been more or less in a state of armed neutrality. It has been wonderful to see the club spirit aroused with each member of the club sticking together with the rest to promote the club's interest. They have been like the thirteen stout colonies, long ago in America, but it was not until those colonies put aside their prejudices and personal pride that our nation became great. Let us, then, stop being merely a member of our own club but be a member of the

school and unite with the girls from every club in the friendly stand "United We Stand—Divided We Fall!"

TRI-K KUMBACKS

Shall we tell you, shall we tell you, Who we are? Who we are? Tri K forever, Tri K forever, Yes we are, yes we are.

At our first meeting Wednesday night we elected officers and learned a few things that made us love Tri K all the more. There is nothing more fun than working for something that you really love; so we are going to put all we have into the Tri K club this year and have a grand time working for the old black and white. I am quite sure that somewhere in Who's Who or in Mr. Webster dictionary the following can be found:

K. K. K. (Tri K) A very famous club at Ward-Belmont. Ranks highest among clubs in America. Its girls stand for all that is high and noble. Syn.—Loyalty! Pep! Enthusiasm! Work! Fun!

WE ARE SO GLAD THAT WE ARE TRI K'S!!!

SENIOR RECOGNITION DAY

The ceremony at chapel time on Senior Recognition Day was one of as much beauty to the onlooker as it was of importance to those who took part in it. It was most impressive to see a long line of girls dressed in yellow and white file down either side of the chapel and still more so to see the whole class standing on the platform singing the class song.

Speeches made by the class officers clearly defined the aims and principles of the Seniors and they are splendid ones, too. We are greatly surprised to find that there was a post on the faculty and Dean Quaid also proved to us, beyond the shadow of a doubt, that the Senior class is the world's very best. Miss Irvin, the class sponsor, spoke concerning the percentage of people who are educated in the various colleges.

Then the Seniors left the chapel, fully recognised as, the SENIORS of WARD-BELMONT.

(Continued from page 1)

servatory of St. Cecilian in Rome, where he spent five years under Persichini. Two years later, at the age of twenty, he made his debut at Piacenza, meeting with instantaneous success.

De Luca's first appearance at the Metropolitan opera house was in the role of "Figaro" in "The Barber of Seville." He was immediately recognised by critics and audiences as a new star, worthy of an exalted position among the great singers of the day.

His realistic acting, magnetic personality, superb voice and splendid stage presence have assured him a permanent place in the ranks of the truly great singers in America. His interest in developing young talent in America and his study of American music, particularly the Negro spirituals, have also endeared him to the American public.

Peeping Ahead in the Fashion Calendar!

THAT'S the everlasting job of Lebeck Bros. Buyers—and their alertness is reflected in the intriguing styles, the clever accessories smart women will wear next month and the month after.

To the girls of Ward-Belmont we extend an invitation to make Lebeck's your style headquarters—and if there is any way we can assist you we stand ready to do so.

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FAVORITE JOKES OF THE FACULTY

Miss Nellums—

Johnny had an awful habit of telling fibs. His mother tried every way possible to keep him from doing it, but she couldn't stop him. One day he came running in, calling:

"Oh, mamma, there's a big lion coming down the front walk!"

Just to show Johnny that he was telling a fib, his mother went to the door and looked out.

"Why, Johnny," she said, "that isn't a lion; that's a shepherd dog. You go right up stairs to your room and ask God to forgive you."

Pretty soon Johnny came back down stairs.

"Did you ask God to forgive you?" his mother asked.

"Yes," Johnny answered, "and He said, 'That's all right, Johnny. The first time I saw it I thought it was a lion myself!'"

CAROL'S LETTERS

Tuesday Nite.

My dear Carol:

Now that I'm all settled down in school I'm getting real ambitious. The other day I went out for hockey, and I just did fine. It was terribly cold, and I nearly shivered a hole in the ground coz I only had my white middy between me and the weather, but Miss Morrison said today that we could wear sweaters. Well, I've always heard of hockey, but I never have played it; and I really don't think anyone out there discovered that. First, they told me I was supposed to be a left wing and run some place in an alley somewhere. Then someone told all about forwards, goals, alleys, dribble, and a lot of other things that I didn't pay much attention to. Then we were every one told to line up so I ran to my alley. Someone yelled for me to turn around, but when I did, there was a girl standing right in front of me. I never could figure out how they expected me to run into that girl unless I trampled over her like Ben Hur did in his chariot race. Well, all at once something happened. Anyhow, a couple of girls in the middle started to hit each other's sticks. It looked like it was going to be a regular contest where the best man wins. Pretty soon someone did something and everybody began to run, so I did too. That girl insisted on getting in my way, but I fooled her and turned around and started the other way. "There wasn't a soul to bother me, and I made wonderful time. I nearly beat Nurni at his own game. Well, fortune favors the brave," for here came the ball flying right toward me, so I picked it up and made a bee-line for that box at the end. The girl down there wasn't going to let me put it in. She said I was wrong but I soon argued her out of that. Just about that time everybody out in the middle quit thrashing around and came toward me. Miss Morrison asked me which team I was playing on. When I told her, she just gave me a funny look, and asked me why I was down at that goal. When I

told her, "To put the ball in" she called the manager to get a substitute for me. I guess they won't let you make more than one goal at a time so they haven't asked me to practice any more. They're only having those who don't understand the game go out now.

Well, I think I'll take up bowling now. Here's hoping I'm as good in it as I am in hockey.

Write soon, love,

"Pinkie."

NURSERY RHYMES

Jack and Jill went up the elevated ground

To fetch a pail of common liquid; Jack fell down and broke his occipital dome,

And Jill came tumbling after.

Mary, Mary, quite opposed to, How does your garden increase, flourish?

With silver bells and the coverings of marine bivalves

And fair maids all in exact alignment.

Tom, Tom, the piper's son,

Stole a pig and away he moved rapidly;

The pig was eaten and Tom was severely chastised,

Tom, Tom, the piper's son.

Old Mother Hubbard went to her receptacle for nourishment

To get her poor dog an osseous tid-bit;

When she got there the cupboard was entirely denuded of its contents, And so the poor dog had the opposite of any.—

Dear Cynthia

Sara said to me:
They say—love is
blind! Well, I'm
in love
all right!
I was just
going out
of town to
buy a new
gown when
I discovered
we have the newest
and most reasonable
things right here at



Bella!
— Boris —

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WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

Volume XVII

NASHVILLE, TENN., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1927

Number 6

HALLOWE'EN HAS CAST ITS SPELL

October is here in all of its mystical glory. The spirit of lurking mischief which prevails in its air heralds the coming of Hallowe'en, and young hearts everywhere are making plans for its celebration. December alone means more to young people.

The old idea that a wake of destruction should follow Hallowe'en has vanished. Substituted in its stead is the idea that this is a night for wholesome pleasure. Young people in general consider and use this night as an opportune time for playing pranks on the "older folk," and not infrequently on some neighbor or friend who appears to be an "old crank," in their eyes.

Hallowe'en being in no way connected with our nation should certainly not be counted as one of our American holidays. It is essentially European in its origin and while all go about seeking its celebration it would be well to know something of its purpose.

Even before the dawn of the Christian era the Celts observed October 31 which was then the last day of the old year. They believed that the lord of death on this night gathered together all the dead of the past year, who had been condemned to live in the

(Continued on page 8)

DR. VINCENT DISCUSSES THACKERAY, GEORGE ELIOT, AND BARRY

Dr. Leon Vincent continued his series of lectures on the Great Victorian writers Wednesday morning, by telling us of Thackeray and his works. Thackeray was born in Calcutta in 1811 and was an only child. His father died when the boy was but three years old. His mother married again and his step-father was very kind to him. As was the custom of the English, Thackeray was sent to England to school. En route to England he stopped at the island of St. Helena and saw Napoleon Bonaparte.

He began to write rhymes while at Charter House School in London. He spoke of the school as "Slaughter House School." Later he wrote for the college paper at Trinity College where he attended school for a term but was not influenced greatly by the education he received there. Thackeray wanted to be an artist; consequently he studied awhile in Paris but soon gave up to his genius for writing. He employed his art by illustrating his own books in a barlesque style.

The great stroke of fortune which led Thackeray to literature was his loss of his entire fortune in an unsuccessful attempt to found a news-

(Continued on page 8)

Ward-Belmont Students Appear With De Luca

Miss Harper and Mrs. Stewart Praised by Nashville Critics

Miss Claire Harper and Mrs. Ablee Stewart, of Ward-Belmont's School of Music, who appeared with Giuseppe De Luca at Ryman Auditorium Thursday evening, October 20, received favorable comment from the Nashville papers and from the large audience which heard their numbers.

The following excerpts, taken from Nashville papers, give an idea of the public's appreciation of Ward-Belmont's hospitality, of the young musicians' ability as well as of De Luca himself.

George Pullen Jackson, in "The Nashville Banner," said, in part:

"Ablee Stewart, dramatic soprano, and Claire Harper, violinist, as assisting artists, brought pleasing components of the evening's bill. It was beautiful to know that the major artist had humanity enough to welcome less mature musicians on his program. It was even more satisfying to see the audience give these assisting musicians their well-earned rounds of applause. It was most gratifying, however, to greet these two as Nashville's own, as products of Ward-Belmont conservatory.

"Miss Harper has never been heard to better advantage than last evening. Her beauty of tone came out well in the Fibich 'Poem.' And the Paganini-Kreisler 'Praeludium and Allegro' brought out her remarkable talent along technical lines, as did also her encore, the Kreisler 'Tambourin Chinois.' Mrs. Stewart again demonstrated her unique gifts in dramatic song. There are few voices of greater strength than hers. And she is gaining a control over it which points toward a brilliant future for the singer. After Mrs. Stewart's aria from 'Aida,' her audience demanded an encore, which the singer granted with 'Sing, Joyous Bird,' by Montague-Phillips.

"The three superior accompanists of the evening were Solon Albert for Mr. De Luca, Marguarite Shannon for Mrs. Stewart, and Hazel Coste Rose for Miss Harper.

"Perhaps the most noteworthy circumstance of the De Luca concert was the fact that it was not an 'admission' affair, but a compliment from Ward-Belmont school to its entire student body and to the people of Nashville. The Ward-Belmont authorities go about these gracious civic-cultural benefactions in such a quiet way that few, other than those who enjoy their hospitality, become cognizant of this institution's altruistic acts. Last night Ward-Belmont's guests numbered nearly 4,000. And they were entertained royally."

Alvin S. Wiggers, of the Nashville Tennessean, said:

"Nashville is again indebted to the generosity of Ward-Belmont for the opportunity to hear one of the world's great artists.

"Martinelli, Erna Rubinstein, Stacciar, and other celebrities have been brought to this city on different occasions by Dr. J. D. Blanton, president of the school, to give concerts to which the public was invited.

"This time it was another Metropolitan opera star of the first rank, Giuseppe De Luca, friend for many years of our own Gaetano De Luca. It was his second appearance in Nashville.

"Ryman Auditorium was completely filled to hear the great baritone, the perfection of whose singing is a marvel. Not many singers nowadays have the patience to acquire such supreme mastery of the difficult art of 'bel canto,' and only a few men like De Luca, Gigli, and McCormack are perfect exponents of it.

HAS BEAUTIFUL VOICE

"With a beautiful voice to begin with this artist sings with such control over tone and breath and shading that the smoothness and finish of his phrases is a never-ending delight.

"The lovely aria, 'He is Good,' from Massenet's 'Herodiade,' in French, and songs in Italian, French and Spanish by Ludicr, Messager and Gutierrez were listened to by the audience with pleasure, of course, although not understanding what it was all about. A word of explanation before a song helps mightily, but few singers think it worth while doing.

"The difference was shown when Mr. De Luca announced the name of the encore with a mischievous smile. He is a great comedian in certain opera. This name sounded like 'Jest You,' by Meester Bootleg. Anyway, it was finely sung and the ice was broken, and he was warmly applauded.

AFTER NEXT GROUP

"After his next group composed of a De Luca song, Cadman's 'From the Land of the Sky Blue Water,' in excellent English, Sibella's 'Grometta,' and Padilla's 'Princessita,' he was recalled three times, and he added 'I Passed By Your Window,' 'Marietta' and the celebrated 'Largo al Factotum' from 'The Barber of Seville.' The encores completely won the audience.

"As his last number he sang the aria, from Verdi's 'Masked Ball,' and as encore the Toreador song from 'Carmen,' for which he received an ovation.

(Continued on page 7)

DEAN QUAD ADDRESS CLASSES

"It now becomes my privilege to invest you with the name of our school," said Dean Quad in beginning his address.

"W is the beginning letter in the word work. It is suited to the school because here work begins, 12 to 18 years of it, and is an absolutely necessary preparation for the tasks to follow.

"A is the initial letter of ambition, and it is fitting to present this to the Junior High School group. It is here that ambition begins to stir in the hearts of youth, dreams occur, ideals form. But, my young friends, do not let any one tease you for being in the dreamy age. All the worth-while things that have ever been done were first dreams before they were a reality. Take this great institution as an example. It was a dream in the minds of Dr. Blanton and his associates before it became the splendid reality that we now enjoy.

"R goes to the first year High School group and may stand for resolution. It requires a great deal of resolution to enter upon a four-year high school course, followed by two to four years in college. Resolutions to rise above the mediocre in life and begin to realize the ambitions, the

(Continued on page 2)

CLASS RECOGNITION

Class Recognition day which is one of our annual events was originated by Miss Norris, former academic dean of Ward-Belmont. It is a day when the old girls renew their vows of allegiance to the school and the new girls make their first ones.

Tuesday, Oct. 25, was chosen for Class Recognition day this year. At chapel time the white-clad girls with their many different colors assembled in Chapel. From there the classes marched around the drive to the Academic building. When all the classes had reached their assigned places, the president of each class with their sponsors stepped forward and formed a circle directly in front of the building.

Our speaker was Miss Norris, the founder of this event. She said that six weeks ago the campus presented a very different sight from the one it presents now. Although there was a bustle of preparation for the coming girls, everything seemed lonely. Ward-Belmont is like the sea because the tide comes in and goes out. The difference is that the tide comes in and goes out but once a year at Ward-Belmont instead of daily as it does at the sea-shore. In September the girls come in, and form new ties and

(Continued on page 8)



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Oct. 25, 1927.

'Course everyone wants to know what happened on the scout hike last Saturday, so here it is. Centennial park was reached after a thirty-five minute walk! then twenty-one girls with Miss Van and our scout leader, Nancy Watson, started on a "tour of exploration" in order to locate a fitting place to build a fire. While this latter process of building a fire was under way, the girls sat around on the grass and studied the requirements for tenderfoot scouts. Knot-tying exhibitions were held. It was decided to hold an election for secretary and treasurer of the troop. Valborg Ravn was elected treasurer and Mary Lou Lonker, an eagle scout, was elected secretary. (We feel pretty proud to have an eagle scout in our midst, and we're glad to have her now as secretary.) Then "scout pies" were cooked over the fire and each scout enjoyed a pie. (A whole one, girls!) If you've never had a scout pie—well, you've missed something! Ice cream cones were annexed on the way home. Twenty-one tired, happy, aspiring young scouts limped into W.-B. at 5:30 P.M.

Kathrine Tabb, new chairman of the Sunday School committee, led the services last Sunday morning in her usual sweet manner. The Bible group had their regular meeting in the little "Y" room. The Primary group in the big "Y" room, the scout group on the roof garden, and the kindergarten group on the chapel platform. Miss Hackney, the leader of the kindergarten group, read, demonstrating the way Bible stories should be read to children of the kindergarten age. The girls in turn will read and songs will be arranged in the same way. This group numbers about twenty-five girls.

The scout patrol has been divided as follows: The Pine Tree Patrol has as its leader Dorothy Campbell; the Wild Cat Patrol, Betty Jane McNutt; Beaver Patrol, Betty Weber. Songs have been arranged for their own patrols, and calls. Another hike is "in the wind" for the near future.

The Y library announces the arrival of two new books, "Lights Up," by Grace Richmond, and "Yesterday's Harvest," by Margaret Pedler.

Rev. E. P. Dandridge, rector of Christ Church, was the speaker for us at Vespers, Sunday evening. His talk was based on a story taken from the Bible, illustrating the fact that in spite of our trials and tribulations a Christian life will lead us to happiness. He expressed the hope, in his realization that all of his feminine audience would one day be the guides

of homes, that these homes would be truly Christian. Dr. Dandridge has been asked before to speak for us at Vespers, but owing to a multitude of other duties had not been able to accept. We were more than glad to welcome him Sunday. Preceding the talk, Helene Johnson read "The Fifth Christmas," by Frances Dillingham. The speaker for next Sunday will be Rev. Roger T. Nooe.

The Y Cabinet is looking forward to the visit of Sylvia Berger, who attended Industrial girls' school at Sweet Briar college last summer.

DEAN QAUID ADDRESSES CLASSES

(Continued from page 1)

ideals, we formed in Junior High School.

"D we will present to the High School sophomores, and it may stand for dedication—dedication to the best in life—dedication to the task of carrying out the resolution we made in our freshman year.

"B may stand for the beautiful and should be appropriate for the high school juniors, because by this stage in high school we should begin to realize the beautiful in life—the beautiful in books, the beautiful in nature, the beautiful in people, and if we will look for the beautiful in books, in nature, in people, we will grow more like that we seek.

"E goes to the high school seniors and may indicate education, enlightenment. For by the time a girl reaches the fourth year of high school she should have a reasonable degree of education. When we consider the fact that the Harvard and Princeton graduates of three or four generations ago had no more information and training than the high school graduates of today, it should give us H. S. Seniors some reason for pride and dignity as well as to make us realize that something is expected of us in life.

"L. In presenting L to the special college students we may let it stand for learning—just learning. They are not concerned about certificates, not worrying about diplomas and degrees, but just following their interests in study.

When we reflect that the regular college course keeps us so busy that we have little time to pursue our interests, there is much to be said for this course of action. What they lose in well rounded development they may gain back, at least in part, in happiness and success in their chosen fields.

"M may stand for motive and is fittingly presented to the first year college students. The motive that brings us to college determines in large measure the good we will receive from our stay here. If we come to have a good time, that is not a bad motive, but it isn't high enough. If we come because of the social position we may gain by having been a student at Ward-Belmont, that is not an unworthy motive, but will not result in the greatest benefit to us. If we come with the determination to do our dead-level best to perform well every task assigned to us, realizing

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that thereby we will get the necessary development of character that will enable us to meet every test of life, we shall have realized the greatest benefit from our college course.

"O is presented to the second year college students and may stand for obedience. Obedience to the laws and regulations of this citizenship in which we are working; yes, be it obedience to the call of the highest and best in life; more, obedience to the still small voice within that so often reminds us that we are not living up to the best that is in us, and beckons us to effort that will make us better each day.

"N is given to the college seniors, and may stand for nobility—not nobility in the sense of royal or aristocratic birth or position, but nobility in its true meaning of uprightness, integrity, honesty, justice,—nobility in the sense that they are unwilling to stoop to any ignoble or unworthy thing, but live on a plane too exalted for such conduct.

"T may equal tenacity and is fittingly given to the post graduates. It indeed takes a great deal of tenacity to go thru eight years of elementary school, four years of high school, two years of college, and then return for more. Such perseverance, such stick-to-it-iveness, such tenacity is bound to result in success in no small degree.

"You are now wearing, in symbols, the name of Ward-Belmont; but you will go out to wear its name in reality. Knowing the deep significance of that name I am sure you will keep it unswayed, remembering that your every act will reflect either good or evil upon that sacred name."

As Dean Quaid sums it up Ward-Belmont stands for:

"Work—honest, sincere work, as a foundation for worthy
"Ambition, inspiring ideals, bringing us to a
"Resolution, a deep determination to
"Dedicate ourselves to the biggest, the best, the most
"Beautiful thing in life, which is
"Education—true education; and
"Leaving behind us the low, the unworthy, being guided by the highest and purest
"Motives, we will be
"Obedient to the principles of
"Nobility, and clinging with bull-dog

"Tenacity to our unswerving purpose, will triumph over every obstacle in life."

F. F. FLASHES

See them run! Oh, how they flash. They all chase over the hockey field And all those hockey sticks they wield How they play! With pep and dash! F. F.'s—That's us!

See the crowd again! Surrounding the "It" in the F. F. Club House. Hear the speech! It is all about the budget for the year. One little, two little, three little dollars won't get lost because the F. F.'s know where they are going. What are the F. F.'s doing? They are clearing away the chairs. Someone is singing. It is Mary Jane MacPhail. Two dolls are going to dance! Whoops, my dear, now they are dancing. They are all wound up! Oh, one of them is running down! Where? Down and out. Other doll to the rescue, so all is well! Who were the dolls? The little boy-doll was Virginia Baird and the little girl was Helen Dean. What's going to happen next week? There is going to be a try-out for the F. F. chorus. Everybody watch! It's going to be good.

A. K. KOLUMN

Are the A.K.'s hot? Well, we'd say so! We were last Wednesday night, anyway, and no wonder with all that bonfire. We were hungry, too; tramping up hillsides has a way of making one ready to eat. Well, what funny meat the baskets held in addition to wienies, buns, mustard, cookies and apples and marshmallows! Everyone managed either to burn themselves or the things they were cooking, but no one minds a little thing like that.

As soon as the food supply had been demolished we sang (at least we called it that) everything we could think of; that took quite a while, and then Helen Johnson, the club's storyteller *extraordinaire*, told a ghost story—and how! Little shivers coursed up and down our spines; and Miss Spaller decided we'd better get home before we were afraid of the dark. Therefore we stamped out the fire and cautiously picked our way (and holes through our hose) homeward through the brier patches and wood-piles.

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WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

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Application for second-class entry pending.

EDITORIAL

College girls should know when to laugh and when not to. But apparently there is an element at Ward-Belmont which takes either a don't-care attitude or one of utter thoughtlessness. At Vespers last Sunday evening a number of girls became so amused over the appearance of a mere bug that they managed to cause the discomfort of the chairman, the rest of the student body and the speaker. When things so childish cause so much amusement as to force a speaker to halt his speech and ask for the students' attention, the joke has been carried too far.

So let us show more thought, more deference, and more reverence at future Vesper services.

HALLOWE'EN

What were you doing last Halloween? Or the year before that. By being the first gala occasion of the school year, Halloween achieves distinction. Those who are here for the first time this year wonder just how it will seem to be away from home and whether or not they'll miss a dance as heavenly as one they went to last year. And that grand masquerade! Isn't it too bad that we can't go home just for that, or at least for the turkey dinner? But the spirit of Halloween permeates everything and we can have just as much fun away from home as we will be having there, so we all look forward to celebrating it to the best of our ability.

A FOOTBALL GAME

The players—fighting, struggling, perfectly sane boys surrounded by hundreds of lunatic roosters.

The bleachers—nice hard seats for the lunatic roosters, also receptacles for peanut shells, programs, pop-bottles and various trash.

The score-board—the recorder of sins committed by your side and points gained by the enemy.

The coach—a nervous individual with a hungry look.

The band—a bunch of nice boys with the best of intentions for making it miserable for the opposing team and guests.

Your hero—the only one on either team who knows how to play.

The girl—the only girl in the bleachers who isn't a lunatic.

The vendor—a dispenser of unroasted peanuts, nice warm ice-cold pop, cold hot-dogs, and melted Eskimo pies.

The ball—a small brown object which is the main center of attraction for 22 nice young men.

The gun or whistle—a little instrument that gives the final signal and ends the struggle.

X. L. TATTLE

Of course, we must have our business meetings along with our pleasures. So one was held Wednesday, October 19. Mary Elizabeth Fusch was elected sergeant-at-arms (we hope that Mary will keep the club in good order). If Mary Lloyd is as regular about playing tennis as she is about walking around the drive before breakfast, we are sure to have a championship team.

We are planning on having great times and accomplishing much in the future; but in the meantime, we shall sign off until next week.

ELEANOR HERFORD,
Hyphen Reporter

EXCHANGES

The Kangaroo—Your paper has some excellent editorials.

The Sandlotian—We think your column, "In the Book Corner," a splendid feature.

The Copher's Whistle—The breezy and informal style of your paper is very interesting.

The Megaphone—We like the striking headlines of your articles.

The Harbinger—A well-arranged and interesting paper. We especially praise your "Calendar of Coming Events."

Virginia Intermont Caidron—A very fine paper, we think. The habit of putting the writer's name at the head of each column, beneath the title, somewhat destroys the continuity of thought, however. The articles themselves are most praiseworthy.

The Wizard—Your personal news column is exceptionally well-written.

The Trail Blazer—Your column, "Five Years Ago," is a novel and commendable feature.

We also acknowledge receipt of: The Nautilus, Rough-Rider, Vanderbilt Hustler, The Midway, The High Times, The Mercer Cluster, The Trend, Northeast Courier, The Eastern Progress.

CAROL'S LETTERS

My Dear Carol— Sunday.

Whenever Sunday comes it's a sure sign that I'll get some letters answered. I'm so tired of finding cob-webs in my mail box that I've decided to send myself some notes thru the house-mail and let Miss Swift dust it out to put them in.

Well, it's only 53 more days 'til vacation so I guess I'll have to begin dieting to regain my girlish figure

before I return to the home-town. The results of W.-B.'s hot rolls haven't been so good on my silhouettes, so this is my diet. I followed it one day.

Breakfast: 1 toothpick and 1 glass of water accompanied by luxurious odors of coffee, bacon, eggs, hot cakes, etc., to be taken only in small whiffs.

Lunch: 1 more toothpick and 2 glasses of water accompanied by a hurried exit from the dining room and night of food.

Dinner: A long, hollow look, and one stick of Beechnut to be taken in the privacy of your boudoir any time between 7 P.M. and 7 A.M., providing you do not make too much noise after "lights-out" bell.

People certainly interfere with your personal freedom here. Every time I'm in the middle of a splendid dream about 7 A.M., Whittaker rings the bell. When I want to write letters someone has borrowed my stamps. When I want to study (seldom do), someone has borrowed my books. When I want to think, someone plays a Victrola below my window, and when I want to diet someone gets a box of candy. Such is life!

Well, I'm still playing Hockey and can't wait to be in the tournament. I think you should follow my diet chart and maybe we can look like Greta Garbo by Christmas.

Write soon. Love,

"PINKIE."

THE WORDSMITHS

At the meeting of the Literary Club Tuesday night, Josephine Rankin reviewed Louis Bromfield's latest novel, "A Good Woman." This book is a splendid example of a person who tried with her domineering hand to shape the lives of others in the mold of her goodness. The life of her son, Philip, who was a mere puppet in his mother's hands, resulted in disillusion, disappointment and death. Yet Mrs. Emma Downe, his mother, was known to the world as "A Good Woman."

This report was especially interesting since the author himself appeared at the Centennial Club on Saturday afternoon.

THE OBSERVER

The Y.W.C.A. Cabinet had as its guest at Vesper an attractive and well-known visitor. All the girls in the school have made her acquaintance and to some she makes nightly visits. She is very striking in appearance (one girl did strike at her), her method of approach is rapid, interesting and yet well-planned. Miss Ima Roach needs no introduction.

We hear that Elizabeth Gwaltney has been cutting capers recently. To some lucky souls, Wreck Hall is really used for the purpose of seeing "gentleman callers."

It is rumored that our darling pink elephant, "Unmentionable," has become the subject of a serious essay which will some day tear at the heart strings of the nation's homes, smash the present political platforms, and throw the popularity of Lindbergh,

Tunney and Greta Garbo into the dust.

Margaret Ellen Douty has at last found the means of achieving success. A recent anonymous letter inclosed ten hefty buttons which will herself be taken by which she will pull herself together on future occasions of distress.

A delightfully appointed seven-thirty o'clock breakfast was served Monday (Tues. Wed, Thurs, etc.) morning to the students of Ward-Belmont. The tables were decorated in ancient petunias. The refreshments were bran, grits, bacon, toast and two coffees, three teas, five coconuts, and one sweet milk. Pancakes were used as souvenirs.

We have been told that a special council is to be held some time next week for Margaret Payne, who was reported by Catherine Blackman for wearing a worried expression the other day as a ball sped toward her. A lucky strike did it.

Clairie Dorchester has been confined to her bed with a short illness. It seems she tried to counteract the barren waste places of her brain by stuffing other parts of her organism.

A terrible accident occurred when a suspicion fell on Mildred Schaefer's toe and completely demoralized it. Now it is confining its emotions to the interior of the noisiest "mule" in captivity.

In Hockey it seems that those who have reported seven times make the squad. The war cry must be "Seven come eleven!"

THE TALE OF A CAT

In the first place there are cats and cats. This one is of the latter variety—being a little more for west and tear. And why he should have chosen Senior Hall as the appropriate abode for his feline majesty is beyond the conception of the inmates. Suffice it to say, that there he rests and rests and rests in all his moth-eaten, badly soiled, decrepit glory. There really is no welcome on the door-plate—in fact, the hostess has been heard to comment as despairingly as only she can upon those individuals who insist upon fondling the squirmy, undernourished, scrawny quadruped.

And so, if in the stillness of some dark night, a shriek, a yap, a loud meow, is heard—know well that one cat more has had his day.

THE ALABAMA CLUB TEA

Monday afternoon, October twenty-fifth, the old members of the Alabama Club entertained the new girls at a tea in the F. F. Club House. Miss Leavell and Virginia Baird, the president of the club, received the girls-iced tea and sandwiches were served, and miniatures bales of cotton representing the home state were given as favors. There are twenty-six Alabamians girls this year, and it is hoped that with this large number it will be possible to maintain a friendly and successful club.

'Bama's Right!

OSIRON OWLETS

The club swings along now as if none of the old girls had been away all summer, or the new girls had been anything but Osiron's all their lives.

Wednesday we enjoyed an interesting literary program by Katherine Frank. Everyone in the club took part and discussed the modern novels of today pro and con.

Last but not least, was Valborg's little contribution to the evening. I'm sure that none of the girls who listened to her impassioned plea will ever, from this time now, henceforth, and forevermore, fail to be out on that hockey field every day, even if it does involve getting up at least ten minutes earlier in the morning. For what is a loss in beauty sleep is a gain in hockey points. And as Volly's talk must bear fruit, we will soon be able "to point with pride" to our fine squad.

THE OHIO CLUB TEA

"Round on the ends, and high in the middle"—O-HI-O!

The old Ohio girls, with Miss Boyer as sponsor, gave a tea for the new girls at the F. F. Club House on Saturday, October twenty-second. There were several faculty members present, including Miss Spoller, Miss Hollinger and Miss Leavell. There are twenty-six Ohio girls, and our plans are to make Ohio an active part of the school life. Aileen Rauch and Mary Jane MacPhail sang solos which were greatly appreciated by the girls who were present. Tea was served, and tiny Ohio pennants given as favors. The Ohio club is ready for bigger and better things in the way of state clubs, because:

"Ohio, HI-O-HI!"
We are the girls from old Buckeye.
We're not slow, as you must know,
For we come down from Ohio!"

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BE SLENDER! DO NOT STRUGGLE along with your double chin and fat arms. Whenever you have it, it is a burden. Try my method. In two months you can be as slender, graceful and willowy as I am. No diets, no physical exertion. Merely buy a few packages of my SLIM-BEE chewing gum and chew it as other gum. Pop it if possible. Send for booklet, SLIM BEE Laboratories. Miss Dortha Gilbert.

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which contains many full-page portraits of myself. This book will thrill you thru and thru. Valborg Roan, Broad Street and High Avenue, Muscle Shoals, U.S.A.

ARE YOU AN OLD LADY? ARE you taking the back seat although you are physically and mentally youthful? Don't let gray hair banish you from pleasure. In only 30 minutes your hair will be a beautiful brown or a glorious sun-kist golden. You too can have popularity through your crowning glory. "Gollath" is perfectly harmful. Get it at your favorite ten cent store or send directly to us. Helen Kent, Inc. 0000 Dinky Drive, New Amsterdam, N.Y.

REPETITIONS
BY THE REPORTER

This is about the time of month we have to write our father that while it may be no disgrace to be broke it is powerfully disagreeable.

Our experiences around the monitors' meetings have taught us that ignorance is neither blissful or excusable.

The grades are about to "Pip, Pip, I must be popping," and henceforth our prayer will be "Let me do better day by day next quarter." Our one consolation is that we are over a thousand miles from home.

We believe that a certain beauty parlor in our home town, "No-Man's Land," was named for Ward-Belmont.

A girl's school seems the greatest place in the world to form a philosophy of men. As Elizabeth Bagby so ably said to her friend Jessie Cosgrove, "I won't give a single fellow a date Christmas who hasn't sent me a box of candy." We just want to say, amen.

Nancy Reynolds takes the prize when it comes to dreaming. She had the wonderful dream that after the game last Saturday she was introduced to two Vanderbilt boys, and that when she came home she had seventeen letters and four packages, including a cake and some sandwiches. Sorry, Nancy, that it was all a dream.

Of all the bells that ring the one that rings sweetest to our ear is the dinner bell.

DR. VINCENT DIS-
CUSSES THACKERAY
(Continued from page 1)

paper. Thackeray was a procrastinator, as Trollop said; he always put things off until some other time. The difference between Dickens and Thackeray is that the genius of the former grew more rapidly than did that of the latter.

A remarkable point in Thackeray's life is his heroic accomplishment of writing of humor and gaiety when his wife had lost her mind. Thackeray possessed a creative mind; he was kind, good natured, and benevolent; his pride was easily

touched and he was openly cynical; his wit was biting.

Thursday morning Dr. Vincent told us of George Eliot, the most remarkable woman writer of that age. "Scenes of Clerical Life" is one of her earliest works and was published without the knowledge of the author's identity. There was much discussion as to the sex of the author; Dickens said she was a woman. Her works were praised by Thackeray, Dickens, and Jane Welsh Carlyle.

Marian Evans (George Eliot), as a child, was fond of Lamb's "Essays of Elia" and "Aesop's Fables." Her literary life may be divided into three phases: (1) She translated Strauss' "Life of Jesus" and received praise from many. (2) She was assistant editor of the "Westminster Review" of which John Chapman was editor. She was personally acquainted with Herbert Spencer. In this same position as assistant editor she met George Henry Lewis, whom she later married. (3) George Eliot was a novelist, a creative artist, a moral force in literature.

Friday evening the lecture was upon "Barry's Early Works." Dr. Vincent explained that an effective story in dialect was exceedingly difficult, and that few writers were successful along that line. Thomas Hardy is excellent in his dialect because he merely touches upon it.

James Barry was born in 1860. He prepared for and graduated from Cambridge University. He wrote for the "Nottingham Journal" and received fifteen dollars a week. His mother was his critic and helped him with his work. Barry puts human nature in his writing. Small village customs are easily portrayed in his works. Barry always has the right way of ending; we always close a book of his with a satisfied smile upon our faces.

MICHIGAN
CLUB NOTES

The following officers have been elected by the Michigan Club:

President—Joseph Rankin.
Vice-President—Louise Windham.
Secretary and Treasurer—Ruth Mason.

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**DIARY OF MISTRESS
BELLE WARD**

Wednesday, October 19—

This is the original black and blue Wednesday. I've fallen down three times, been knocked in the shin with a hockey stick twice, scraped my hand in archery, and fallen off a horse. Such is the life of one who aspires to cultivate those boyish lines.

Did see Miss Hawks and Mrs. Miser trotting up and down the hockey field and didn't know whether I was having hallucinations or they'd lost their minds. Found later that they were going—whereby I almost recovered my sense of humor.

Was so inspired at the lecture tonight that I didn't even wait till it was over to write the family for funds. That just shows what Thackeray did to me.

Thursday, October 20—

Trolleyed downward tonight to the Ryman and if there was ever a disillusioned female, I'm it. A senior had made me think it was nothing short of the pearly gates—and there I found a cross between a barn and a "country meetin'" house.

Was rather surprised to find that De Luca was a singer—expected to find anything from an Irish clogger to a mouth organist. After all was said and done, though, I did enjoy it especially "The Toreador." I just laughed and laughed 'cause I knew he didn't know the words I did to it.

By hard labor and precipitate action, I managed to reserve half the street car for my party regardless of knocking off hats, jabbing my elbows around, etc.

Friday, October 21—

Ate cinnamon rolls until I was positively embarrassed—but not sufficiently so to cease. Must get some reducing gum.

Saturday, October 22—

I'm crocheting the sweetest toothbrush holder for my hope chest—spend all my spare moments on it now.

Tea-roomed this p.m. with a vengeance and whoever thinks I'm not broke, wasn't there when I was. Well, we working galls habe to eat, and I'm no exception.

Movied tonight and the show might have been dumber but I don't see how. I almost had to be carried out.

Hence, back to Founders, where I tried to amuse myself by sliding down the hall on my bath mat. Wasn't such a howling success when Mrs. Hall jogged in and looked some-

what as if she thought my mind was not just what it had been.

Sunday, October 23—

Did go to the Church of the 'Advent and had much difficulty to keep up with the speed Dr. Pugh set. Every time I got going fast, he'd slow down and I'd find myself several lines ahead. It did so add to the artistic effect.

Chickened and lee creamed with great gusto as a my wont of a Sunday. This broke down and wrote six letters on the strength of it.

Was greatly excited in 'Vesper' when the cockroaches made merry on the platform and I just laughed and laughed 'cause I knew all the time that Miss Van Hooser had one all to herself on the back row. Played pig tonight till my nose was so sore I had to give up in despair.

So to bed to dream of cabbages and kings.

Monday, October 24—

Secured a chaperon and blew to town for lunch and a show. Saw "Shanghai Bound" which only served to intensify my secret sorrow over Richard Dix. Subsequently did much shopping in the ten cent store, where I bought everything from a pacifier to a carving knife.

Did dash back in time to make myself beautiful for the Alabama tea this evening. Also lunched lustily there. Hence I have a severe case of over-consumption tonight and must of necessity hie me to my downy cot.

Tuesday, October 25—

Three newspapers and a Cutex and still no word from home, sweet home. Now, wouldn't that just lousy you! And here I wait and wait and wait for that which never comes. Such tragedy.

Did dream I saw Dr. Vincent riding a mule onto the stage in chapel and reciting "Little Boy Blue." Must just be the after effects of too much nourishment yesterday.

Class-ayed with the rest of the eight hundred, and maybe I wasn't hot. I all but yelled for the fire extinguisher in the shuffle. Did attract attention from all the audience by sitting down and dozing off.

Must trickle off to bed. Anon. Nightie-night, little Diary.

"Lend me two cents to buy a newspaper."

"Can't, I'm flat broke."

"How come?"

"I bought everything the book stores advertised as being necessary for a college student."

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Shoes for Every Occasion

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Mitchells

New Creation—
Almond Toffee
A Most Delicious Confection
323 Union St.

WARD-BELMONT STUDENTS APPEAR WITH DE LUCA

(Continued from page 1)

"Miss Claire Harper, pupil of Kenneth Rose, head of the violin department at Ward-Belmont, is well known locally as a very talented young artist. She was soloist with the Nashville Symphony Orchestra last spring.

SMOOTH, LOVELY TONE

"Miss Harper has a smooth, lovely tone, which was displayed in Fibick's 'Poem,' and really dazzling technique with a great deal of dash and speed. 'Praeludium and Allegro,' arranged by Kreieler on Paganini's noble work was played authoritatively and she was forced to give an encore.

"Mrs. Ablee Stewart is a pupil of Gaetano De Luca, head of the voice department of Ward-Belmont and sang Santuzza in the second performance of 'Cavaleria Rusticana' last April, and has a gorgeously beautiful soprano. Her voice is so clear and has such a velvety quality throughout, that her singing of one of the big arias from 'Aida' was splendid. In an encore she maintained the same high standard.

"Both the young artists received many flowers.

"Solon Alberti was the very fine accompanist. De Luca brought with him, and Mrs. Hazel Coate Rose and Mrs. Marguerite Shannon played excellent accompaniments for the violinist and soprano, respectively."

SPORT NOTES

There has been a great deal of activity in the different sports this week.

The hockey squads have been picked and all the girls now know whether or not they were lucky enough to make the squad. There will be two weeks of hard practice before the teams are chosen and the tournament starts.

The tennis tournament has started. All of the girls are requested to play their matches as soon as possible and leave the results of their match in the "gym" office.

Practice has started for the fall horse show, and there is a great deal of interest being shown in it.

There is going to be an archery

tournament soon. Already the girls are trying out for their team. So everybody who is interested should try out for their club team.

Organized hikes have begun, and later on it is hoped that we can end up the season with a long hike and party afterwards.

TRI K NOTES

'Twas on last Wednesday night, my dear,
That Tri K met in her club house near.

And the fun we had, and, oh, the pep,
For each girl upholds ole Tri K rep.
Our sponsor, Miss Morrison, is really so nice,

She's the sort of person that wouldn't run from mice.

Our president, Dorothen, with eyes very blue,

To dear ole Tri K is ever true.
Marjrie, Hook, Bo and all the rest
Are officers that could stand the test.
And so you see that Tri K can't be beat,

For we've got the brains and also fast feet,
In studies and in athletics we shall ever be

The club that tries and succeeds—finally.

DEL VERS DOINGS

The Del Vers had a business meeting Wednesday night to appoint committees, talk over plans for the club dance, and elect a secretary. The following committees were appointed: House committee, with Pauline Pinson chairman, and Marjorie Homes vice-chairman; entertainment committee, Carolyn Patterson chairman, assisted by Velma Horton; athletic committee, Alynne Goad chairman, and Betty Perkins vice-chairman. The plans for the dance were discussed with much interest and we are all eagerly looking forward to it. Ruth Silverstein was elected treasurer.

The sad-looking man at the corner table had been waiting a very long time for his order. At last a waiter approached him and said:

"Your fish will be coming almost any minute now, sir."

"Oh, yes," said the sad man, looking interested, "and what bait are you using?"

Peeping Ahead in the Fashion Calendar!

THAT'S the everlasting job of Lebeck Bros. Buyers—and their alertness is reflected in the intriguing styles, the clever accessories smart women will wear now, next month and the month after.

To the girls of Ward-Belmont we extend an invitation to make Lebeck's your style headquarters—and if there is any way we can assist you we stand ready to do so.

If you keep up with the traditions of your Alma Mater you'll be sure to be intimately acquainted with this big, friendly store.

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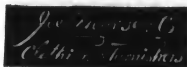
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(Opposite Princess Theatre)

CLASS RECOGNITION

(Continued from page 1)
renew the old ones, and then in June the tide goes out again.

We must open our eyes to the invisible characteristics of our school. If we take the physical side first, we notice the old arbors, staircases, and statues. This reminds us of the time when Ward-Belmont was a beautiful estate and makes us realize how much work, ambition, and foresight have gone into the building of this great school. Thousands of girls have left a part of themselves in this old school. They have handed down many of the traditions which we should uphold. There have been many changes since the first girls in their long skirts, which swept the ground, entered the campus until we entered this year with our short skirts and modern ideals. But we must try to uphold the standards of our school. Many of the old students are sending their children here to be taught the high ideals that they learned here. Dr. and Mrs. Blanton should be thanked for all the energy that they have put into the building of this school, and now Mr. Barton and Mr. Benedict are adding fresh energy. We must remember that this school is ours to do with it as we will. Many of us are the only girls from our town to go to Ward-Belmont, and the people of our towns hear the murmur of W.-B. through us just as people who have never seen the sea hear its murmur in a sea-shell. The pledge we take is the one taken by the young Athenians preparing for citizenship. We ought to realize what our citizenship here will mean to us. We must remember that in this pledge we are pledging obedience, courage, initiative and honor.

After Miss Norris' talk, Dean Quaid presented each class representative with a letter of our school name, Ward-Belmont.

Ward-Belmont. Taking it letter by letter. Then the presidents took their pledge and the students took theirs. Now let all of us realize just how much this pledge means and keep it free from all stain.

HALLOWE'EN HAS CAST ITS SPELL

(Continued from page 1)
bodies of animals, to decree what form they should inhabit for the next year.

Christianity, of course, changed all this. As the old belief faded, the Pope set aside a day for prayer and celebration, in dedication to the Christians who had been persecuted while on earth.

The different countries of Europe added their individual customs in the observance of this day, and in the course of time Halloween, once "All Hallow Day," or "All Saints Day," became "The Spooks Day." The last changes have probably come. As our grandfathers doted up in sheets and carried lighted pumpkins for the gala event, so in all probability will our grandchildren.



Black Hats

—are smart

When in doubt, says Fashion, wear a black hat. Felts, latins, Velvets and Berries: re especially favored and we are now showing these in styles for every occasion.

\$5.00

Others \$2.95 to \$25.00

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Dear Cynthia

Sara said to me:
They say—love is
blind! Well, I'm
in love
all right!
I was just
going out
of town to
buy a new
gown when
I discovered
we have the newest
and most reasonable
things right here at



Bell's!
— Boris

Bell's Booteries

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WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

Volume XVII

NASHVILLE, TENN., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1927

Number 7

OUR CHATTA-NOOGA TRIP

The bell rang at five-thirty; two hundred-odd girls rose, dressed and breakfasted in semi-darkness. Then, chaperones taking charge, they got into the trusty specials and trolleyed to the station where the Chattanooga train was waiting. Followed the most hectic and delightful trip imaginable. Four hours of riding through heavenly country; a constant source of enjoyment to the more passive members of the party; and a like number of hours of chasing up and down aisles, card-playing, singing and gabbing for the more active members; both completely enjoyed.

Dr. Barton was kept busy, or rather kept himself busy as guide pointing out the interesting things along the way. He also acted as "news butcher" or more to the point, as "banana butcher," because it was bananas that he handed out to the hungering hordes.

Except for one or two things such as hot boxes and loose couplings the trip was uneventful. The train rolled into Chattanooga on scheduled time and *les enfants alloués* out of the cars into seven or eight huge buses of the type commonly called "rubber-neck" wagons." The trip proper started here.

The buses followed the Dixie Highway for a few miles out of Chattanooga and then began the ascent of the mountain. It is practically impossible to describe the wonderful beauty of the country. The mountain towering above on one side and below on the other side the valley with its broad, smooth fields and the river winding about are unbelievably lovely. Then the cars wound around the mountain up to an inn very appropriately called "Fairytale," and the most delicious of dinners in a dining hall which with only a slight strain on the imagination might be considered that of Cinderella's fairy prince. At last, with great reluctance, the girls had to get back to the buses; and, with many clicks of cameras, the trip was resumed.

Through Lookout City, a charming village on the mountaintop; on foot through Point Park and Lookout Point where the Confederate batteries were placed, and where one can see for miles and miles; through "Fat Man's Misery," and finally back through leaves which crackled under foot went the Ward-Belmont girls.

After being allowed to stop for refreshments and to purchase souvenirs, the girls once more climbed into the lofty buses and were driven back down the mountain to Chattanooga.

In the city, two street cars were waiting and, when everyone had been transferred from bus to trolley, they started for Signal Mountain. By this time everyone was feeling slightly

(Continued on page 8)



FROM THE LAND OF HALLOWE'EN

Last Monday night when the lights were out,
There came a witch all bent;
She carried in her hand a broom
Causing fear where e'er she went.

A line of scary, spooky ghosts
Followed her everywhere.
With ice-cold hands and tooting horns
They glided here and there.

They touched my neck with slimy hands;
Shivers went down my back.
The old witch came and looked at me
With eyes that were 'glaringly black.
The lights flashed on, and out they ran,
Witch and ghosts and all
Back to their land of Hallowe'en
Back to the witches' hall.

Prominent Speaker Praises Ward-Belmont

Mrs. Walter McNabb Miller, chairman of the department of Public Welfare, of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, in her address before the Ward-Belmont student body Monday morning, stated that while she had never before had the pleasure of visiting this beautiful school, she was quite familiar with it. Her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Charles Edward Miller, was before her marriage Miss Corinne Wooten, of Chickasha, Oklahoma, who was a student at Ward-Belmont from 1913 until her graduation in 1918.

"When my youngest son was studying aviation," said Mrs. Miller, "his plane fell with him and he was carried into a nearby home to be cared for. It was then that he met my daughter-in-law and of course, fell immediately in love with her. She was at home from Ward-Belmont on her summer vacation at the time and he was in training. After the World War, however, they were married and I fell in love with her, too. It is through her that I know Ward-Belmont.

"You will observe that nations, states and institutions as well as individuals develop certain habits of thought, or certain attitudes of mind which may be called their behavior pattern. Ward-Belmont has a definite behavior pattern—it is a very

high one, a very fine one and one which is instantly recognized through acquaintance with girls who have been here. It consists not only of training mentally, but of many other things which go to make a progressive citizen and a gentlewoman. You girls have a real responsibility in demonstrating this behavior pattern, not only while you are in school, but long afterwards when you have gone out to take your places in the world."

Mrs. Miller of the changing and expanding standards of health, of mental standards and of social standards, pointed out that the educated person of today is obligated to develop conscious "behavior patterns" in each of these lines. The conscious physical, mental and social standards of today are in her opinion higher than they have ever been before.

"When you first go out to vote for your representatives in government, or for the passing of bonds to maintain that government," said Mrs. Miller, "you begin to take your part in the shaping of the body politic. The shaping of the standards of our country is dependent upon you—and I, for one, am glad that the intelligent young womanhood of the South is going to have the opportunity to help in the development of the future behavior pattern of the country."

(Continued on page 8)

THE ANTI PAN HALLOWE'EN BALL

Well at last it has come and gone successfully—the first dance of the year! Who would have thought the gym could look so different. But when I entered I looked around me in delight for this was just my idea of the way a Hallowe'en dance ought to look. From the balcony hung alternating strips of black and orange paper. At the top of the ceiling hung a huge pumpkin with balloons dropping from it and black and orange streamers to the four corners of the room. At the door and around the orchestra were corn stalks and grinning pumpkins. In the center of the far end of the gym was a huge black caldron resting on a burning wood fire. Here and there around the walls were lanterns, ghost faces, bats, and witches.

And I couldn't tell who a soul was! There were pirates, devils, little Bo Peeps, Chinamen, clowns, Spanish Senoritas and Senoras, and many others of every conceivable design and color. But the prettiest costume of all, and the one that got first prize was Mary Jane Pulver's, a yellow taffeta colonial dress. *Valborg Ravn* thoroughly disrespected herself in the thick black braids of her red, white, and black Norwegian dress, which won the second prize. And then we all unmasked and were so surprised to find who everyone was!

Long before we were ready to stop dancing the special came but I'd stop anything to watch it. First the witch, Joan White, chanted while Mary Louis Wilcox and Virginia Cooper did a pantomime of the girl who finds her lover on Hallowe'en. But suddenly the clock struck twelve and from beside the caldron two ghosts, Dorothy Pope and Emma Jean Fisher, rose in a creepy way and, nearly scared us to death. Soon the two cutest pumpkins you ever saw, Marion German and Willie Dell Goldsmith, did a dance which I guess is just what a pumpkin would dance. Then from the caldron jumped two black cats, Jerry Smith and Miriam White head. They fought and made love in fascinating tones and kittenish action. The special ended with a carnival dance of the spirit of Hallowe'en, Beverly Hamilton.

No one hesitated to form in a grand march to receive the favors and we surely were tickled to get perfume bottles to add to the array on our dressers. Then before we had time to think came the refreshments. They were so good I gobbled them right down and went after more but to my dismay I found I had all I was to have so I sat down and watched my less eager neighbors devour that heavenly chocolate cake with orange icing and orange and chocolate de-

(Continued on page 8)



The Smart Ensemble for Street Wear

FROM her smart ribbon hat to her pumps, the summer girl must choose carefully, piece by piece, the garments that suit her style. The outfit shown here is similar to many entrancing effects you may secure by shopping at Castner's.

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The girls of Miss Olmstead's and Miss Hackney's groups were given an invitation to visit Scarritt College this coming Saturday. From all reports this trip promises to be very interesting as well as entertaining. (Tell you later what happens, and how.)

Grace Neisler presided at Sunday school last Sunday morning. As the number of girls has increased it has been found necessary to speak from the regular speakers table on the platform. Grace looked like quite an experienced little preacher as she stood there, reading to us in her quiet, dignified way. The regular groups held their meetings: Bible group in the little Y room, Scout Group in the faculty sitting room, Primary group in the big Y room, and the Kindergarten group on the chapel platform.

On Sunday evening Dr. Noe broke from the regular rut of "sermons with usual texts" and told of a conference of all the churches in the world, held in Switzerland this past summer. He very interestingly described the manners and dress of the "nobility of the church" as was represented from each nation. The spirit of friendliness and democracy was one of the most impressive things of the conference as expressed by Dr. Noe, and he cited an instance when a bishop of Serbia of the Greek Orthodox Church, a very learned and highly cultured man, insisted on offering the use of his carriage at one of those moments when it was most highly delightful because it was not quite necessary. The conference had as its purpose the discussion of a unified Christian church. It was an unusually interesting talk.

Florence Abels, a pupil of Miss Boyer sang "Oh for a Closer Walk With God," by Biby, in her clear soprano voice. Florence's singing is always looked forward to and enjoyed to the fullest extent. As a surprise, a very lovely one, Mrs. Rauch, mother of Aileen Rauch, sang also. She has a full, powerful contralto voice. It was an unusual treat. Her selection was "The Cry of Rachel," by Mary Turner Salter. Miss Boyer was accompanist for both.

Sylvia Berger, who attended the industrial girls' school at Sweet Briar last summer, visited the meeting of the Y cabinet last Sunday morning. She pictured for us the life of the industrial girl and just what the study and fun at Sweet Briar had meant to the twenty-four girls who had the privilege of going. A general discussion followed which included the comparing of Northern and Southern factories, the advantages and disadvantages of trade unions for women, and lastly what influence we, as girls, had or could have on these conditions.

Miss Norwood, industrial secretary of the Nashville Y.W.C.A., accom-

panied Sylvia and added much to the discussion. Those who made possible this visit were Catherine Blackman, Mary Jane Pulver, Eleanor Gray, and Florence Abels, all members of the social service committee.

CAROL'S LETTERS

Saturday Nite.

Dearest Carol:

I've never had such a grand time in my life as I did this week. Just about everyone went to Chattanooga but me. I couldn't afford to go for one reason, and the other reason was that I went last year. But when Dr. Barton announced that we'd have no school so many had signed to go I certainly had an immediate bright outlook on life. Well this is a better one I'm about to tell. They let us go down town this A.M. for lunch on Senior privileges. When I went to write my check at the bank to get some money Miss Nellums told me she wouldn't cash one for less than 50 cents, but I told I only had 40 cents in the bank so she handed it over. Really we went down so early that we helped them open up the stores. The afternoon I went to hear Louis Bromfield. Honey! He is just precious. I think I committed a case of love at first sight. He reminded me more of a football hero or a Phi Delta than of an author.

After mentioning him there isn't much left to talk about. Well, we have church out here tomorrow so that gives me a nice long time to finish writing all my letters, etc., so I think I shall get some sleep before the Chattanooga troop comes back like the thundering herd. Only 47 more days till northward bound.

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REPETITIONS

DID YOU EVER think of your teachers as philosophers? If not, you have never realized the fullness of their message. One of the most inspiring things about college life is the analyzing of each teacher's philosophy. The teacher who sees no more in her work than the passing on of the ideas in the text book is missing the significance of her opportunity. We believe that the teachers of Ward-Belmont have a philosophy which will enrich the life of every student. Seeking a deeper glimpse of the philosophy of our teachers we did not engage in the class recitations one day this week, but sat intently silent that we might better understand the things which the teachers said. Our efforts were well rewarded.

IN ONE INSTANCE the magnetism of the teacher's personality was so overpowering and her message so sincere and straightforward that we sat in a dazed attitude. The words spoken were so obviously from her heart that we left her class with a decided uplift on life. The things she said were not all startlingly new. A great many of the things she said we had heard often before from other teachers, but we had never heard the plea for belief in self made with such conviction. In part she said, "If I could only get you to believe in yourselves what a wonderful field I would have to work from. If I could only make you realize that to grow and develop in this work you must develop your own personalities. You must each become a distinct individual who by virtue of having followed out the pattern will stand out above the great mass. I do not want you to pattern after me. If my method is not greater than myself, and if my pattern is not bigger than my personality, it is not worthwhile. But I am glad that I have a work that is limitless in its possibilities. I am glad that I can pass on to you a pattern that will enable you to develop your own personalities."

EACH TEACHER unfolded her philosophy in a different way, but when we came to the end of the day and were seeking to summarize our observations we found that the truth which had been sounded by the first teacher, belief in the development of

self, was obvious in each teacher's remarks. What a stimulating thought, and what a beautiful outlook on education, that it should teach us to try to understand ourselves. There was a time in the history of the world when teachers and educators in general thought far less of the doctrine of individuality. Even when Emerson, the great essayist, expounded his belief in individuality there were many doubters.

PERSONALS

Parents of students who were here for the week-end included: Mrs. B. F. Tellen, of Paris, Texas; Mrs. F. C. Perkins, of Columbia, Ohio; Mrs. C. N. Ritter, of French Lick, Ind.; Mrs. T. R. Peterson, of Detroit, Mich.; Mrs. L. J. Eberle, of Noleseville, Ohio; Mrs. O. N. Martin, San Diego, Calif.; Mrs. W. L. Moore, Enid, Okla.; Mr. J. N. Flowers, Jackson, Miss.; Mr. L. A. Miller, Cheyenne, Wyo.; Mr. F. M. Wilcox, Atlanta, Ga.; Mrs. F. X. Rauch, Athens, Ohio; Mrs. J. B. Kingston, Shelbyville, Tenn.; Mrs. J. A. Gill, Washington, Ind.; Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Hereford, Marshall, Mo.; Mr. Wilson, Owensboro, Ky.; Mr. and Mrs. M. P. Walker, Louisville, Ky.; Mr. A. G. Rhodes, Paris, Tenn. Eleanor Robbins spent the week-end at her home in Chicago.

Fritzie Alba returned home for a week-end with her parents.

Allie Carroll spent Thursday evening with her aunt, Mrs. Bowers.

Florence Ables, Harriet Lawson, and Mary Elizabeth Rhodes had dinner with Mrs. Rawles and Margaret.

Nell Banks and Elizabeth Gwaltney spent Saturday with Mrs. A. G. Duffy.

Alice Daniels and Louise Graves spent a delightful week-end with Margaret Witherspoon in Gallatin, Tenn.

Marian Hubble spent Sunday with Mrs. Wenning.

Dorothy Gilbert spent Sunday with Mrs. W. A. Provie.

Ruth Hughes spent Sunday with Mrs. A. L. Lowe.

Frances Lamar and Mary Elizabeth Brabston spent Sunday with Mrs. Smith.

Catherine Scruggs spent Saturday afternoon with Mrs. Estelle Roy-Schmitz.

Catherine Scruggs and Ruth Gill had dinner with Mrs. Gill Sunday.

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EDITORIAL

The wide, wide world is now woman's field. That in substance is the inspiring message which one of the recent chapel speakers brought to the girls of Ward-Belmont. Where, but in a girls' college could thought as to woman's new relation to the development of civilization better begin? The opening up of so many new avenues of opportunity to women places upon our sex new and grave responsibilities.

Every known profession is open to us. We are now in fact as well as spirit citizens of the United States, and upon us rests a part of the credit or failure for the affairs of our government. We must awaken to the knowledge that we cannot successfully execute our duties as citizens without understanding what those duties are and searching to know the best way to preserve a high spirit of American patriotism.

We clamored for the right of suffrage. It is now ours. We argued that as mothers and the future mothers of the nation we were entitled to a voice in the making and executing of our laws. We clamored that if given the right to vote we would elect clean minded, public spirited men to office. The challenge is that we are failing.

Let us take the challenge in our teeth. Let us consider that in many instances we are failing, but let us remember that all the evils of the present civilization cannot be heaped upon woman's frail shoulders. From that point of view let us take courage to press on in all our new professions, and in our new relation as citizens. Our aim should be to turn the failures to successes. Our critics should remember that there are probably as many non-voters among the men as among the women. And surely there was corruption in politics before woman's fair hand ever marked a ballot.

Ward-Belmont as a training school for future American citizens wants every girl to leave her Alma Mater imbued with the idea that she as one unit is to be a power for good or evil in her community. It is true that but few of us have as yet reached our majority, but it is at this time we should begin to think on the political questions which will build for us a foundation worthy of our acceptance when the appointed time does come.

WARD-BELMONT
GIVES TO COMMUNITY CHEST

Ward-Belmont should be proud of the record it has made in its contributions to the Community Chest—Mrs. Bryan and Miss Rhea, who were in charge of the committee report that over one thousand dollars was given by the faculty, home department, office force, elementary school and day students.

The amount contributed by the faculty, home department and office force was \$865. The elementary department gave \$51.71 and every single pupil, down to the very smallest girl contributed. The remaining \$94 was subscribed by the day students in their departments.

WARD-BELMONT
DRAMATIC STUDENTS ARE PRAISED

Miss Pauline Sherwood Townsend was recently in receipt of interesting news from three of her former students who, by special invitation, were called to meet the great dramatic producer, Frohman, after he had seen them in a folk play at the Three Arts Club in New York. The pupils were Misses Ellen Couch, graduate of Ward-Belmont in 1925 and of the 1927 class of Vanderbilt University where she took her A.B. degree; Marie Pittman, graduate in expression at Ward-Belmont in 1926 and Julia Garrett, Ward-Belmont graduate of expression, also in 1926. Miss Pittman is remembered particularly as "Electra" in the performance at the Parthenon last spring.

All three are studying dramatic art at the American Academy in New York. They gave, at the Three Arts Club, a beautiful presentation of Mrs. Bessie Collins Moore's folk play "Ou Bayou La Batre," last week. In the audience was the great dramatic producer, Frohman, who after the play asked to meet the girls and said: "Why you girls can act—you can hold an audience. Where do you come from? Where were you trained?"

They wrote Miss Townsend that they answered as a Greek chorus—"We were trained at Ward-Belmont in Nashville—our teacher was Pauline Sherwood Townsend, of the School of Expression.

Mr. Frohman, they said, left them much uplifted in spirit by his direct criticism—"You will go far in the dramatic world. Remember training counts."

Miss Townsend is quite proud of their success.

BIRTHDAY DINNERS

Two lovely birthday dinners were given last week for those girls whose birthdays were in September or October. Pink roses in silver vases were used for table decorations at the first dinner. The favors at each plate were pink rosebuds. The girls present were: Dorothy Williams, Madeline Tarpley, Alice Ellington, Mildred Newbern, Pauline Kniese, Nell Roberts, Dorothy Schrel, Nannie Pierce, Mary Helen Brown, Mary Jane Lampley, Virginia Suggs, Mildred Jones, Lucille Moxley, Mary Kate

Anderson, Claire Dorchester, Willie Dell Goldsmith, Doris Tatum, Glataree Martin Sarah Taylor, and Miriam Hubbell.

For the second dinner, gorgeous yellow dahlias in crystal vases made the table very attractive. Shoulder corsages of small yellow and white flowers were given as favors. The girls present were: Ines Renfro, Rosalee Werner, Bernice Brock, Elizabeth Iglar, Isabel Thielon, Elizabeth Kiehn, Martha Lindsey, Rebekah Lionberger, Elizabeth Reese, Fritzie Albaugh, Gladys Himelhoch, Elinor Bell, Roberta Glendinning, Mary Lee Lafferty, Mary Pace, Grace Miller, Eleanor Perkins, Virginia Snell, Jean Stotzer, Helene Johnson, Dorothea Jones, Allie Brown Clark, Virginia Donaldson, and Hildegard Seibel.

Mildred smacking gum industriously on the other side. In spite of the fact that quite a few of them were in Chattanooga, "a goodly crowd was there." Those ice skates and skis surely made us long for good old winter time. Oh! well, it won't be long now! And did you yell when we saw Richard Dix enter? Well, just ask Louise Butler. Girls, you'd better watch out that you don't get shell shocked from eating peanuts. The usual jazz "Washington and Lee Swing," "My Old Kentucky Home," "The Eyes of Texas are Upon You," etc., were furnished by Frances Pettit and Mildred Schaefer. And Miriam would wave the screen in the most exciting part.

HALLOWE'EN DINNER

The Halloween dinner was a lovely affair, every one dressed for the occasion and it was quite a fashion revue to see "The Belles of Ward-Belmont" resemble civilization again.

The dining room was beautifully decorated with subdued lights and the shades with witches, black cats blending in with the idea of spooks. It was quite a picture to see the faces radiating and trying to rack their one cells in order that they may translate the "Spook's Offering" that consisted of—

Spirits of the Deep
Petrified Eye Balls
Witches' Wand
Spirit Wafers

Pickled Skeleton
Stewed Cats' Eyes
Browned Tod Stools
Jellied Gobbins
Souise
Tomatoes

Satan's Choice
Witches' Love Offering
Cold Fingers
Good Night Pleasant Dreams

Elves' Delight
Bats' Eyes
Dope
Ghosts' Bait

Only to be enforced by the ghosts roaming around in the dark. Yes, they were true ghosts, and you should have heard the shrieks and screams of the fair damsels as the ghosts rang of their damns and chains, and cried in a most woeful tone of voice horrible things such as "It was such a little sin but St. Peter would not let me in" and the most appropriate plea that I have ever heard and one that particularly interested us all was "I'm dying of water on the knee, trying to run and catch my degre."

"I was drowned in tears,
And all the years
Must weep and weep,
And never sleep."—Another wailed:
"Ains, I'm the ghost of a misspelt youth," croaked another.
Another warned:
"You may not like ghosts, nor want to see one—
But, oh, I'll tell you now—better see a ghost than be one."
The witch had a less delicate tale:—"On my trusty steed-I fly,
Sweeping cobwebs from the sky!
Coming to earth again,
I sweep them from the brain."
Judging from the shrieks and screams of the evening, it was a howling success.

WARD-BELMONT
ARTIST AT L'ALLIANCE FRANCAISE

Mrs. Estelle Roy Schmitz, pianist, appeared on the program of L'Alliance Francaise, in a group composed of the following numbers: "The Island Spell" (John Ireland), "Spring Night," (Schumann-Liszt), "En Bateau" (Camille Zwicker), "Le Petit Ane Blanc" (Jacques Ibert) and Debussy Prelude in A Minor.

Mrs. Schmitz has also been asked to play at the meeting of the Vanderbilt Woman's Club, which takes place November 14, at the Centennial Club.

WALKING AT
WARD-BELMONT

In spite of the walking that seems to be necessary just to get around the campus most of us take advantage of the walking privileges given us. Every afternoon several girls venture out into the wide, wide world to walk up and down Belmont Boulevard and, for at least the first time they can get a thrill out of really losing sight of school even though the school may not see sight of them entirely. Try it and see if you don't enjoy it. Anyway it's good exercise.

CHAPEL NOTES

Wednesday, October 26—The regular Chapel service was observed, and Dr. Barton made further announcements about the Chattanooga trip.

Thursday, October 27—Miss Morrison made several announcements. Miss Irvin spoke about certain regulations of dress.

Monday, October 31—Mrs. Miller, chairman of Public Welfare and Social Service Committees of the General Federation of Women, spoke of public welfare, of women's rights in public welfare and of the new psychology.

Tuesday, November 1—Miss Morrison made several announcements.

"FASCINATING
YOUTH"

Yes, sir! that was the movie we had out here last Saturday night. I really enjoyed it too though I could hardly keep up the thread of the story with Gerry reading the subtitles aloud on one side of me and

LOUIS BROM-FIELD'S LECTURE

"Things We Live Too Fast to See" is a subject which in itself offers a splendid opportunity for the presentation of modern life. Louis Bromfield has written books picturing life frankly as it is with no mosques covering the unpleasant phases. After one has observed the man, one can understand his style. He is frank, simple, and pleasant. He speaks to an audience as if he were discussing current questions with a group of friends. He can criticize without malice, satirize without bitterness, and approve with sincerity.

Louis Bromfield, the author, has won literary praise and the reading public's approval, but Louis Bromfield, the lecturer, has won the friendly approbation of the appreciative public.

WHO'S WHO

I have often wondered how it would feel to be president of the student body. I'm sure I would be so puffed up you couldn't see around me. However, Margaret Ellen Douth, our council president, is none such. She is everybody's friend. I know perfectly how it feels to ride a horse but all my aches and pains have been of no avail for Margaret Ellen not content with taming the disobedient at council meetings tried her hand with our broncos with the result that she is now champion rider of the school. As this is not a co-ed institution the fad of football captains is not. In its place, however, our hero worship goes to those super-human creatures called Senior Physical Eds. Among these we find our Oregon (or was it Flint, Mich.) wonder. We do not know whether it because she's eaten bran every morning for three years or because, like Topsy, she "just grewed up" but we mean to say she is some girl.

Last year in the ABC contest there was but one synonym for the word popularity. Had this letter P stood for pop, public-mindedness, or personality the result would have been the same. In fact she includes everything from A to Z. But the chief charms of this Indiana wonder (yes, she hops in the best of circles) are her naturalness and friendliness at all times. You do not realize her to be more than a likeable friend at first but soon you're surprised to find that she X.L.S. in hockey, basketball, water-polo, tennis, and baseball—and you ought to see her ride a "horse." Yet she isn't dumb. She's bright in class, her literary efforts would knock you cold, and she can bluff with the best of us. "This our noble senior president I have thus been discussing. Let me introduce—but no introduction is necessary—Viola Jay!

Beauty at Ward-Belmont has a reward all its own. The May Queen lasts only a day but the addition of beauty of character gives one the coveted position of president of the Y.W. Those of you who have not heard of "The Tale of the Tub" should learn of this heroic if rather disastrous deed. They say cleanliness is next to godliness but a scalding bath never made a face—let alone a character—

beautiful. Although William Tell never took archery lessons from Mary Eleanor Gilmore many of us might profit by following her methods in academic work. But she's more than just those things to those of us who know her. And of those of you who don't—well, you just don't know what you're missing.

NEWS FROM THE SCHOOL OF EXPRESSION

Marguerite Fisher, graduate of Ward-Belmont, 1925, has just achieved unusual success in the presentation of her pageant, "The Dream Queen of Wichita Valley," in connection with the coronation of the fifth queen of the Texas-Oklahoma Fair. The Wichita Falls Record News says of her:

"Miss Marguerite Fisher, to whom much of the credit for the success of the coronation activities goes as she has acted in the capacity of mistress of ceremonies, has taken a very active part in the life and activities of Wichita Falls. . . . Miss Fisher entered Ward-Belmont, and there completed her college work, specializing in dramatic work. During her senior year at Ward-Belmont Miss Fisher was student assistant in the dramatic department."

This is but one of the many representatives of the Ward-Belmont School of Expression making a name for herself.

Mrs. Elmo Nellums, who as Elizabeth Overman, of Nebraska, was one of the most effective expression graduates of Ward-Belmont, is now in charge of the department of expression of St. Bernard's Convent, Nashville.

The marriage of Berniece Martin, graduate, 1925-1926, of the Ward-Belmont School of Expression, to Rev. Dan Grieder, took place recently in Wichita Falls, Texas. Mrs. Grieder was one of the most gifted pupils of the school of expression, her teacher, Miss Townsend, says.

WARD-BELMONT SPECIALS

Specials—speaking of ambiguous terms—that certainly is one on this "hill." There are the ones you wait for in middle March nearly all of your vacant periods and which almost never come; and then there are the ones that you stand out at North Front and wait for on Sunday mornings and for which you make a mad dash when they finally put in their appearance, not noticing the several dozen girls that you knock down in your futile effort to secure a seat. But the most exciting "specials" are those that you go down to the Union Station to wait for. They take you to some of the most wonderful places, Chattanooga, Muscle Shoals, Mammoth Cave and, last but who could say least, home. Anyone who has never been in *one* of these specials certainly has missed something, for there's always excitement in one of them. And why shouldn't there be?—with so many girls and so much to do. There are always bright

groups or singing to join in, or tours taken all the cars to make, or something to make you have a good time. What would we do without all these "specials?" Everyone will agree that they certainly are an important part of Ward-Belmont life and quite necessary to our happiness.

THE ALABAMA CLUB

"Did you hear about the bridge-tea that the old Alabama girls gave for their new members? They had it at the F. F. Club House last Monday afternoon. The house was all decorated with Alabama pennants and pillows. Gee, but it looked thrilling—almost as though we were back in old 'Bama! There were 'tables and' cards for anybody that wanted to play bridge, but there were too many interesting things to talk about to concentrate on anything that requires this much-talked-of 'brain work.' We talked about the most exciting theater parties, picnics, dances and 'most everything that we are planning to have during the winter. They're going to be such fun. And the refreshments—they were just grand—iced tea and sandwiches! The favors were little bales of cotton with 'Bama's right' written across them. Wasn't that the cutest idea, 'cause everybody knows that old 'Bama most certainly is just right.'"

DEL VERS BABLE

Long, long, ago in the romantic days of the Civil War, our beloved Ward-Belmont was one of the most magnificent estates of the Confederacy. The glamorous tale of the history of the Acklen estate, and its final transition to the college of today, was read to us by our president, Mary Jane Pulver, from a paper written by the late Mrs. Ada Beard, former sponsor of THE HYPHEN. The paper, as well as a picture of the estate, were very kindly loaned by Mrs. Blanton. The story was extremely interesting to both old and new girls, and after hearing it, our imaginations could picture "wreck" hall peopled with Southern belles and grey-coated Confederate gallants.

Sunday evening, after tea, we listened to such blood-curdling tales of goblins and ghosts that, returning home from the club, we thought every white statue on the campus to be a wandering spirit waiting to grab us.

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MISTRESS BELLE-WARD

Wednesday—October 26.

Tramp, tramp, tramp the girls went marching and if there's a hill in Nashville that the hiking party didn't climb, I'd like a gilt framed photo of it. My crepe-soled shoes are pressed out flat and my ears are both flapped forward from taking so many inclines. Decided to drown my sorrows in the pool but only succeeded in almost water logging myself. The water in my ears will make me seasick for weeks to come.

Clubbed tonight and was convinced that my duty to my club involved more athletics than intellect. But I just laughed and laughed 'cause I knew that Miss Morrison had invited, even urged, me to leave the field this very afternoon because I lay down to block a goal and made three players fall over me. And yet they say "all's fair in love and war."

Thursday—October 27.

Brake down and went to town this afternoon with my newly acquired privileges. It wasn't as if I really needed anything, but I just felt it my duty to myself to keep up my morale.

Did my family washing tonight and made such a racket that Mrs. Hall came to investigate. And now I have to swallow my pride and uphold my views on study hour laundering at monitors' meeting.

Friday—October 28.

Drag on the fatted calf! I'm really going to Chattanooga tomorrow! Was the original social blunder tonight since I didn't rate the party. Did try to crash it attired in my most cherished lounging p-j's, but was turned out to the cold, cold world. Well—the joke was on them—they don't know what a life of the party I am. The roomie did break down and bring me some of the rather antiquated cake though.

Saturday—October 29.

Did I take in the Chattanooga trip? I'll say I did! Did think I was saying "good-bye forever" to dear old terra firma when the little old car began to ascend Lookout Mountain. But with my usual buoyant spirits I rolled merrily up and down the slanting car, singing "Did you ever stop to think as the hearse rolled by that some day or other, both you and I," etc., etc., expecting to be tossed into the nearest tree any moment. Did I eat? And how Miss Morrison finally got worried and ordered me to dispense with feasting but I just giggled and chuckled 'cause I knew all the time it was too late then to prevent my infirming on the morrow. And

the best part of it all was that we didn't get home until morning!
Sunday—October 30.

Maybe a rising bell rang but I was blissfully unaware of it, if it did. Have that "morning after the night before feeling" for some reason. Well, I didn't mind missing breakfast—just know if I had attended, the fried bacon would have curled up and faded away under my withering glance. Decided that the infirmary needed me or I needed it severely, so I trotted up and if there's anything Miss Rucker didn't give me, it was because the bottles were empty. Kinduv think she was experimenting on me with new and different varieties. If my friends could see me now!

Monday—October 31.

Did enjoy the chapel this A.M. It was such a pleasant sensation to have a woman speaker. Hurrah for our side! Wasn't very encouraging though to find that a W-B. graduate had to have a man fall from an aeroplane into her front yard before she could get him. Guess aeroplanes will have to be as thick as flies before my chance'll come.

And the Hallow'en dinner was tonight! I just laughed and laughed when I saw everyone come splashing over and I hummed "How dry I am" with much satisfaction. Praise be for Founder's on a night like this. Did manage to have several lumps of ice down my back though and to be plentifully bespangled with confetti.

Tuesday—November 1.

Only six weeks more till vacation! I'm so pepped over it that I went on the hike today and never even shed a tear over the six blisters I had on various and assorted toes. Must hobble off to dreamland.

Bon nuit, dear Diary.

"THE CONSTANT WIFE"

"The Constant Wife," presented at the Orpheum Theatre October 26 and 27 was one of the best plays we have seen in some time. The play itself, which was written by Somerset Maugham, was clever and at the same time gripping. Lou Telegan as the husband and Charlotte Walker as the "constant wife" were extremely good. Norman Hackett made himself as thoroughly charming to the audience as he did to Miss Walker and took a rather difficult part very gracefully. Humor was introduced in the person of Emma Bunting whose every word or sigh caused a laugh. "The Constant Wife" was presented last winter in New York with Ethel Barrymore in the leading role.

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THE OBSERVER

The other day a little prep told me he saw Grac Cavern without her aviator hat. And I just laughed and laughed 'cause I knew all the time it was a fib.

The Chattanooga trip did not keep Miss Morrison from her usual athletic pursuits. Chasing three W.-B. girls through five lurching cars is no mean exercise.

Maybe the most outstanding performance of the Chattanooga trip was given by Marquette's Rondel. We nominate her for the Hall of Fame because she succeeded in losing her purse twice.

Dot Jones has found the height of disorder. In showing Miss Morrison how bad someone was she remarked convincingly: "Why, even Gerry didn't think it was right."

We are so glad to know that Doris Youcum believes "sometimes I'm happy" around here. Everyone in the movie wondered whether she'd just receive a special or a box of food.

Eleven people (11 count 'em) were up at council the other night. Business must be good. And Charlotte surely is strong for council these days. Eugenia Mahan was "drowned in tears" on Hallow'een. We wonder if her frowning tresses looked like seaweed. Speaking of hair, Eleanor Robbins has just returned from Chicago.

The recent speech delivered in chapel by Miss Irvin is the cause of a delightful reception given by Francis Pettit. She is having her dress down to meet her stockings.

We are all glad to receive a new member into our family at Senior Hall. The newcomer is quite popular and answers to the name "Stuffy."

TRIK NEWS

You have heard of individuals possessing it. Did you ever hear of a whole group possessing it? If an individual has it, he is at once the most popular, most interesting, and the most sought after person in a group. Now if a whole group had it, wouldn't that group be the most interesting, the most popular, the most sought after group in a community? These questions do not require severe mental strain on your part. The fact that the Tri Ks are the club at Ward-Belmont is so apparent that unless you are a Hick

from Hickville you need not question. If you so not believe me ask any Tri K on the campus. We Tri K's are modest creatures, but we will have to break down and admit that we have it and are it.

TRI K REPORTER.

KENTUCKY CLUB NOTES

Boo! Boo! We are off for the big old Kentucky-Vanderbilt game. "We," being the members of the Kentucky Club, which will soon be known as about the peppiest club on the campus.

It is rumored that said club is also sponsoring a "dance that is different." Wait and see!

PENTA TAU PRATTLE

Jack o' lanterns, cats, fortune-tellers and food—that was Hallow'een at the Penta Tau club house last week; and everyone took advantage of the social meeting to initiate the new orthophonic which bore up nobly all evening. But the real thrill came with the opportunity to welcome back a loyal Penta Tau of '23, Gladys Feld, Mrs. McCombs' guest. Gladys is the girl who wrote the Senior Song we love so well, and the praise and gratitude of every Senior is hers. Here's to Gladys Feld!

THE MOVIE

Three cheers for the world's greatest booster—Ford Sterling in "The Show-Off." Did you ever see such a conceited man in all of your life? And the sad part of it was that he not only believed himself to be the most perfect thing on earth, but he succeeded in making a poor girl believe the same thing. Whoever said "love is blind" must have been talking about that same girl, for she just would marry her hero. After falling in and out of all kinds of trouble, everything began to come out all right, and, in true movie fashion, everybody lived happily ever afterwards.

Judge: "Did you or did you not strike this woman?"

Landlord: "Your Honor, I only remarked that the wallpaper in her apartment bore finger prints."

Judge: "Two years for knocking her flat."

Peeping Ahead in the Fashion Calendar!

THAT'S the everlasting job of Lebeck Bros.—and their alertness is reflected in the intriguing styles, the clever accessories smart women will wear now, next month and the month after.

To the girls of Ward-Belmont we extend an invitation to make Lebeck's your style headquarters—and if there is any way we can assist you we stand ready to do so.

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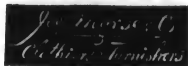
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Special Menu on Mondays for

WARD-BELMONT GIRLS

THE ANTI PAN HALLOWE'EN BALL

(Continued from page 1)

signed ice cream to say nothing of the nuts and candy.

When I finally left, among the last it was with a sigh of pleasure and contentment. I agreed heartily with Dr. Barton when he said that the Anti Pandoras had put on a dance which was a high mark toward which the other clubs would have to aim during the year. Do you think they can shoot as high?

OUR CHATTA-NOOGA TRIP

(Continued from page 1)

worn and very glad to spend the ride in looking out the car windows. The scenery was unusually interesting, especially when the car passed a boys' school and a forest fire. What more, in the way of thrilling scenery, could any girl ask?

The cars stopped at Signal Mountain Inn and, with Dr. Barton leading the way, the party tramped down to a point to see the sunset. Words cannot possibly do the place justice; suffice it to say that everyone was so smitten by the view that, for maybe as much as two or three minutes, the W.-B. chatterboxes were absolutely quiet.

The girls trailed back up to the Inn, and each received a post card

already stamped and then began the rush for the writing tables. The congestion in this vicinity was relieved, however, when "Archie," the accordion man, began to play jazz. The dance floor soon overflowed with girls, a few were even crowded out, but there was always the magazine stand and souvenir counter. After a few minutes dinner was served in the lovely dining room which was decorated with pumpkins and Halloweenish stuff. During the meal Dr. Barton read the results of the football games to a greatly thrilled and tense group of girls.

Everyone lingered as much as possible at dinner, but finally the hour for departure arrived and the girls filed out to the trolleys, casting many wistful looks behind. The cars started off down the mountain and all too soon the lights of Chattanooga grew visible. At last the trolleys reached the station and each weary girl, gathering up her belongings walked in and boarded the train.

A few of the more vivacious girls romped about on the train but for the most part silence reigned and sleep and magazine reading were as the newspapers say "the main diversions of the evening."

What need to tell the rest? Nothing more happened to tell about except no one had to get up for breakfast next morning!

PROMINENT SPEAKER PRAISES W.-B.

(Continued from page 1)

In concluding Mrs. Miller, at special request, told the story of the time she substituted for Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, who was to have made the commencement address for a woman's college in Greensboro, S. C. At that time Mrs. Miller was lecturing on the elimination of waste in our national life and was, of course, working for woman suffrage. Dr. Butler was an anti-suffragist, but when the check which was to have been his was presented to her, Mrs. Miller sent it immediately to a prominent suffrage organization. Some years later, Mrs. Miller said, she told Dr. Butler about it and he replied:

"I suppose it is just as well that you did, for these young women are making good as citizens."

"And women are making good as citizens," concluded Mrs. Miller, "the future is open to women as well as to men and the behavior pattern our country develops is our responsibility."

Mrs. Miller was accompanied by Ward-Belmont Monday morning by Mrs. John Aust, who was chosen to present her to the student body. Mrs. Aust's introduction was brief, but was charming and gracious.

FABLES

"Oh! let me get your English today. I just love to study for Mr. Paasonn."

"Please give us another test, Mr. Pinkerton."

"Here, let me pick up that paper."

"I'm sorry I can't go to the show with you; I have to study."

"No thank you; I don't need help on my Chemistry."

"We all love Quantitative Analysis."

"Everybody makes 'A' in Freshman English."

"Weren't our tests grand?"

—Tech Oracle.

SPORT NOTES

The archery tournament will be held Thursday and Friday of this week. Several of the girls have made good scores in practice. Some of the clubs are not represented in the tournament, but most of them have very good teams.

This will probably be the last week of hockey practice, for the games were planned to begin next week, but it has not been definitely decided yet. All of the clubs have been having intensive practice for the last week.

T. C. CHATTER

Seeing that we intend to carry off the laurels in hockey this season we need good, peppy cheer to spur on the team. Therefore, Nathalie Hines and Mary Lee Lafferty were elected to be our cheer leaders. More power to them and to the strength of our lungs!

After the election the meeting was turned over to Helen Scott, chairman of the Entertainment Committee. She made our evening a pleasant one by having Jane McCullough play a piano number and Winogene Hovenden give a very entertaining reading.



Black Hats

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When in doubt, says Fashion, wear a black hat. Felts, Satins, Velvets and Solitres especially favored and we are now showing these in styles for every occasion.

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Dear Cynthia

Sara said to me:
They say—love is blind!
Well, I'm in love all right!
I was just going out of town to buy a new gown when I discovered we have the newest and most reasonable things right here at



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— Boris

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WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

Volume XVII

NASHVILLE, TENN., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1927

Number 8

RED CROSS

ROLL CALL

College men and women throughout the country played important parts in the past year in the memorable disaster relief work conducted by the AMERICAN NATIONAL RED CROSS. It was a task calculated to appeal to collegians—the magnitude of it constituted a challenge. When one remembers that 600,000 persons were dependent at one time upon the Red Cross for food and shelter, the immensity of the job is apparent. Several Southern States saw their most fertile farm lands converted into a great lake. The Father of Waters challenged his adherents as never before. How well they met the challenge is an old story by now. In every community where the rising waters became a menace to life and property the under-graduates of the institutions in the locality marshalled themselves into a relief body. They took orders from the Red Cross directors on the scene and performed prodigies of service. Their intelligence, their

(Continued on page 8)

THE MOVIE

After watching a comedy of the pie-slinging type for a quarter of an hour. "You Never Know Women" was doubly well received. And that, in spite of the rather ancient hero and the at all times displeasing villain. But Florence Vidor quite made up for the deficiencies of the others even though we would like to have shrieked out, "Dumbbell" when she let "our hero" plunge to a supposedly watery grave. But the rowboat all unexpectantly came to the rescue, the hero drove the villain away at his sword's point, and the final clinch was all it should have been.

GUESTS OF SCHOOL

Ward-Belmont entertained the following guests for week-end of November 5:

Mr. D. M. Russell, Chicago, Ill.; Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Hamilton, Paducah, Ky.; Mr. and Mrs. Willingham, Macon, Ga.; Mrs. W. L. Moore, Enid, Okla.; Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Bowers, Troy, Ala.; Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Webb, Harmony, Ill.; Mr. A. G. Rhodes, Paris, Tenn.; Mr. and Mrs. P. J. Krouse, Meridian, Miss.; Mrs. J. W. Twitchell, Belleville, Ill.; Mr. H. B. Barr, Chattanooga, Tenn.; Mrs. B. Moore, Decatur, Ga.; Mrs. W. E. Sapp, Wynant, Ill.; Mr. S. E. Brown, Elk City, Okla.; Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Cox, Dixon Springs, Tenn.; Mr. F. H. Sears, Atlanta, Ga.; Mr. R. G. Peirce, Atlanta, Ga.; Mr. and Mrs. L. F. Harris, Chagrin, Ohio; Mr. and Mrs. Sam Werner, Tracy City, Tenn.; Mrs. Robinson, Cheyenne, Wyo.; Mr. L. W. Branch, Quitman, Ga.

ALARM CLOCKS

Alarm clocks certainly were the original disturbers of peace. I don't believe it's possible to imagine anything more disgusting than the sound of one on a cold, rainy morning. Just as you get to sleeping soundly and dreaming of home the alarm clock is struck by a fiendish desire to buzz. Home disappears instantly, and you are brought right back to school and that exam that you have to get up and study for. You sit up in bed and look out the window and wonder why on earth you set the alarm to ring at midnight instead of in the morning. However, one look at the disturber will assure you that it really is five-thirty. After one more look out at the darkness and a moment's listening to the gentle pattering of the rain you wonder if it really wouldn't be bad on your health to lose so much sleep. And the room seems so cold! Anyway you probably wouldn't study what would be asked on the exam so why bother? Then more minute of hesitation and then with a shiver you slide back under the covers. In two minutes alarm clocks, exams, and all kinds of worries are lost, and you are once more happily dreaming of Christmas and home.

MARJORIE MOSS: AN APPRECIATION

The saying has often been heard that no one is entirely understood or appreciated by those with whom one is associated day after day—that it requires the prospective of distance and time to rightly value any single personality. Sometimes, however, there seems to be an exception to this rule. Sometimes one comes into our midst and lives every day so simply and harmoniously that hearts go out to her irresistibly, and people around her know her loveliness through constant contact.

It was so with Marjorie Moss—time and distance were not necessary to reveal to those around her a character that was rarely beautiful, that stood out in the manner in which she lived every day, lighting up the commonplace with a spirit that, to discerning eyes, made the commonplace glow with eternal meaning. She was not preparing to live in the future so much as she was trying to live in the present honestly and sincerely. Life did not mean a postponement to her, but a vital entering into all experiences that each moment brought.

As president of the Y.W.C.A. last year Marjorie was known to every girl and every faculty member of Ward-Belmont campus and as those on the campus hear that name memory brings to mind many pictures in

THE IMPORTANCE OF LIBRARIES

Libraries were originally constructed as places of learning. Men spent years and vast sums of money making private collections of books, documents, and manuscripts. During wars libraries were sacked and robbed of their contents which were carried off to the enemy's country as a choice prize, which shows the importance former ages placed on libraries. Now, there are libraries in every city, in every school, and in many private homes and institutions and we can see that they are still regarded as valuable assets. We have a library here at Ward-Belmont. It is essential to all of our school work. When we enter it let us consider its importance and its use. Let us remember that it is a place where we have the facility to obtain reference material to broaden our knowledge on various subjects. Then let us enter it courteously, quietly and with consideration for those who are trying to study there.

Let us remember that the evolution of the library was an important historical episode, and that libraries were not made to be a place of hilarious entertainment, but for a more serious purpose.

which this girl, so dearly loved, was the central figure.

Perhaps the picture that is clearest in the minds of most of us is that of Marjorie presiding over vesper services in the chapel on Sunday evening, and presiding with that ease of manner which was so distinctively her own. Others will see her in the "Y" room on Sunday morning surrounded by members of the cabinet and trying to keep order in the midst of that usually excited group.

To the Seniors of 1927 will come the memory of a suite in Senior Hall where lived one whose friendship was never confined within the limits of one particular group, and to the X.L.'s will come pictures of happy times spent together in the club house. A few, too, here and there on the campus, have enshrined in their hearts memories of quiet talks alone with Marjorie in which she revealed something of new faith in the Christ in which she daily tried to live.

Not time and distance were not needed to enable those who knew Marjorie to appreciate and love her, nor will they keep us from remembering her always. We think of her now as having entered into that fuller life where all the enduring qualities of personality that we saw so constantly in her are having unfettered opportunities to grow and expand and we know that Marjorie is radiantly alive forever.

(Continued on page 7)

THE CINDER-

ELLA BALL

Gaiety reigned supreme at the Cinderella Ball given by the Agoras Saturday night. The ballroom was truly fairy-like in its pastel and silver decorations and one felt that a new world had been entered when one entered the dainty archway and looked forward at the pink and silver throne at the other end of the "Cinderella ballroom." At a few minutes before the fateful hour in Cinderella's life, she and the Prince danced their last dance before twelve o'clock should sound and she was turned into an "ash-maid" again. They watched their court maidens dancing the dance of the rose and then the clock chimed and Cinderella fled from the enchanting court life leaving her little slipper. The Prince eagerly picked up the slipper and hurried to find his "love" with the devoted court-maidens running behind to aid him in his search.

As it seems, nothing can be done perfectly, and so the Cinderella dance had one thing which kept it from being perfect—the favors were delayed! They have come now however and the Agoras hope all their guests have received them by now.

THE OHIO CLUB

The Ohio Club with Miss Boyer as sponsor held a brief meeting Tuesday, to elect officers for the year. The following were the results of the election: president, Helen Dean; vice-president, Mary Jane Macphail; secretary and treasurer, Josephine Long-fellow.

Plans for the dance were discussed and the date for the dance was considered briefly. The club adjourned to meet again next week to consider these things more definitely.

SPORT NOTES

The hockey games begin this week with games scheduled for Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday afternoons. They are:

Ostron vs. Agora, Tuesday, 3:45.
A. K. vs. Del Ver, Wednesday, 3:45.
T. C. C. vs. Penta Tau, Thursday, 3:45.

X. L. vs. Tri-K., Friday, 2:30.
Anti Pan vs. F. F., Friday, 3:45.
The archery tournament was held last Thursday and Friday. The X. L. team won the tournament with a high score of 665. The other three places are: A. K., second, with a score of 655; Del Ver, third, with a score of 540; Anti Pan, fourth, with a score of 390.

The individual high scores were Mary P. McGowan, first, with a score of 250, and Ruth Maule and Madeline Tarpley tied for second place with scores of 210 each.

The Smart Ensemble for Street Wear



FROM her smart ribbon hat to her pumps, the summer girl must choose carefully, piece by piece, the garments that suit her style. The outfit shown here is similar to many entrancing effects you may secure by shopping at Castner's.

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The Diary of Mistress Belle Ward



Wednesday—November 2.

Was quite startled to see the map stretched over the chapel platform—didn't know whether they were planning a cross-country hike or a street car tour through Tennessee and vicinity. Finally found out from the speaker of the morning that it wasn't that kind of a map. And I learned about China from him!

I'm beginning to think that if we don't have a vacation soon, I'll lose my girlish youth and beauty. Page Edna Wallace Hopper! Just by way of encouraging my lagging spirits, I spent the afternoon in the infirmary and was I ever a wreck! Aside from having actual starvation staring me in the face, I was "alone, alone, all, all alone," so I sobbed big salty tears and valiantly waded through.

Thursday—November 3.

After yesterday's trials and worries, I decided to dissipate all day today. Hence, I've played bridge with everyone I could bully into it.

And I tea-roomed just as flingily as the roomies and my combined resources would permit.

Hence to bed to "nightmare" with much gusto.

Friday—November 4.

Raise the flag and drag on the fatted calf! Miss Hawks broke all New Years vows and resolutions and dismissed everyone fifteen minutes early. And may the faculty golf more extensively.

Did try to find a subject for psych experiments but alas, no one trusts me. Finally did unearth one faithful one who let me "psych," her as much as she could stand. We both just laughed and laughed 'cause we knew it was only the bunk.

Hall meeting tonight where Mrs. Gaines blazed forth vehemently on several little points. Quite appropriate since I clicked in in my mules, with my hair in combs and wearing my knee-length p. j.'s. Oh well, it won't be long now.

But just to prove that you can't keep a good girl down, I returned to my room and did a crossword puzzle for the improvement of my mind and afterwards celebrated its solution with some good old H.O.

Saturday—November 5.

Floated merrily over to the football field accompanied by my slicker, umbrella, and galoshes. And was it a good game!—even if the score was 0-0. Did think the chaperone the least bit cruel when she made me refrain from throwing peanuts at a Tech rooter every time he opened his

mouth to yell. Guess she didn't get into the spirit of the thing like I did.

The movie tonight had to seem good just for general appearances after that pie-slinging comedy even if the hero was a little the worse for wear and tear and a ripe old age.

Was a social blunder again at the dance tonight—looked on beguilingly from the balcony but it didn't get me anywhere.

Sunday—November 6.

Rambled down to the usual Presbyterian church in the usual street car accompanied by the usual chaperon. And afterwards just for the sake of harmony, ate the usual chicken and ice cream.

Did enjoy the vespers tonight even though I just escaped being amused by the various rites surround the turban. Here's for more such vespers!

Monday—November 7.

Just one letter! And was I ever mad to find it was from Fleischmanns Yeast Company. Didn't know whether to be insulted or flattered—it's all according to whether they've ever seen me.

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Exquisite SHOES

LOOK!
Your Smartest

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ONE PRICE

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(Opposite Princess Theatre)

"Starved" at lunch per usual and thereafter traversed the walking limits at least twice to appease my conscience.

Tuesday—November 8.

I'm in the midst of a momentous decision—whether 'tis nobler to separate myself from two dollars and pass French or to remain outside and endure the everlasting wrath and disfavor of Mlle. Vimont.

Tonight was the weekly Senior P. J. Parade alias fire drill. I looked out of good old Pembroke and saw the mob and wondered with real alarm whether I ever looked like some of them.

Hence returned to my table of labor to conjugate *emo* and dream of the far away and long ago.

THE OBSERVER

Crushes seem to be flourishing now-a-days. Pat can tell you all about Marg. Ellen and if she forgets, ask Susie. Then Ruth has her ideas about volley while Irene Fickly denies her affection for Miriam Blum. Marjorie and Marion Blackman have it, too.

Another animal has attained fame! Tite Stalling's most prized possession is her black cat, struggling under the cognomen "Rowena Venable." She, like many black children, has been named for the powers that be. For her names belong to the Proctor and hostess.

The Indiana hop has taken toll at last. Mut why did it *haff* to be Margaret Alice's ankle the day before the Osiron game.

During the last "spell of weather" it has become necessary to while the time away with indoor sports. Leap frog is Founder's latest.

If all the students that got up at 2 A.M. to study for "quarterlies" were layed end to end they would probably go right to sleep.

As we survey the gory locks of Brownie Clark, Rachel Havner, Jo Craker, Beverly Freeland, Mary Lou Ritter, Ruth Maule, and Dorothy Sabin we murmur, "Well, it won't be long now!"

We hear that Susie Smith objects to being told she's too young to know

what it's all about. That's right, honey, learn 'em not to trifle with you.

The infirmary was turning them away Tuesday and on Wednesday there was standing room only. But quarterlies are over now.

CAROL'S LETTERS

Tuesday nite.'

My dearest Carol:—
The nice wintry blasts of Tennessee have begun along with the daily rainfalls. Who ever called this place sunny? Now you can't even tell your best friend from the others in the motley crew of slickers on the campus.

I'm either going to revolt or turn Diogenes, but I'll certainly have to start carrying a lantern so I can find my way back to the hall from 8th hour lab.

Speaking of rain reminds me of the crowd Saturday. I know the crowd enjoyed the amusing sight we furnished by trailing along like a bunch of animated toadstools with all of those umbrellas. The water trickled down my neck and into my shoes so that I felt like a bubbling fountain.

It seems that the Seniors are having a frightful time over Open House. Since its the only time they can have dates for anything like that they're certainly making good use of it. Some of them signed up for so many that Miss Irvin couldn't even read the list so they had to be it all over again.

Dropped in on the Missouri tea given at the T. C. Club House. Great deal of income was being burned—guess they had a good reason. Well I almost got recognized when some dumb prep piped up with "Ah! I thought you were from Kansas!" I soon squelched her by saying that I lived on the border so it didn't make much difference. Wonder what she'll think when she finds I'm from Illinois?

Well the old club spirit prompts me to go and practice some yells for the hockey tournament. I really think it will be more like a polo match in this weather.

Think of me—et *crivez* toete ide sinte. Love, "Pinkie."

"So Jack has been injured and is coming home from college?"

"Yes; he sprained his ukulele finger."

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Application for second-class entry pending.

EDITORIAL

We as a part of the much-discussed "modern youth" are of course interested in arguments on the subject, pro and con. One of the most recent conventions for the consideration of problems relative to the youth of today, was that for the fourteen college newspapers at Amherst. The representatives deplored certain tendencies in modern collegiate life such as drinking and the overemphasis placed on athletics. But at the same time they agreed that these evils originated outside of the campus in the homes of older members of communities.

Quoting from the article on "Is Youth Rebellious?" in the November number of McCall's Magazine:

"The young men and women are quite as docile and as simple in their mental processes today as they ever were, and they take the world very much as they find it. They are not trying to work out a new philosophy of life nor to upset old creeds. They find themselves in a restless, changing world with most of the old creeds questioned and many of the old moral shibboleths undermined. Having more energy to expend than the rest of us, they do tend to become even more restless and perhaps more destructive than their middle-aged parents, but the initiative is not theirs. College teachers are often annoyed when undergraduates frankly criticize the courses and regulations prescribed for them. But none should know better than they that the students reflect rather than create the modern tendency to frank speech and franker criticism. No advice from a parent will impress a child of ten as much as the example of a child of fifteen; no faculty can mean as much to the undergraduate of 1927 as the graduates of ten and twenty years ago.

"In many respects the college student of today, far from being rebellious, is the most hopelessly conservative of individuals, and his teachers despair in their efforts to keep him from taking the precedent of his elders (which may be a precedent of callow criticism) for unquestionable truth. What the older critic resents but often fails to make clear is that

these young people's conservatism is based not on his standards but on those of the generation between his and theirs."

America Keeps its Vigil for World Peace

Once again America has paused in silent tribute to its heroes of the Great World War. Far reaching as was that mortal combat upon the happiness of all the civilized world is it any wonder that the heart of humanity was gladdened November 11, 1918, when the Armistice was signed. If ever right seemed to reign it was during the Great World War. Prussianism and militarism had been crushed to earth. Our hope is that they shall never rise again.

On that great and memorable day, Armistice Day, the American "dough-boy" clasped hands with his buddies of the Allied armies in fond farewell as longing eyes were once again fixed on the garden spot of the world, AMERICA and HOME. Visions of seeing fathers, mothers, wives and sweethearts which for awhile had seemed so vague, now surged with reality. The war was over. Hostilities had ceased, and a joy mad world welcomed home its heroes.

The battle for the supremacy of democracy had been fought and won, and a much sadder and wiser world pondered over a new problem, that of keeping peace throughout the world. America, though she had been but barely touched by the conflict stood united with her allies in the determination to keep peace. The war torn and bloody lands of France, and Belgium are today still clasped in ours which was so mercifully but scratched, to preserve the bonds of brotherly love. For that, each American can breathe a new prayer of thankfulness on this another Armistice Day.

Oh, busy ones in the strife of daily affairs you failed to pause in tribute to your country's dead whose very lives were spent to preserve to you the freedom of life in a democracy, do not let the next Armistice Day find you faltering in your devotion. The strains of "Over There" are waning and may they never be revived again if future war it means, but may those crosses row on row in Flanders Field live and live. Not just the crosses but their significance. On down the hundreds if years as the grass grows green on those graves in Flanders Fields and the snowflakes mound their coverings on them, may America still be keeping its vigil over them, a protective power of peace and right.

BIRTHDAY DINNER
A LOVELY AFFAIR

The birthday dinner Friday evening was a charming affair. Yellow chrysanthemums in green glass bowls and a ribbon scarf, stem green in shade, were used as decorations. Aaron Ward roses were used as favors. The following girls were in the guest company:

Allie Brown Clark, Ellen Christensen, Elizabeth Finch, Melba Johnson, Mary Montgomery, Helen Reed, Frances Johnson, Juanita Kenamer,

Eleanor Peterson, Dixie Colley, Lydareene Majors, Nancy Reynolds, Aleene Robson, Margaret Scudder, Eleanor Meek, Kate Parker, Dorothy Gilbert, Lela Owen.

DAY STUDENT CLUBS

The two day student clubs, Beta and Digamma, have been broken up. Beginning Wednesday, November 9, there will be four clubs instead of two.

There have been four committees of seven members appointed to rush the day students for their group.

Emma Elizabeth Greene is the chairman of Group 1, and her committee are Grace Cavert, Ann Dowlin, Ann Dillon, Virginia Neil, Nell Fall, and Geneva Jones.

Mary Elizabeth Cayce is the chairman of Group 2, and her committee are Sarah Bryan, Frances Meadors, Mary Padgett, Betty Howe, Jane Carey Folk, and Susan Brandau.

Elizabeth Barthel is chairman of Group 4, and her committee are Augusta Wherry, Ida Griffin, Margaret Cavert, Eugenia Smith, Olive Martin, and "Topsy" Simmons.

Maye Brandon is chairman of Group 4, and her committee are Elizabeth Wenning, Lily Meadors, Milbrey Wright, Lucy May Bond, Kitty Wade, and Nancy O'Conner.

On Wednesday the day students pledge the group they prefer, and after the lists have been made out the day students will resume hockey practice and try to do well, before the games which were put off until next week to give them a little chance to organize.

OSIRON OWLETS

De we rate? Well just take a look at our new victrola; more fun, more noise, more music and more dancing! Now Shorty will be able to alternate with the Vic and not become one with the piano stool. Of course the Vic's a poor substitute for Shorty, but at least she will get a well deserved rest.

Had tea in the Club House Sunday before last and we certainly had a good time. Here's for bigger, better teas in the Club House and more of 'em.

We're going to do great things this year. Of course we stand at the top now, but we are going to break our own records, see if we don't. And just watch our green jackets when they go down the field.

WHO'S WHO

When I takes my pen in hand and attempts to write something about the Editor that will be accepted, my breath comes in short pants! However, with her usual adaptability and patience she has promised to accept anything. Virginia Bush started her journalistic career early in life when her letter to Santa Claus was printed in the Sagsinaw paper. In high school she was a wow and all last year she wrote both diligently and effectively. This year she started the paper off big and has done her best to put it in its rightful place alongside *The Texas Ranger*, *The Illini*,

and *The Penn Punch Bowl*. Virginia is what she is today because she is a leader and has new ideas, literary ability, and wit, humor, and Shakespear.

Gentlemen, hush! We are about to attack the austere and noble personage called Pearson by friends and Eloise by those who wish they were. From the land of sunshine and flowers comes this gift to the W-B student body. Most everyone in the school at sometime or other dreams themselves to be either May queen or club president. We do not know whether Pearson dreamt—we know she never sleeps after 5:30—but she has attained the honored position of club president. As if this weren't really the highest social position the powers that be started an Interclub Council with an office of president and Pearson rushed right in where angels fear to tread and took this office with a mere twist of the wrist. Now she has nothing to wish for. And we will never forget her but "When we are old and grey, we will all say yes, by jingo, she was some girl in her day."

There are athletes and athletes but all of you who have signed on the dotted line as Athletic Association members know that Mary Brandon, its president, is the athlete of all. Mary started by being the youngest member of the team playing on the lineoleum when she was on Ward-Belmont's cradle roll. Since then she has taken all Ward-Belmont and the "Miss Morrison vs. Miss Sisson" camp have had to offer. Last year she was an outstanding figure in hockey and a variety drag in basketball. And lest you think she is only a physical phenomenon we'll add that she was secretary of the Day Student Council last spring. But best of all she has that far-famed "magnetic personality." May her last year here be even better than those that have gone before!

MAIL AND MAILBOXES

Getting letters may be a pleasure, but I'll tell the world they certainly do require effort. After sitting all through a second hour class wondering if you have any mail, the bell finally decides to ring. A mad dash from Ac to the postoffice is rewarded by the sight of such a huge crowd of girls gathered in Middle March that you wonder how on earth you'll ever get to your box. Grasping your books firmly, you make a determined effort to push through the crowd. If you do succeed in getting to your box with all your legs and arms intact, you breathe a sigh of relief and take out your letter. There! Somebody from behind would shove your arm and send the letter flying to the floor. To pick it up certainly does require a football spirit of endurance. You get stepped on, shoved about, and probably get a jab in the eye before it's finally rescued. Then, after one more struggle to get back out of the crowd, you sit down with a sigh of satisfaction. And then to find out it's only an advertisement! Oh death, where is thy sting!

F. F. FLASHES

What is happening? Girls in white! Candies bright and music soft! Whoops my dear, its F. F. initiation. Yes, again so soon! They are initiating Jean Polsky and Betty Hendricks! Why? Because they are F. F.'s. Meeting is beginning and committees are announced. Entertainment committee is: Virginia Baird, chairman; Eula Lee Burch, Betty Hendricks and Mary Virginia Brabston; program committee is, Helen Dean, chairman; Helen Kent, Martha Davis and Jean Polsky. Big plans for hockey squad. More try-outs for the F.F. chorus. "Then that's over and someone is singing." It is Aileen Rauch and Ina Jansen is accompanying her on the piano. Do the F.F.'s like it? Judging from the applause, we'll say they do. All over now but the F.F.'s won't go home—! Why? 'Cause we have that thing full of "It."

ACADEMIC NOTES

The English A classes are ransacking Nashville for material for their term themes. They are writing on everything from Madonnas to the Teachings of Confucius.

The college English departments are making very interesting bulletin boards illustrating the work that they are taking.

The literary teachers took some of the art and English girls to the Centennial Club Saturday afternoon, September 28, to hear Louis Bromfield lecture. Several of the girls stayed for tea after the lecture and met Mr. Bromfield.

Miss Ross' History of Art classes are having very interesting work now. The Art 1 class is enjoying Raphael and Art 2, a survey of Roman architecture. Quarterly exams are being held this week.

A. K. KOLUMN

Hockey seems to be the center of interest these days. At our club meeting last Wednesday we discussed the tournament and elected as our cheer leaders, Marguerite Riedel and Ruth Maule. Then the meeting was turned over to Josephine Rankin who had charge of the entertainment for the evening. Fritzie Albaugh and Helen Johnson gave very amusing readings, and Maxine Ervin a piano solo.

DEL VERS DOINGS

Hockey is on its way, and we don't mean maybe! Early practice and plenty of pep, plus grit and determination to win, all these should put Del Vers first and foremost.

Have you noticed the mat with "Ward" embossed on it in front of "Big Ac"? It's a relic of the forgotten past when Ward girls and Belmont belles fought tooth and nail in the early days of the joining of the two schools. Then, the Belmont girls

refused to step on the "Ward" mat. This story and many more concerning the history of the school clubs and especially of our own Del Vers, were related to us by Miss Hollinger at the last meeting.

EXCHANGES

Sandwichman—We like your paper very much. May we suggest that you be a little less consciously sophisticated?

Liberty Bell—For a new paper, this is very well organized.

Hi-Life—Your Society Notes are worthy of much favorable comment.

Agonistic—Your Alumnae News is very entertainingly written.

Broadcaster—Your column "Who's Who" is an interesting feature and the illustrations you use are delightful.

We also acknowledge the receipt of: "The Vedette," "Eastern Progress," "Copher's Whistle," "Vanderbilt Hunter," "Rough Rider," "The Maverick," "The Green and White," "Student Lantern," "Chanticleer," "The Megaphone," "The Furman Hornet," "S. M. U. Campus," "High Times."

MODERN ASTRONOMY

Astronomy is 1-derful

And interesting 2,
The earth 3-voives around the sun,
And makes the years 4 you.
The moon is dead and can't re-5

By laws of phy-6-great;

'Tis 7 where the stars above

Do mightily scintil-8.

If watchful providence be-9

With good in-10-tions frougt;

Did not keep up this good design

We should come to 0. —Wildcat.

A broader view; a saner mind,
A little more love for all mankind.
A little more care for what we give,
A little more charity every day.
Not as we take, but as we live,
Not as we pray, but as we live.
—Colo-Wo-Co.

SOMETHING EASY

An intelligent senior (picking up a Caesar book) : "Oh, say! Latin's easy. I wish I had taken it. Look here (pointing to several passages):

"Ferte dur in aro."
Forty ducks in a row.
"Possum sum iam."
Pass us some jam.
"Boni legi Caesaris."
The bony legs of Caesar.
"Caesar sic dicat on de cur egnessu lictam."

Caesar sicked the cat on the cur. I guess he licked him.

T. C. CHATTER

"Tacky party. Come dressed to fit the occasion."

Thus the invitations read, and thsully some of the members came—"dressed to fit the occasion."

Judges were chosen who viewed the grand march. After much deliberation they decided that Eugenia Mahan won first prize, a painted bottle and

glass to match, and Natchie Hines merited honorable mention. Eugenia said she had a hard time collecting the clothes she wore but personally I believe you would be able to find every one of them hanging in her closet. As for her hair—well, you all know about that.

Then everybody danced and had much fun till the bell rang. Here's for more and longer parties.

ANTI PAN ANTICS

My DEAR, you just MUST let me DESCRIBE my news at INDOOR SPORT. You know, my room is just SO full I can't MOVE and neither can the ROOMMATE. We got all upset 'cause we couldn't DEcorate any more. But you'd NEVER guess where the MONEY goes now! It's the CLUB house! We've got absoLUTELY the most GORgeous brand new victROLA with slathers of the DARlingest new records. My dear, I'm absoLUTELY NUTS about it! And the new MEMBERS gave us the STUNNINGest AND-irons. We're all just WILD about fixing our BEAUTIFUL club house.

TRI K NEWS

"There are ten clubs at Ward-Belmont, you say?"

"Yes." "Then there are ten hockey teams?" "Does each team think they will win?" "Yes."

"Which do you, oh wise one that can even answer Miss Leavell's questions, think will win?"

"Oh child of little knowledge," the wise person answered. "Your dumbness shines forth like Christmas tree tinsel, indeed, ye are as free from knowledge as a little turkey is from feathers. I, who know all, can see through the mist of the rain, and hear through the din of chatter in the dining room, do see the Tri K team victorious, do hear girls singing as the Tri K team leaves the field:

"Oh me, oh my, we got there by and by,
If anybody loves old Tri K Club,
It's I, it's I, it's I."

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The unobtrusive little poster announcing the fact that Mr. Seth Edwards of India would speak at vespers on November 6, under the auspices of the World Fellowship Committee, certainly was a modest introduction to the few, but extremely interesting minutes that Mr. Edwards spoke. The World Fellowship Committee had complete charge of the program. When Betty Weber introduced Mr. Edwards she mentioned the fact that this committee has charge of the missionary work of the Y; that its purpose is to bring us in touch with the needs of foreign countries and with the Christian work that is being done in the world. She added that the committee considered itself very fortunate to have as its speaker, Mr. Seth Edwards. Judging from the stillness that was held throughout his discourse, and the crowd of girls that nearly overwhelmed him with their enthusiasm, on the platform immediately following the services, the audience felt thoroughly as fortunate as did the committee.

His subject was "Christ in India Today. He traced the life of Sadur Sunday Singh, a wandering holy priest who, to this day, travels the roads of India, going from shrine to shrine preaching the gospel. He is called the Apostle of the Bleeding Feet. We are told that he dresses in a saffron robe, and, with the exception of this, his sandals, and his Testament, has no earthly possessions. Mr. Edwards told of the awakening of this apostle in early youth to the teachings of Christ, through his association with a teacher of his who was a Christian. The surroundings in his home had been strongly paganistic, even so far as encouraging the prosecution of all Christian preachers and destruction of any Christian documents or literature of any description. Upon revealing his intent to his family, the young apostle was dressed in servant's clothes and cast from his home. A life of absolute poverty, one of preaching, great dangers, and great beauty, has followed. The name of Sadur Sundar Singh is

an international one, and is a standard of idealism among the Christians in India and throughout the world.

Mr. Edwards is, himself, the son of a martyred Christian. Since the age of one and a half years, Mr. Edwards has virtually been the child of Christian missionaries in India. His father was a highly cultured Hindu. When he became a Christian he was driven from his home, and forced to change his name to preserve his life, which was ultimately lost because of his faith. After a high school education, Mr. Edwards attended Lucknow, one of the outstanding Christian colleges in India. A short time before he received his diploma the realization came to him that there were two distinct courses open to him: one, to follow the line of the business world for which he had prepared to some extent, and for which he had talent; the other, to follow the road of Christian service. He chose the latter, came to America, has studied for one year in the University of Indiana, and is at present, attending the Y.M.C.A. College and Vanderbilt University. Mr. Edwards has promised to return to W.-B. for another vesper service sometime after Christmas!

Polly Dawes and Catherine Scruggs gave a violin duet, a lovely rendition of "The End of a Perfect Day," Corinne Weiblen accompanied them.

At the Y cabinet meeting on Sunday morning Miss Little, who has been in Nashville the past week representing the national board of the Y.W.C.A., discussed the budgets and general programs of Y.W. chapters all over the Middle West, East, and South. She gave us new ideas and viewpoints that ought to help us solve many of our problems that arise during the year.

Miriam Hippie lead Sunday school Sunday morning. The text of her short reading was "Jesus Increased in wisdom and stature, and in favor with God and man." Miss Hackney's kindergarten group held an election of officers. Katherine Tabb was elected president.

Because of the drawing powers of the Georgia Tech-Vanderbilt football game, the party at Scarritt College for the Primary Group and the Kindergarten Group, was postponed until Saturday afternoon.

One week from this Saturday another Scout hike is planned. Don't miss this one!

Again! The Dr. Hill has consented to conduct the Thanksgiving service at W.-B. that is held on Thanksgiving morning at nine o'clock.

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Almond Toffee
A Most Delicious Confection
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WHO'S WHO?

I have often wondered just how it feels to be president of the student council—I'm sure I would be so puffed up you couldn't see around me. But Margaret Ellen Doty is not such. She is quiet (sometimes) full of fun, and not a bit high and mighty. I know how it feels to ride a horse and my aches and pains avail me nothing. I am not the winner of the Spring Horse Show—for Margaret Ellen is. In a girls' school, where football captains are not the style, the hero worship falls more or less on the athletic genius, entitled the Senior Physical Ed. As if running the school laws and riding the school broncos weren't enough our Oregon (or was it Flint, Michigan?) wonder has attempted and showed signs of mastering the mysteries of physical education. More power to you, Margaret Ellen, and don't forget the poor erring soul who wrote this when she appears at our council!

Last year in the A B C Contest there was for the letter P—Popularity but one synonym. Had this letter stood for Pep, Personality, or Public spiritedness the choice would have been the same. We could really say anything and everything from A to Z is implied in this person. From Indiana (yes, she hops in the best of circles) comes this all-around girl. First and foremost she is herself—happy, friendly, and natural. And can she ride horseback and play hockey, basketball, water polo, tennis, baseball, and the piano (with one finger)? I'll say she can! She is a leader in academic ways. Can write extremely well, and bluffs with the best of us. And yet you think of her not as an athlete, nor as a book worm, but as a darling all-round girl. Salute our senior president—Viola Jay.

Being beautiful at Ward-Belmont has a reward all its own. The May Queen lasts but a day, but the beauty of character as well as of face gives her the coveted place of Y.W.C.A. president. All you who do not know should be told the heroic if not dastardly "Tale of a Tub." They say cleanliness is next to godliness but taking a scalding bath never made a body—let alone a character—beautiful. Mary Eleanor Gilmore, our Y president is not merely a Y president, she is, besides, one of the delights of the faculty and a true friend of every-

one in the school who knows her. And those of you who don't—well, you don't know what you're missing.

EXCHANGES

The Widesat, from Meridian High School, Meridian, Miss.—Cat Tales is a clever section, but the rest of your paper is too matter-of-fact.

The Mercer Cluster, Mercer University, Macon, Ga.—This paper has splendid headlines and clever articles.

The Alphan, Pillsburg Academy, Owatona, Minn.—The poem "Rocks" is very clever.

The Conglomerate, Centenary College, Shreveport, La.—The headlines are very good and the society items well written.

Tech Oracle, published by students of Tennessee Polytechnic Institute.—The Merry-Go-Round is clever. This is the latest Ask-Me-Another: "Whom did Captain Kidd?"

What made Oscar Wilde?

What did Harold Bell Wright?

Has Edgar A. Guest?"

The Megaphone published by Southwestern University Students' Association, Georgetown, Texas.—This paper does not have enough originality such as features, poetry, etc.

C. B. C. Quacker, Chillicothe Business College, Chillicothe, Mo.—This is well organized but the original articles are lacking.

Mount Berry News, Berry College, Mount Berry, Ga.—The splendid original work of this paper makes it very interesting.

The Babblers, David Lipscomb College, Nashville, Tenn.—The society items are cleverly titled. The articles "Pep" and "Diligence" are very good.

Miss Collegian, Mississippi College, Clinton, Miss.—The departments are well organized. The original articles are clever, especially "The Freshman's Letter Home."

MARJORIE MOSS: AN APPRECIATION

(Continued from page 1)

Note: THE HYPHEN is indebted to Miss VanHooiser, of the Y.W.C.A., for this beautiful appreciation of Marjorie Moss. It has been a difficult matter, for where hearts have been touched as the heart of Ward-Belmont was being touched by her loss, it is hard to find expression.

Peeping Ahead in the Fashion Calendar!

THAT'S the everlasting job of Lebeck Bros.—and their alertness is reflected in the intriguing styles, the clever accessories smart women will wear now, next month and the month after.

To the girls of Ward-Belmont we extend an invitation to make Lebeck's your style headquarters—and if there is any way we can assist you we stand ready to do so.

If you keep up with the traditions of your Alma Mater you'll be sure to be intimately acquainted with this big, friendly store.

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A beautiful collection of Day-time Frocks in Silks and Wools

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Schumacher



Camera Portraitist—

Need we remind you that your photograph is the perfect paring gift?

If your picture was made earlier in the year, or even several seasons back, it is quite simple for us to make new prints for you at a surprisingly low price.

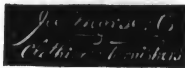
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WARD-BELMONT GIRLS

RED CROSS ROLL CALL

(Continued from page 1)

course and their untiring youth was an inspiration.

Not that the students deserve or expect special commendation. It was an emergency calling for the best in every citizen. Naturally the collegians were involved, but involved gloriously and in a manner befitting the best traditions of American scholastic life. Similar scenes were enacted throughout the country. While the Mississippi burst its levees twelve other catastrophes were reported in other states. Red Cross relief was promptly forthcoming. The past year was a trying one in practically all sections of the United States. Twenty-five states suffered disaster in some form during the past twelve months. Flood, fire, cyclone and explosion followed one another with grim persistence. It was a period designed to try the patience and optimism of the bravest. But the American people went through—and the Red Cross served as the medium in every case.

The total number of disasters reached the appalling figure of seventy-seven during the past fiscal year, including the gigantic Mississippi floods. Small wonder that the college men and women throughout

the nation found opportunity for practical application of their abilities. But there exists a brighter side. Not all the activity of the Red Cross consisted of providing disaster relief.

The great universities accommodating thousands of young men made splendid progress the past year in teaching proficiency in water-rescue and swimming. The colleges concede the pre-eminence of the Red Cross in fostering and developing water safety, swimming and first aid courses. The athletic programs of the universities were well adapted to specializing in this field. Yale turned out from 100 to 150 men trained in swimming and water-safety. Dartmouth was not far behind, while at West Point and Annapolis the poor swimmer was the glaring exception.

Swimming is frequently chosen as the winter sport in many colleges. From the indoor tanks the swimmers emerge to engage in summer activities, such as participation in Red Cross Life Saving Institutes held annually. The girls' colleges are just as keen as their brothers in acquiring water proficiency. Smith, Wheaton, Bryn Mawr and Western College hung up notable records the past year. The technical colleges avail themselves of other Red Cross instruction courses with gratifying results. The pulling power of these courses lies in their

being essentially practical. They mean something to the possessor, not only in college but afterwards.

The Eleventh Annual Membership Roll Call of the American National Red Cross will be held as usual from Armistice Day through Thanksgiving—November 11-24—thereby affording the college students of the nation an opportunity to endorse their Red Cross, and by participation through membership, insure the maintenance of each of its services.

D'JA EVER—

Get caught with a radio when they were playing your favorite piece?

Fail to meet one of Miss Rhea's appointments?

Get 4 "specials" in one day?

Talk in chapel?

Make a bet to diet three days straight and then have the b. f. send you a box of candy?

Pay your *Hypphen* subscription??

THEY SAY

Mr. Donner: "Yes, mum."

Miss Pugh: "All right—go on."

Mr. Barton: "If you please—"

Miss Morrison: "Will everyone who has spoken since she entered chapel please remain; the others may go."
Catherine Blackman: "Girls, please move out of Middle-March."

Marjorie Wright: "Ain't that gunny?"

Margaret Ellen Douty: "My word!"
Marion Blackman: "You have just one more day to pay your athletic dues; so please do so as soon as possible."

Viola Joy: "You kids just gotta keep quiet."

Eleanor Robbins: "The train came through and left me here. I wonder why I'm back this year."

Father: "Son, when Abraham Lincoln was your age he was making his own money."

Son: "Yes, and when he was your age he was president of the United States."

Army recruiting officer: "What branch of service do you prefer?"

Rastus: "Ah thinks Ah'd lak ter fly."

A. R. O.: "Only officers can fly."

Rastus: "Dat's all right, boss; I has no objections to being an officer."

She was only a lawyer's daughter, but she wore them brief.

Most of the family were at the parlor window watching the king and queen ride by. Suddenly the mother turned to her daughter. "Where's your auntie?"

"Upstairs," came the reply, "waving her hair."

"Mercy," exclaimed the mother, "can't we afford a flag?"

Auntie—"Do you ever play with bad little boys, Willie?"

Willie—"Yes, auntie."

Auntie—"I'm surprised. Why don't you play with good little boys?"

Willie—"Their mothers won't let me."



Black Hats

—are smart

When in doubt, says Fashion, wear a black hat. Felts, Satins, Velvets and Scuffs are especially favored and we are now showing these in styles for every occasion.

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Dear Cynthia

Sara said to me:
They say—love is
blind! Well, I'm
in love
all right!
I was just
going out
of town to
buy a new
gown when
I discovered
we have the newest
and most reasonable
things right here at



Bella!
—Boris—

Bell's Booteries

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Second Floor 504 Church St

WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

Volume XVII

NASHVILLE, TENN., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1927

Number 9

THE ROTARY LUNCHEON

It was almost like home and that last fathers' and daughters' luncheon that dad took us to. Freely laden we were with the generous gifts of the Rotarians—roses, candy, and clever favors. After such merriment we were all prepared for a long and uninteresting address. Instead—we discovered us in our school, and had agreed on the following rules, to be put in effect immediately. To this was the report that the committee gave. And before we transmit this great Magna Charta to over fellow students, the daughters of Rotary wish to sincerely thank the Nashville Rotarians for their delightful entertainment.

Mr. Clifton H. Green, on the behalf of the Rotary Club, submitted the following highly pleasing (to the girls) report:

"I am reporting today as chairman of a very important committee.

"The object of this committee is to bring about the 'Uplift of the Down-'
(Continued on page 7)

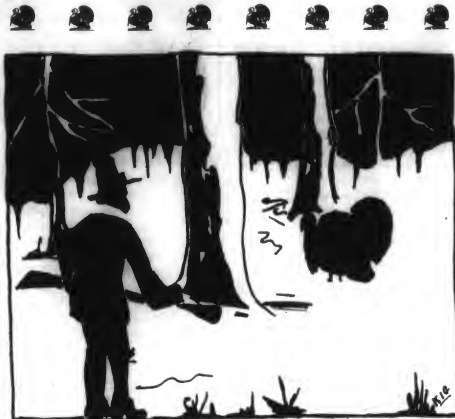
W. B. TEACHERS ON PROGRAM

Ward-Belmont was well represented on the program of the Nashville chapter of the American Association of University Women held at Centennial Club November 14. Mrs. Estelle Roy-Schmitz, of the Ward-Belmont music department, rendered a group of piano numbers; Miss Linda Rhea, of the English department gave a report on Junior Colleges and Miss Anita Williams, a graduate of Ward-Belmont, made a report on Teachers' Salaries.

Mrs. Roy-Schmitz's program included the following numbers: Chopin's "Nocturne," F sharp minor"; Friedman-Gartner's, "Vienna Dance"; Helgren's "En Route"; Zeckwer's "En Bateau" and, from Debussy, the Prelude, a minor. At the conclusion of the program tea was served.

WARD-BELMONT GUESTS

During the week ending November 12, Ward-Belmont entertained the following guests: Mr. and Mrs. Willingham, Macon, Ga.; Mrs. W. A. Kimmel, Du Quoin, Ill.; Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Reagin, Du Quoin, Ill.; Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Letsbaugh, Humboldt, Kans.; Mrs. W. L. Moore, Enid, Okla.; Miss Friedman, Cleveland, Ohio; Mr. and Mrs. J. B. White, Tel-lidaga, Ala.; Mrs. J. C. Schmitzbaur, Milwaukee, Wis.; Mrs. J. W. Bowers, Troy, Ala.; Mrs. F. V. Benton, Fort Thomas, Ky.; Mrs. W. J. German, Huntington, W. Va.



THANKSGIVING

What does Thanksgiving mean to you?

Only a football game or two,
A turkey, cranberry sauce, and such,
Pumpkin pie—and you eat too much,
Candy, nuts, and all such things.

Is that the only thought it brings?
Or does it have another sense

One of thanks and reverence
For God's wondrous gifts to us;
Let us show our gratitude thus

With Thanksgiving!



THANKSGIVING

There Are Some Who Keep the Faith

Thanksgiving Day approaches. What does it mean to you? It has a significance which in our pleasure bent mode of celebration we should not forget. We should not forget that this is an American holiday, essentially so because our forefathers instituted the day in thanksgiving to God for his goodness in delivering them triumphant over all the foes and adversities of a new continent.

As dimly out of the past we perceive those first patriots kneeling on the bleak New England shore in prayer of thankfulness to God for a safe journey across the sea, and

strength to guide them through the dangers and struggles of the first year in the new land, we are reminded of how a few of their descendants are observing Thanksgiving Day today.

Those prayers of our Christian forefathers were answered, and after the first year had been passed, the rude harvests gathered, and the wild flowers laid on the first new graves, they gathered with their Indian friends in a feast of celebration and thanksgiving to God for the blessings of the first year. Their hardships we cannot enumerate or magnify, yet

(Continued on page 8)

SCHOOL OF EXPRESSION GIVES RECITAL

The Ward-Belmont School of Expression gave a recital in its beautiful workshop. The program was of unusual interest, revealing new material given with good interpretative power by the students of college classes 1-2.

The studio was crowded with a critical and appreciative audience. Miss Townsend introduced the students and spoke of the power of fellowship and community spirit which meeting together for the purpose of art might engender.

The program was as follows:

"Characterization of the Foreign Born," Juanita Kennamer; "Studies of Modern Life," Miriam Hipple, Helaine Blum, Catherine Fund and Joan White; "Life Studies of the Business Girl," Nancy Noland and Catherine Smith; "Studies of the Debutante," Nancy Belle Campbell, Hilma Lee Eckland, and Anna Lory; "Studies of Negro Character," Pauline McCullom and Ethel Wager; "The Costume Study," Sara Baker and Jane Folk.

There will be a recital of one act 18th Century Plays on Thursday afternoon, November 17, to which all are invited, Miss Townsend has announced.

THE TITIAN CLUB ORGANIZED

Even the most unobserving person on the campus must have noticed that there are a large number of girls in Ward-Belmont whose hair ranges in shade from that commonly known as "carrot" to that termed auburn. These girls, believing that their crowning glory furnishes a bond of union, have banded together in an organization called The Titian Club. The officers of this club are: president, Valborg Ravn; vice-president, Lucille Michaels; secretary, Ruth Maule; treasurer, Libby Lohr; reporter, Dorothea Jones.

PRIZES

Notice: THE HYPHEN has decided to give a suitable reward to the girl (or girls if there should be more than one) who is not homesick on Thanksgiving Day. We haven't quite decided what the prize will be, but we think that a large sack of over-ripe tomatoes should be given to the heroine's roommate, and that one of these should be administered by her with the old baseball curve after each meal. The prize winner will be chosen by popular votes. Cast your ballot into the green tin receptacle in Middle-March.



The Smart Ensemble for Street Wear

FROM her smart ribbon hat to her pumps, the summer girl must choose carefully, piece by piece, the garments that suit her style. The outfit shown here is similar to many entrancing effects you may secure by shopping at Castner's.

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Taste Unless You Buy
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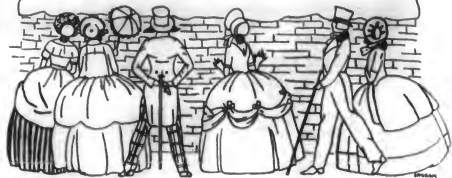
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PARIS
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The Diary of Mistress Belle Ward



Wednesday—November 9.

These quarterly exams are getting me down. History of art was so bad I almost passed out under the strain—but it was nothing compared to psych. Whoever thinks Miss Norris doesn't wield a mean piece of chalk just doesn't know. Wore brilliant buckles on my moccasins for good luck—fear there were some who didn't understand. Even great minds can't always run in the same channel.

Managed to stagger over to club tonight after the day's ordeals, but just couldn't make myself dance even to the tunes of the new vic, nigh killed me to let the time go to waste—but rather the time than my feeble frame.

Thursday—November 10.

Of course I *wouldn't* hear about the fire drill till the last minute, so I trickled merrily in with my newly acquired switch in one hand and several invisible hairpins in the other. And then I got blessed out for not having my bath towel. What can they expect of a poor girl on such short notice.

Did toddle off to town this p.m., and nigh caused havoc in the trolley by falling the entire length of it and landing with a reassuring thud on a lady's pedalistic extremity. Then I laughed and laughed 'cause I knew she'd like to have pounded me to a pulp. Think maybe my wandering locomotions were due to that sandwich I had in town—had all the attributes of a nice juicy bit of cardboard.

Friday—November 11.

Wondered why the flag was in evidence when it suddenly dawned on me that it was Armistice Day, after I'd noticed Mr. Wesson's wrapt expression and Sunday shoes. Will say that everyone sang "America" with all the enthusiasm of animated sardines, not excepting the most commendable faculty.

Saturday—November 12.

Viewed the hockey game this p.m. with much excitement, but failed to get in on the playing. Might have lost my sweet disposition over the results if I hadn't been too frozen to care.

After I got into the movie tonight, I carefully reassembled myself, and found six buttons and my switch gone. Did like "The Campus Flirt," though even I'd seen it before. Firmly expected anything from Tom Mix to Hoot Gibson.

Sunday—November 13.

Kindergarten with much gusto, but when I told 'em I was just visiting, they looked rather uninterested. Think I'm on the second round of the groups now.

Rambled down to the Presbyterian church per usual in the trademarked vehes. And surely did hear some prize mud-slinging. Hope the major of Chicago's ears burned—if they didn't, it wasn't Dr. Vance's fault.

Was the vespers speaker very wonderful tonight. When he finished speaking, I was so breathless, I felt like an "exflated" balloon. All but got up and yelled to let off steam, but thought me of the occasion and decided that neither the hour nor the company would permit.

Did kick most of the bottom out of the waste basket tonight, being pushed down the hall in it. And when Mrs. Gaines came up to inquire about the racket, I just looked sympathetic and said nary a word. But all the time I was just chuckling inwardly to think of all she'd missed.

Monday—November 14.

Was much touched by Dean Quaid's little talk this a.m., about judging people wrongly by one's own standards. Was so glad to see some of my teachers present. I have hopes.

Felt jovial tonight so strewed sheets up and down the hall, sewed up p. j. legs, and set off all available alarm clocks. And after light bell I trotted merrily into all the rooms and yelled, "Fire! Fire!" One can always find entertainment if she only tries.

Tuesday—November 15.

If Nashville isn't flooded soon, it won't be because there hasn't been enough rain. I'm all ready to float merrily away any time now. Inquired to sing "Row, row, row the boat" and "Mr. Noah," but have to repress my youthful spirits on occasions.

Grades are out and I have my little carpet bag all packed for a quick trip home. Miss Norris aimed to be consoling when she told me not to worry because I'd *almost* passed the quarter. But somehow I failed to get the desired solace therefrom.

Can't sleep nights any more for fear there'll be a fire drill to disturb my slumbers. But light bell makes it advisable for me to ooze off to bed.

Pleasant dreams, dear diary.

WHO'S WHO

Poor Jiggs does have even a hard time with Maggie! But we no longer think of Jiggs when we hear that name; to use it means Margaret Alice have, President of the "Wordsmith." However, this president business and also the botheration of being Senior Treasurer are merely incidental to Maggie's real vocation, that of making and keeping friends. It might not be rash to say that she has made more real friends in the school than anyone else. And Maggie does write, and in her writing she talks to us so that while just reading it, we can see her dark eyes sparkle and hear her eager, questioning voice. What she writes is like herself; unostentatious, free from show, and cheerful—for in everything around her she finds pleasure and then gives it in her own friendly way to everyone else. One of the first days of school a new girl inquired of me "Who is this Maggie everyone is so crazy about?" Is she really as nice as all that?" Now, I ask you very confidentially, "Is there anything else I could say but, 'Yes—and how!'"

The social clubs are more or less equal on the campus, but surely the Anti Pans are very, very lucky in having as their president Lydaereene Majors—a truly versatile wonder. Her popularity with the club presidents, in choosing her as secretary, to their council, is a popularity that includes everyone she comes in contact with. Before the first week of school was past she knew everyone in Founders and half the rest of the school, good, bad, and indifferent. She has proven herself a good mixer, as both the new and old girls have realized. And, being of the tribe who are allowed to suppress their Vesper giggles on the platform, she is recognized as being a member of the Y Cabinet. But she has a goal in life that makes all other things pale before it—a musical career. In this school, so plentiful in musical ability, she has been chosen as the pianist in our orchestra, and maybe that isn't what every girl studying piano does not covet! Well, anyway, I mean she's absolutely the piano-playingest person around and that's positively unanimous!

But we can't all be presidents and the best of us are content to be mere Proctors. Just ask Valburg Ravn about being Proctor of Senior and she'll tell you—"aw, that's nothing," and laugh as if she'd been caught stealing cookies from the pantry shelf. Last year in athletics, Volley was a fat tire, for all she did was to get the medal for being the best athlete in school. "Ask the man who owns one!"—and she'll say "Oh, shoot!" and change the subject. Volley started out on her read to fame by playing pranks on her older brother (whose name sounds like an inverted stanza) and you just ought to see her baby pictures! Our Titan has proven herself the original athlete in every place she's been and when we sigh and wish we were such, we are met with the disillusioning rebuke "Oh, don't be funny!" And so, when there arose the question of who would keep the know-it-all, get-by-with-everything

Seniors in working order, we decided unhesitatingly. And really, you know, she didn't deserve it and hasn't known what to do with it till Senior is in a state of absolute bedlam. But why waste anymore time. I'm sorry I did forget whether I was talking about Senior's Proctor or Ward-Belmont's athlete—but who cares about a little thing like that!

PERSONALS

Allie Bower had dinner with her mother Wednesday night.

Mary Bridgeford had dinner with Mrs. Goodpasture Wednesday night.

Margaret Howard and Mildred Jones spent Thursday afternoon with Miss Addie Jones.

Ellen Christenson had dinner with her brother Thursday.

Mary Louise Wilcox went home Thursday.

June Edmunson went home for the week-end.

Blossom Kleban had dinner with Mrs. Lerry Friday night.

Rosalie Werner spent the week-end at home.

Kathleen Kingston and Eleanor Sapp spent Friday afternoon with Miss Buford.

Helen Moore had lunch with her mother Friday.

Ruth Donahoe spent the week-end with her parents.

Helen Baker went home for the week-end.

Phyllis Shattuck went home Friday afternoon.

Dorothy White spent Friday night with her mother.

Elizabeth Cox had dinner with her father Friday night.

Dorothy Williams spent Saturday afternoon with Mrs. Fulton.

Marion German, Ana Lefingwell, and Jean Gibson went to dinner and a show with Mrs. German Saturday night.

Charlotte Baldwin spent the week-end in Franklin, Tennessee, with her aunt, Mrs. Stiles.

Blossom Kleban had dinner with Mrs. Levy Saturday.

Beatrice Friedman spent the week-end with her sister.

Josephine Dettman and Allie Bowers had dinner with Mrs. D. Jones Saturday.

Gertrude Leitzbaugh spent the week-end with her parents.

Nell Tyson had lunch with Miss Kate Smith Saturday.

Helen Reagin spent the week-end with her parents.

Marybelle Kimmel spent the week-end with her mother.

Kathryn Glasford and Lela Owen had dinner with Mrs. Gidder Saturday.

Rosalie Hook went home for the week-end.

Dorothy Benton spent the week-end with her parents.

Allie Bowers spent the week-end with her mother.

Maysie Blackshire spent Sunday with Mrs. Adams.

Jean Polsky spent Sunday afternoon with Mrs. John Todd.

Rebekah Lionberger spent Sunday with Miss Mary Gaub.

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WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

Published every Saturday by the students of Ward-Belmont.

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Application for second-class entry pending.

EDITORIAL

If most of us were to be questioned upon the real meaning of Thanksgiving, we would probably discuss at length a number of lofty, far-off abstracts that we had read about as appropriate sentiments. But behind them, our real thought for that coming day would be only of a football game, visitors, and a turkey dinner.

The best way in which to enjoy Thanksgiving and to show appreciation for what has been given us is to share something of our abundance with those who are less fortunate. And by this I mean really "share" and not only give something that we ourselves no longer value. Of course, one may receive just as many thanks for the latter kind of gift, but we cannot feel the same glow and good will as he would in giving something he really valued.

"Not what we give, but what we share. For the gift without the giver is bare."

Let us all strive to make this Thanksgiving one of real praise and reverence by contributing generously to make Thanksgiving a joyous time for others. It is only in this way that we can really appreciate the day in its original sense of Thanksgiving.

SPORT NOTES

The Del Ver hockey team defeated the A. K. team 5 to 1 last Wednesday afternoon. Although the Del Vers kept the ball in the A. K. side of the field a great deal of the time, they were able to make only five goals. It seems hard to believe that a team could have as good defense as the A. K.'s and still lose. The whole Del Ver team played well.

The T. C. C. team defeated the Penta Tau team 9 to 3. Ann Dorsey Hodgson was the star of the T. C. C. team. She is the center forward, and several times she dribbled almost fifty yards to make a goal. Frances Johnson played a good defensive game for the Penta Tau.

The F. F. team defeated the Anti-Pan team in an exciting game that was tied up until the last few minutes. The final score was 5 to 4. Eleanor Robbins and Eloise Pearson played an excellent game for the winning team.

The Osiron team crushed the Agora team by a score of 9 to 1. Valborg Ravn was the star for the Osirons. The Agora team fought hard.

The Tri-K's defeated the X. L.'s 8 to 6, in the best game that has been played so far. The whole game was very interesting and exciting. Both teams played excellently well, and the game was very hard fought.

EPISCOPAL TEA

Saturday, November 14 the ladies of St. Agnes' Guild of the Church of the Advent, gave a tea for the Episcopalian girls at Ward-Belmont. Mrs. Schmitz and Miss Sullivan acted as chaperones for the party of twenty-three girls. At the Parish House, Mr. Pugh and about a dozen ladies welcomed the girls, and for about half an hour general conversation occupied everyone. Then one of Mr. De Luca's pupils sang three selections very beautifully and another young lady played the violin entrancingly. Tea was served and was immensely enjoyed by everyone, and, as the party was about to leave, Mrs. Schmitz played several pieces to the manifest satisfaction of all. Mr. Pugh was a charming host, all the ladies were equally charming. Altogether the entire afternoon was a huge success. The girls who went are: Jessie Cosgrove, Ruth Moore, Anne Snyder, Mary Snyder, Helen Windham, Louise Windham, Louise Rogers, Betty Newcomer, Virginia Suggs, Martha Sorrel, Gwendolyn McConnell, Edna Lindley, Jean Wood, Marian Burwell, Lois Maxon, Rowena Orr, Helene Sweeney, Maxine Irwin, Elizabeth Bagley, Ruth Maule, Emma Jean Fisher, Celestina Young, and Ethelmary MacLean.

SCARRIT COLLEGE ENTERTAINS W.-B. GIRLS

Some people can have fun all the time; all people can have fun some of the time; but not all people can have fun all of the time. But, here's some fun that some people had:

I feel quite sorry for anyone not in the Kindergartens and Primary Sunday school classes, if only because they who are not of our number missed such a delightful Sunday afternoon.

Miss Van Hooser escorted us twenty strong, via street car, to Scarrit College. Because of the restrictedness of Ward-Belmont time with the rest of the world, we arrived before the receiving line had finished primping, but that faux-pas disturbed neither us nor our hostesses.

We went from cellar to garret of Scarrit, and I really mean that, because brave us climbed clear up the shabby curled stairs of the tower and looked the town over.

Have you ever seen a really truly moving picture cloister, an African kneeling drum, or chapel ceiling made of sugar cane and peanut shells? We did, Saturday, and a lot more things besides.

After our pilgrimage we had "really truly" Chinese tea. Miss Hackney is a missionary from China,

and she knows the best Chinese food. Among the dainties were things with a nut shell which looked and tasted like prunes. Truly delightful!

After such exciting happenings the street cars were far beneath us, so we walked home, skirting three college campuses.

(Now! Don't you wish you were a Kindergarten or Primary Sunday school pupil? You can be, by coming to Sunday school each Sunday).

KINDERGARTEN GROUP TAKES TRIP

We kindergarten pupils don't stop by merely studying methods of teaching. No, sir! We traveled over to the Belmont Heights Church last Sunday to see for ourselves how everything is done.

Their church is a work of art in efficiency and equipment, and—words fail in describing the cunning little humanity we observed in the beginners' department. No wonder methods are changing and improving all the time, when they have such adorable products to improve for.

We were given quite a "Southern hospitality" welcome in church despite the fact that the Rev. Wood spoke of us as "young ladies from Scarrit."

We surely hope that Miss Hackney accepts their invitation to bring us back again. (As told by one of the members.)

OSIRON OWLETS

Fight team, fight!
Fight team, fight!
Fight, fight, fight!

And eleven green clad Osirons ran out on the hockey field and simply wiped up the earth with their opponents, the Agoras. A 9-1 game in our favor is something to write home about, truly.

Last Wednesday night we had a very interesting literary program. Miss Pugh spoke to us on the fiction of today, tracing it down through the nineteenth century to the rising novelists of our own time. We hope that Miss Pugh will speak to us again, for we certainly enjoyed her talk on Wednesday.

T. C. CHATTER

While the hockey squad was in "conference" with Blundie the rest of us practiced songs and cheers. To avoid the eternal feminine squeak we growled and roared.

Instead of waiting until all the members of the squad are dead and gone before we show our appreciation of them, let's tell them right here and now that we think they are the best ever, to have won for us Thursday, and that we are sure they will come out victorious in all their future games.

DEL VERS DOINGS

"Rah rah rah! Rah rah rah! Rah rah rah team!" could be heard issuing from the club house on a certain Wednesday night not very long ago. And did we yell! We all but shook the springs out of the new Ortho-

phonic. And no wonder! With our newly elected cheer leaders, Mary Jane Pulver, Olga Maestri, and Carolyn Peterson to urge us on, and with the thought of that victory fresh in our minds, why shouldn't we shout! We gave a hearty yell for two notable heroines of the battle, to wit, Grace Neisler and Louise Sims, and then another rousing cheer for the whole victorious team. Before departing, there was mention made of more work for the undertaker and of a brand new grave being dug somewhere. I wonder for whom it is intended? Wait and see!

F. F. FLASHES

Friendly Fifty at home tonight
Having a pep meeting! Yessie!
Quite!

Nearly knocked our old roof off with lots of noise and nothing soft. Never knew they'd raise a din. Like the one I heard—was kin. To proverbial ear-splitting scream. That night woke me out of a dream. In which I saw that hockey team A-sweepin' others off the field, And what a force that team can wield, Baird only has to sing

And the other team can't do a thing. Robbins throws her switch around. They run like hares to from a bound. Campbell is a mighty wing, While Pearson's almost the whole thing;

Nathan sisters are just great—
But if all their virtues I'd relate,
You'd think I was a braggin' too,
I'll stop, but ph my haw! How they go!
But as I said the pep we've got,
Can hear it comin' cross the lot.
You know how powerful it seems,
When it even haunts me in my dreams.

It's not the stuff of which dreams are made,
By daylight it does not fade;
We'll back that club with all our might,
Come on F. F. I! Fight! Fight!
Fight!

X. L. TATTLE

There is quite a bit of congratulating done these days since Mary (Pat) McGowan and Claire Packard won for us the archery tournament. We are proud of you, Pat.

At our last meeting "a very good time was had by all." What did we do? Why we roasted marshmallows all evening. Some of the roasted ones were fit for a king.

Thus the meeting closed, and we are all looking forward to the meeting next week, when the new girls will give a program.

TRI K KUMBACKS

Tri K Club reminds one of *Pathé News*. Miss Morrison sees all, and the rest of us are trying to learn to know all. Don't think we didn't have a talk on Atlantic City by Hook; we could even hear the big waves roar (afterwards we found that the roar we heard was the stove in the kitchen). Christine told us all about sitting on the antique sofa in the

White House, and how she read the etiquette book a week before she went to call on the president.

In hockey—we just know how—that is all. Our game with the Z. L. Club was a hard fought match, because the X. L. team is not only a good team but has a fine spirit. To make a long story short—we won!

We're right behind you.
You're gonna win.
Fight! Fight! Fight!

ACADEMIC NOTES

The students of the Expression Department gave a recital of eighteenth century plays Thursday evening, November 17.

Tuesday evening, November 15, a program of one act plays was given by the students of the Expression Department. Each class was represented by the play that they did best.

On Friday afternoon, at 3:45, the first year college expression students gave a recital.

Sara Cox, who was at Ward-Belmont in '23 and '24, is now in New Haven studying law in Yale University. She is working under Dr. Weigh in the School of Divinity and is teaching Sunday school in the Church of the Redeemer. She has written to the Ward-Belmont Expression Department for some of the original work done on Sunday evenings by the students of expression, which she remembers and wishes to introduce into her Sunday night services. She will give her program on Thanksgiving evening.

Miss Scruggs is explaining the Shakespearian and pre-Shakespearian dramas to her English 21 classes with the aid of the model stages of that period which Miss Pugh has.

FAVORITE JOKES OF THE FACULTY

Miss Van Hooser:

Those who go to Tokyo as missionaries have to study the Japanese language in a language school there. They are always glad of an opportunity to use the words which they have learned that day in school. One day a young lady boarded a street car and said to the conductor, "Shimbaski de kuroshite." She was very much puzzled at the terrified and protesting look which the conductor gave her. When she left the car she asked her companion why the conductor had behaved so strangely. Her companion replied, "Do you know what you said to him?"

"Why I told him to put me off at Shimbaski."

"You probably thought that was what you were saying but what you did say was, 'Murder me at Shimbaski.'"

THE OBSERVER

Hurrah for the Fiftians! There will be a roll call meeting in the left hand side of chapel balcony immediately after lunch today of the "Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Peroxide Blondes."

No one knew third floor senior could look so festive till Jerry got playful with the sheets.

We weren't a bit surprised to see the Tri K's win their first game. We just laughed and laughed cause they knew it all the time.

There was a slight mistake in this column last week. Irene has not succumbed to A crush. There are four in her rogues gallery now. "Three danced with her but 2 wasn't there and 4 has a cold." Talk about the Ward-Belmont spirit!

We have been having a great deal of weather lately. It is thought that hockey practice in the future will be held in the swimming pool.

Who was it said that flat-boat lady was young and innocent! Just look at those dark circles under her eyes.

We wish to announce the bereavement—oh, very sad—of Margaret Wright and Virginia Hicks. Too bad, girls, but you can come over and listen to ours any time you stay up after 8 P.M.

LET'S BE THANKFUL

That—
Exams are over;
Cranberry sauce goes with turkey;
If we have to eat turkey at school on Thanksgiving, we can eat it at home Christmas;

We have monitors (?)
We have roommates (?)
There are such things as telegrams;
It's almost time for basketball to begin;

and
There are only twenty-eight days before vacation!

CHAPEL NOTES

Wednesday—November 9.
Announcements were made and a meeting of the French students to discuss the French Club.

Thursday—November 10.
The Wordsmiths announced their new members.

Friday—November 11.
An Armistice program with T. Graham Hall as the speaker, was held.

Monday—November 14.
Dean Quaid spoke on judging others by oneself.

EXCHANGES

The Midway—We like your column "The Inquiring Reporter," very much, also one called "Current Comment."

The Pinnacle—Your slogan "A Paper for the Students, of the Students and By the Students," is very apt. We admire your strict adherence to news of the school.

The Broadcaster—We like your column entitled "Mystery," the writings, under this title are exceptionally clever.

The Coyote—Your article on "Dormitory Lights" is splendid.

Mercer Cluster—The section headed

"The Cluster Wants" is an excellent idea.

The Crow's Nest—Your paper is praiseworthy, but may we suggest that your inside pages would look better balanced if the headings were smaller.

The Inkspot—Your article giving statistics concerning students' grades was interesting and illuminating.

Semi-Weekly Campus—We wish we could induce readers of THE HYPHEN to contribute opinions as your readers do.

The Student Lantern—Your paper ranks high in our estimation, keep it up. Your article "In the Lighthouse" is an unusually good point.

The Furman Hornet—Your new "Feature Page" should go over well. We hope so for we think it fine.

The Conglomerate—Your column "Tomorrow," apparently a "take-off" of Arthur Brisbane is highly entertaining.

We also acknowledge the receipt of: *The Harbinger, The Eastern Progress, The Megaphone, Vanderbilt Hustler, C. B. C. Quaker, Tech Oracle, Side Lines.*

PHONETIC LOVE

O MLE, what XTC
I always feel when UIC!
I used to race of LNR'S I'S,
4 LC I game countless sighs;
4 KT, 2, and LNR
I was a keen competitor.
But each now's a non-NTT,
For UXL them all, UC.

—The High Times.

CAROL'S LETTERS

Monday.

My dearest Carol:
Clubbed as usual Wednesday, swam as usual Thursday, and churched as usual Sunday; in fact I've been doing everything about as usual. We have been furnishing a great deal of local amusement by entertaining the day students each morning with our fire drills.

They started giving out our quarterly grades today, and I heard that some prominent seniors collapsed in several classes when they heard the results.

Went down town today and was on the verge of buying some of those darling things at Stief's, when I suddenly remembered that my bank account was approaching the zero hour.

Today I was tripping gayly from "Ac" to Middle-March to get my U. S. postage, when I suddenly hit a slight bump in the sidewalk and went tumbling among my books and papers. Some kind girl gave me a knowing look and asked if I fell. "No," I said, picking up my bruised parts, "I'm practicing a step for the Kentucky special."

There doesn't seem to have been anything exciting since the cat died at the T. C. club house.

Be good—love,
"Pinky."

Susan Erwin spent Sunday afternoon with Mrs. Wood.
Dorothy Benton spent Sunday with her mother.

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Some say an audience of girls is the most critical audience in existence. That may be so, but when appreciation is forthcoming, are they lacking? (That's just one of those unnecessary, obnoxious questions. It's answered before it's asked.) Appreciation, admiration, enthusiasm, (page Mrs. Webster)—plus, were displayed with flying colors, after vespers Sunday evening.

Dr. Thomas E. Jones, for seven years a missionary in Japan, and now President of Fisk University, delivered to us one of the most eloquent and stirring addresses that ever has been given to a vesper audience at Ward-Belmont. While it was, for the most part, narrative in form, it included the necessity of Christian democracy in the strongest sense of the word. He first pictured this in relating an instance of discussion carried on between his pupils of a Japanese class in economics, about the U. S. Immigration law. Again it was evident in conditions existing in the United States, affecting the attitude and progress of the negroes. This became evident to him when he took up the apparently hopeless task of re-establishing Fisk University, the only college for negroes in the South. Dr. Jones toured the United States with the Fisk Jubilee Singers in a successful attempt to raise sufficient funds to secure its future. During this tour he was able to get a pretty broad view on the attitude of the white race toward the negroes and that of the negroes toward the white.

Dr. Jones received his degree at Columbia, and taught there for some time. He has the qualities necessary for the hard life of a missionary, and the power, understanding and sympathy with human nature in more than one race, that is necessary for his present position.

"Melodie" a harp solo was played by Lola Branch. This added much to the beauty of the vesper service.

Ward-Belmont is one of the eight colleges and universities of the Southern division of the Y.W.C.A. that has been selected to give an account of its activities to the National Board of the Y.W.C.A. The National Board is conducting a survey of the work of the Y on the campuses of the leading colleges and universities throughout the United States, in an effort to determine its contribution to student life. Ward-Belmont is honored in being one of those selected.

The poster in Middle-March announcing the speaker at Vespers as Dr. Thomas E. Jones was done by

Louise Butler, a member of the art Committee.

Helen Reed had charge of the Sunday school service Sunday morning. Polly Dawes, Catherine Scripps, and Jo Raynes added violins to the piano accompaniment for the hymns. This was very much appreciated.

Marjorie Holmes, until lately treasurer of the Y, has been forced to resign that position because of what is technically termed "too many points." Christine Cardwell will assume the office.

Another Scout hike Saturday!

ANTI PAN ANTICS

Would you BELIEVE it but there is REALLY a "sure cure" for ANYbody's homesickness EVEN on SUNDAY afterNOON. And I don't mean MAYBE! Its a SIN for ANYbody to get blue when we CAN have such a GORGEOUS time. Well, ANYways, it was at the CLUB and, my dear, just EVERYone was there and we drank the most DELICIOUS FUDGE and toasted MARSHMALLOWS and I drank TEA till I felt absolutely ENGLISH! Why, you know, I never DID know we had such DARLING club members. We're all SO glad we can have SUCH a GOOD time and all and so SIMPLY CRAZY about each other that we've decided to ALL have CRUSHES. My dear, you just MUST come NEXT Sunday! I mean you ACTUALLY MUST!

LIFE OF A KOLLITCH GIRL

Why do we amble around the campus with an intelligent look on our faces? and munch over food with our eyelets pasted upon a few notes concerning the stone-age, and why can't we tell what a wonderful game of football Vernon Sharp played? And talk about Vandy's football team instead of Willey Shaxper and other just as unimportant specimens? Well, having related the endeavor and determination of this institute to educate us and make us work our poor brain cells to the utmost, I will get athletic and tell the secret of our silhouettes. We drape on our togas, that look like they were made by Omar the tent maker, thus portraying our shapely branches so that they resemble old oaken buckets, and dash around on the hockey field with these slightly deformed hockey sticks, play until about dusk and exhaustedly hasten to our room, only to be refreshed by removing a little of mother earth, and then stuff down on a few calories and return to our studying, this is the life of a model Kollitch and is just a baid on roses," but we're all for it, and do we get a punch out of it? Just watch us gurgle and coo, so three chairs for school!

Helen Johnson spent Sunday afternoon with Mrs. Vaughan and Susan.

Alice Daniel spent Sunday with her aunt, Mrs. A. L. Lowe.

Lois Maxon spent Sunday with her father.

THE ROTARY LUNCHEON

(Continued from page 1)

broken College Girl. We felt that our Rotary girls were not getting enough privileges. Upon investigation, we found their style was being cramped by all sorts of unnecessary rules and regulations. After months of tireless effort, much wrangling and threats of violence, we carried all our points with the school authorities.

"But don't let this report go to your heads because from now on you will enjoy a sense of freedom that we hope will be permanent.

"The Rotary Club has a member living on the campus of one of the colleges, consequently we feel that Dave Wenne will keep things normal at Peabody.

"In taking the matter up with Chancellor Kirkland, he said, 'For heavens sake don't get these co-eds any more privileges, they're running this place now.'

But my friends, we found terrible conditions at Ward-Belmont, and I am reporting today on the radical changes to be made there, for the sole benefit of the daughters of Rotarians.

The first question we faced was that school girl complexion. John Bartin, being one of the high brows, arched his eye brows and said, 'We won't discuss it—I hope your lip-stick.' But we snapped into it and proceeded to present the matter in compact form and quoted such noted French scholars as Caron, Guerlain, Coty and Habigant. This gave our side quite a puff and Mr. Barton finally agreed to add military touch to the schools and let the girls use powder and show their colors.

"Conscientious, deserving and hungry girls desiring to continue their domestic science studies after 10:30 in their rooms, will be furnished with

odorless oil stoves by the faculty. Application for oil to be filed with Miss Irvin. This calls for enlarging the infirmary.

"On account of more hose being shown this season, the fire drills will be entirely abolished.

"From now on those non-kid ground-gripper shoes will be kicked into the discard. How can a girl feel any personality with four-wheel brakes on? Starting at once high French heels will be worn giving your feet an individuality and pit-pat all their own.

"Soft pillows will be furnished for the morning nap in the chapel.

"Several more parlors will be added for a more private study of parlor-meatary law.

"The monitors will wear bells. "Right here let me say the Rotarians are pleased with the showing you make on the campus on Sunday afternoon.

"Instead of going to the Ryman Auditorium in street cats, Packard roadsters will be furnished, and when they drive up just crawl right in the fumble rumble seat.

"A box of chewing gum will be furnished each girl every morning. After the gum has been thoroughly exercised a central parking place will be provided with traffic officer in charge.

"We had a hard fight on the next question. Rotarian Chesterfield took up the matter for fighting for the throat. He pointed out that Professor Herbert Tareyton, of the Piedmont University, advocated an old Egyptian and Turkish treatment, known as cigarette smoking. We suggested that Mademoiselle Fatima be allowed to give this treatment. Her slogan is very appropriate for a girls' school. The slogan is, "What a whale of a different a few cents make." We also argued that Senor De Luca might make another Lucky Strike, and develop another star for the Metropolitan. You have no idea how agreeable John Barton was to all of this. He said, 'We'll just make one little change regarding smoking, instead of sending 'em home, we will shoot 'em at early sunrise.'

No further developments have been reported concerning the adoption of Mr. Green's recommendations.

THANKSGIVING

It behooves me to relate that life isn't half bad after all. We have a lot to be thankful for. John wrote, the family crashed through with a few shekels; it rained, so we didn't have hockey. The speaker in vespers didn't talk overtime, not only that, and we are grateful for Thanksgiving and what it means to us. I will not endeavor to get poetic and move you to tears over the bravery of our forefathers. We all realize what they have done, and have realized this sufficiently expressed as well as impressed, and we are anxiously awaiting to don our caps and kerchiefs so that we may saunter into ye old spirit, and feel like little damsels of the Pilgrim age, thus paying due respect and homage to the day, enjoying a hail and hearty feast and spending one more day with added gusto.

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THANKSGIVING

(Continued from page 1)

we find that their trials had only strengthened their belief in God, and in this land where they were privileged to worship as they chose, they instituted the day we observe as Thanksgiving Day.

Remembering as we do their sacrifices and their faith we can well pause to consider a new theory rampant in our colleges and high schools which has as its aim and purpose the hope of destroying the influence of the church, Sunday school and the Bible, which it brands as "A Book of Lies." We are proud to say in the beginning that Ward-Belmont has no part nor lot or sympathy in such a movement as the National Association for the Advancement of Atheism. The significant point is that organizations which function with the avowed purpose of attacking such institutions as the church, marriage and the Bible are allowed to exist in some of our leading colleges and universities, as well as in some of our high schools. Yet this is the situation and the National Association for the Advancement of Atheism boasts that though it is only comparatively new in organization its membership is growing to an encouraging rate of speed. A further deplorable fact is that in this country which was founded upon the fundamental truths of the Bible this organization claims societies in some of our leading theological schools.

We believe in freedom of thought and speech, but not to the extent that it will harm others by its influence, and undoubtedly such organizations as this one for the spread of Atheism, which can only result in harm, should not be allowed to exist. The quicker such diversion from the path of true education is stamped out the quicker will die a lot of the misunderstanding of what higher education really accomplishes. All attacks of the "Damned Souls," "The Devil's Angels" and the various other societies which the association boasts of must end in disillusionment.

More man cannot deny his God and find happiness or satisfaction. Consider Robert G. Ingersoll, who said in his famous oration at the grave of his brother, "And in the night of death hope sees a star and listening love can hear the rustle of the wing." Still more directly in our pathway is the example of Burbank, the great wizard of plants, whose almost dying request was that Ingersoll's oration at his brother's grave be read at his funeral, when only a few short months before he had avowed himself a doubter, much to the amusement of a disappointed world.

Above all this we can point to the Book of Books, the Bible, and read from the fourteenth verse of the fourteenth Psalm, "The fool hath said in his heart: there is no God. They are corrupt, they have done abominable works, there is none that doeth good."

Ward-Belmont is proud it has no part nor lot or sympathy in this greatest move against higher education, the Association for the Advancement of Atheism. Sooner or later it will go the way of all its predecessors and find its end in disillusionment.

6 A.M.

Burr—! You pick up the clock and gaze at it sleepily in hopes that it may be only five o'clock after all. No, it's really six, but it's still a question whether or not you get up. The answer really depends on the importance and length of the lesson you have to get and on your will power. Perhaps you turn over and give yourself just five minutes for a nap, and then comes the tragedy of jumping out of bed with alarm, only to find that it is seven o'clock and that that is the school's bell and not your clock. More often you get up, though perhaps not just at once, and then you have the pleasure of looking across the campus and finding that your misery has plenty of company. Especially during exams is there a scoldy sprinkling of lights in the different buildings and you know that several girls are muttering things to themselves, as friend roommate snaps on the light and gets down to work. Then you may walk down the hall to get a drink, and you'll find by the lights shining through the transoms that your own hall is not far behind the others in industry and early rising. Also you'll hear one or two typewriters, the dropping of a book, or perhaps a smothered giggle. You may or may not get a lot of work done, but anyway, you have the satisfaction of proving to yourself that you can get up if you must.

Schumacher

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WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

Volume XVII

NASHVILLE, TENN., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1927

Number 10

KENTUCKY STATE GIVES DERBY DANCE

Well, I surely am proud to say I'm from Kentucky! Just take a look at what we did. We haven't a new record in the Ward-Belmont race toward a perfect dance.

When a club starts preparation for its dance the first necessity is a peppy, popular, original president. Now I WAS disappointed that I didn't get the job, but "next to myself" I like G. H. S. best! In other words, not one member ever regretted the fact that "Gerry" Smith was president. Again, it was proven that her middle name was generosity for she donated the favors and gave the sponsor a corsage of pink roses.

But a great deal or credit goes to Mrs. "Charley," a true blue-blood from the blue-grass who was borrowed as sponsor from the proud Seniors. With the addition of Katherine Wilson's artistic ideas, Julia Anne Ross' enthusiasm and energy, Miss Jeter's able tutorage of the "Special" and thirty capable and peppy girls, our dance was an undisturbable success.

The Kentucky Derby, a romance, a symbol, a history all in itself, was faithfully portrayed at the gym from the bleachers at the west end to the blue and white horseshoe at the other end. Blue and white are the Kentucky colors. From the four corners of the gym banners were strung to the top of the judge's stand, which was in the center of the dance floor. (Continued on page 8)

WARD-BELMONT GIRL HEARD OVER RADIO

Reports from Athens, Ohio, state that Aileen Rauch, pupil of Miss Helen Todd Sloan, of the Ward-Belmont School of Music, was heard by friends and relatives when the program on which she appeared was broadcasted by a Nashville station. The following article, taken from an Athens paper, tells of the event:

"Many friends of Miss Aileen Rauch, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. X. Rauch of Athens, heard her sing over the radio last night. Miss Rauch is a pupil of the conservatory of Ward-Belmont school of Nashville, Tenn.

"Friends who enjoyed her rendering of two songs were delighted with her clear flute-like voice, the ease with which she sang, and her clear enunciation which made every word distinct, and yet lost none of the smoothness.

"Static spoiled parts of the program, but seemed to clear away at the time of Miss Rauch's singing and the words of the announcer putting Athens, Ohio, on the map came through very clearly."

SPIRIT OF THANKSGIVING MARKS CELEBRATION OF PURITAN DINNER

Held fast by the spirit of the day, Ward Belmont celebrated in its gayest fashion its traditional Puritan dinner on Thursday evening. The music, gaiety, laughter and feasting were a fitting climax to the earlier program of the day which began with a beautiful devotional service lead by Dr. John Hill, who discussed with the student body "The Meaning of Thanksgiving."

The Thanksgiving dinner is one of the oldest and best loved traditions of the school, having been observed since the first year of the school's existence. Besides the student body and the faculty, Ward Belmont true to its reputation as a hospitable school was glad to welcome over one hundred and thirty fathers and mothers and friends of students, as well as several alumni members, to share its pleasure. Possibly no other event of the year receives so much enthusiasm as does the Puritan dinner, for which occasion there is always an orchestra, and to whose strains the joyful ones sing the old fashioned songs of "Dixie," "Home, Sweet Home," "The Star

Spangled Banner," as well as engaging in much good natured conflict to see which group can make the state songs resound the loudest.

In keeping with the spirit of the occasion the girls were dressed in Puritan costume, and the dining room was beautifully and appropriately decorated in the national colors. With the glorious red, white and blue streamers floating from the ceiling, each table decorated with an "Old Glory" and a larger flag hanging at the entrances of the dining room, Ward Belmont students found it easy to catch the spirit of the day, and hand on down to the students of next year the traditional Thanksgiving dinner enriched by another year's fitting celebration.

Ward Belmont's school entertainments are all under the supervision of Mrs. Solon Rose, and the Puritan dinner owes its beautiful appointments and fitting decorations to her careful planning and good taste. Besides the Thanksgiving dinner, Mrs. Rose has achieved great success with the birthday dinners, which are also traditional with the school.

DAY STUDENT CLUBS FORMED

The Beta's and D'Gamma's are things of the past. These two strong and prominent clubs made up of day students only went out of existence last week. Four new clubs have been organized in their stead.

Two weeks ago four committees, composed of six girls and a captain, met with Mrs. Sisson to discuss the organizing of the four new clubs. The four groups were numbered one, two, three and four, or the reds, blues, yellows and greens, and they will be identified this way until the clubs are organized.

The girls of these four groups have been rushing the remaining day students. Rushing consisted merely in persuasively and pleasingly talking up your group, and in doing little acts of courtesy. No girl on the rushing committees could spend money on another girl. Rushing ended Wednesday, Nov. 9.

What to do with the Beta and D'Gamma, hockey teams that had practiced so faithfully this fall was a question. It was settled when Miss Sisson put it to a vote. The committees decided unanimously for the abandonment of the old clubs in favor of the new ones, realizing the new clubs would not be a success if the hockey season points were not counted for the championship. This decision also gives forty-four day students a chance for athletic honors instead of the usual twenty-two during this season.

FALL HORSE SHOW SATURDAY

The annual Ward-Belmont Thanksgiving Horse Show will be held Saturday afternoon, Nov. 26, in the school riding ring. It is hoped that there will be a large audience to watch this interesting event.

The program for the afternoon is as follows:

CLASS ONE—THREE GAITED HORSES. To be judged on management and riding. Must show three gaits—walk, trot, canter.

1. Virginia Baird, Alabama; 3. Margaret Chapman, Massachusetts; 7. Helen Feller, Kansas; 8. Dorothea Gilbert, Indiana; 9. Winifred Hagan, Florida; 10. Margaret Halberstadt, Tennessee; 11. Nathalie Hines, Kansas; 13. Elizabeth Iglar, Ohio; 14. Dorothea Jones, Missouri; 15. Alice Kamrar, Iowa; 19. Jean Polsky, Ohio; 21. Helen Scott, Texas; 26. Jean Wood, Virginia.

CLASS TWO—FIVE GAITED HORSES. To be judged on riding and management. Must show five gaits.

4. Hulda Cheek, Tennessee; 5. Margaret Ellen Douty, Oregon; 6. Jimsey Duncan, Texas; 17. Mary Patricia McGowan, Washington; 24. Edith White, Nebraska.

CLASS THREE—BEGINNERS. For girls who have learned to ride this fall. Must show three gaits—walk, trot, canter.

2. Eunice Brook, Oklahoma; 12. Mildred Hutson, Oklahoma; 16. Jean (Continued on page 8)

SENIOR OPEN HOUSE DELIGHTFUL AFFAIR

An event which will long remain in the minds of the Seniors and Second-year college girls is "Open House." It was probably the most delightful affair that has ever been held at Ward-Belmont. Beautiful baskets of yellow chrysanthemums were used in decoration, and the lights were gracefully adorned with green ferns and yellow tulle. Two rooms adjoining Recreation Hall were set for playing bridge while Recreation Hall itself and the adjoining parlor were used for dancing. During the evening punch, candy, and various delightful refreshments were served.

About ten-thirty a dainty buffet supper was served. The guests then departed about eleven o'clock. There were some two hundred and seventy invitations issued and about one hundred and sixty girls of the Senior and Second-year college classes attended. Many members of the administration and faculty were present.

The Seniors feel that they can look back on the night of Friday, November the eighteenth, as one of the most delightful evenings they have ever had.

CLUB PRESIDENT SPEAKS AT CHAPEL

State Federation President Is Also Newspaper Publisher

Mrs. Edith O'Keefe Susong, president of the Tennessee Federation of Women's Clubs, who is also editor and publisher of a thriving daily paper in Greeneville, Tennessee, delighted Ward-Belmont students Wednesday morning with her address at the regular chapel exercises. At the special request of Dr. Barton, Mrs. Susong told some of her experiences in developing her paper, but there was nothing of a dull, dry business discussion about her talk. In Mrs. Susong's hands it became a delightfully humorous narrative, told so entertainingly that when chapel was over a number of girls had already decided to make daily papers out of bankrupt country weeklies because it sounded so easy!

Mrs. Susong has the distinction of being the only woman publisher of a daily paper in the south. She has remarkable business ability and her talent as a writer has won for her such honors as the presidency of the Tennessee Press and Authors' Club. Last May she was chosen as president of the Tennessee Federation of Women's Clubs and on September 30 her first board meeting of this organization was held at Ward-Belmont. At this time sixty leading club women from all parts of the state were entertained at the school and at a

(Continued on page 8)

HOME

Second Place in the 1926 Atlantic Monthly High School Contest.

We had traveled for several hours through the fresh green country-side. Now, our road lay between towering mountains and in just a few minutes beside the dashing waves of the sea. The heather was in bloom over the mountains, giving them a soft, hazy, dreamy appearance unlike their usual formidable ruggedness. When we stopped at the little seaside stations we could hear the soft lapping of the water, as the tide came in, crooning a lullaby to the rocks and sand it was slowly covering.

As the train rushed on, my mind turned to the events of the past few weeks, and a mist came before my eyes causing the lavender and green of the landscape to run together in a most peculiar way. I blinked obediently and wondered why I should be weeping when I ought to be laughing with joy. The answer came like a flash—I was homesick. Now, I don't mean the ordinary kind of homesickness, but a helpless groping after something that I had looked forward to for several years. When at last my dream was realized, it lacked the most potent element, and I was bitterly disappointed.

I had been living in America from the time I was a small child. But much as I loved my new country, England was still home, and I had been given the wonderful happiness of returning to the scenes of my childhood. But they were not the same. Are things ever the same or do they always change beyond our ken when we wish to return? The crowning disappointment had come in those

first weeks when I had made a short visit to some friends before leaving for the coast. It was one of the places I had fondly thought of as home when I had dreamed of my return.

We had driven up to the door where we were greeted very kindly by our host and hostess, who put us immediately quite at ease. The house was a very large, rather pretentious structure, decorated according to the dictates of the smartest interior-decorator to be procured in that part of the country. It was all in the loveliest taste and the same note was carefully struck all over the house, but there was something lacking. It was too impersonal. Even the gentility of our host could not dissipate the feeling that we were visiting a show place of some kind. I began wondering if there wasn't some hidden nook in that vast house that would spell home, but I looked in vain. There were, to be sure, nice big chairs in the library, but not the kind one could possibly cuddle down in for an afternoon's read. There wasn't a big comfortable, honey chair with a footstool beside any of the many fireplaces. The bedrooms were all exquisite to the tip of the tiniest ruffle on the curtains at the latticed windows, but not one to which it would be possible to rush when the tears just would come and one wanted to go to a friendly chair or bed to cry it out. I can just see those ruffled curtains lift their starchy brows in surprise at such an exhibition of feeling. They couldn't understand. They were part of a house, not a home.

I came out of my reverie with a start. Here we were already pulling into the station, and I could see our car ready to take us by road the last twelve miles of the journey. It seemed good to stretch our legs for a few minutes while the bags were being collected and then to tuck ourselves in ready for the drive.

We left the town through a quaint, narrow street paved with cobblestone and soon struck a fine highway. On our right for a few miles we had rugged foothills, on the other side of which we knew was the ocean, and on our left were fields with many wild flowers, lovely trees and quietly grazing cattle. Occasionally we caught a glimpse of a stately house hidden in the trees or tea being served to some ardent young tennis players now resting for a few minutes. It was all so beautiful and fascinating that I didn't know whether to watch to the left to catch these intriguing glimpses of the people who were also enjoying the summer in this corner of the world or to watch closely for the first view of the ocean when we should put the mountains on our left and run along the shore. We left tiny villages, each with its church and inn and cluster of little white cottages, behind us and soon we were driving along almost on the water's edge. The sky and sea were a gorgeous blue and the whole countryside seemed peaceful and happy, basking in the friendly sunlight. In the distance we soon saw the spire of the little church in Tydwellog, for that is the name of the village toward which

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we were journeying. We put it on our right and then "The Shop" was pointed out to us, then the Post Office boasting the only plate glass window in the village, and then the tiniest shop or "Shophias" as the villagers call it. Around the corner we went, past the pond with the white ducks swimming lazily about, and then we saw our home for the next few weeks, and we knew it would be home. It radiated that mystic something no home lover can mistake.

Mr. and Mrs. Jones were ready to greet us, and we had a feeling of being taken into the family circle, such was the breadth of their love and understanding. We were no longer strangers but a part of that charming family.

We turned toward the cottage, and it was the most lovable one I had ever seen.

It was low and white and had a red tile roof. The windows were tiny latticed affairs with dainty white curtains and brightly blooming geraniums nodding a welcome to us from the window sills. There was a little flower garden in front with a green fence around it, just the kind you read about in fairy tales. Standing in the doorway was Miss Owen ready to help us settle down and to cheer us with a kind word and smile and a cup of tea. I found myself smiling happily. I just couldn't help it; it was the atmosphere about that home.

Inside, the ceiling was quite low and had heavy oak beams running across that gave the room a beautiful dignity. There were two china dogs, one on either side the big fireplace. I know they must have been there for years and years. It would have broken their poor porcelain hearts to be taken away. They, too, came in for their share of love and in turn helped to make that home-like atmosphere.

My bedroom had a big old four-poster bed and the window was one of the kind that swings out and fastens with a little rod. I looked out and there I saw, what was to me, the loveliest part of a lovely household. A babe, lying in its carriage, kicking and cooing, was trying to catch the sunbeams as they sifted through the leaves of the trees. Off in the distance across the green pastures dotted with white farmhouses, lay the sea, blue and calm and inviting. What more could one wish to see from one's window?

Again I noticed the calmness of the surrounding country. The ducks walked about the yard and hobbled with the dog and even the cat was allowed to join them. From the front door I could see the heather covered mountains and hear the tinkling of the bells on the necks of the sheep climbing about the rock shore. Poor foolish sheep they roared so hard to find tufts of grass when they could have had them without any effort on top, where the fields were flat. But even they along with everything about, seemed to radiate happiness. But most of all, the little cottage attracted me. To be sure it had seen sadness and distress and had heard the sobs of the wives and mothers of many fine sailors and fishermen who

would never come back from the sea. But love and happiness and understanding had found their way in and stayed. They made this house a home.

My mind turned once more to the other house that would, in all probability, remain a mere house. Surely it was not without love, but the love was not far reaching and unselfish enough. The happiness did not touch everything it came in contact with, and there was no breadth of understanding. The decorator said the dining room must be Elizabethan and Elizabethan it was, and the selfish interest in the house would not allow the owner to add the little touches that would spell home.

"After all it isn't the four material walls of a house that make it a home, because we can have those anywhere, but the four walls of love, understanding, a common purpose, and a sharing of ideals."

DOROTHY BRAIN.

THE OBSERVER

A vote of thanks should be given Jay and Florence Ables for their spirited rendering of the Indiana hop at Senior Open House.

On every side I am informed that there is a striking resemblance between Dot Jones and the girl who takes up the cards at meals. Noticed it?

Gerry—Hereasy, please.
Mrs. Smith—Plain or nutty?
Gerry—Yes'm.

Well, she may not have much sense but we know that "gorgeous" evening dress came from Tiffany.

We greatly doubt whether one unfortunate football player at the game last week will ever play again. Truly he should have been labeled, "Handle with care."

Now that Virginia Bush has recovered from her recent boil, she is "sitting pretty."

Those Heathens who reverted to "Prep"-dom and stayed in the study hall Tuesday night almost got religion from the atmosphere.

Two girls on third floor, Fidelity, have permission to take a course in opening and shutting laundry boxes in place of gym.

Talk about rivalry between teams! Every time an F. F. took the ball away from a Tri-K she said "Excuse me," and all the Tri-K's put on mourning for the F. F. defeat.

Did some one hear Miss Morrison say that Rachel Haverer looked like Alice in Wonderland. But Alice sure shakes a mean hockey stick.

Well, maybe eye-eyes didn't stand on their respective tin eyelashes when Bill Clark, last year's XL president, and Lucile Canfield, Ohio State president, arrived for a visit.

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WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

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Application for second-class entry pending.

TWO-PIANO RECITAL TUESDAY EVENING

Miss Louise Best and Mrs. Kenneth Rose will appear Tuesday evening at 8:15 o'clock in a two-piano recital. These two popular, talented members of the Ward-Belmont Music School faculty are well known in Nashville musical circles and a large number of town people, as well as students are expected to be present for their program.

The following program has been arranged:
Andante and Variations. *Schumann*
Fantasia and Fugue in A Minor Bach
Romance, Valse *Arensky*
Danse Macabre *Saint Saens*
Impromptu Rocco *Schutt*
Jazz Study. *Edward Burlingame Hill*
España *Chabrier*

WHO'S WHO

When we get to thinking about Thanksgiving and being thankful, all of us, and the second-year college class in particular, are thankful that such a person as Julia Anne Ross exists. The second-year college class is one of talent in particular lines and one most truly out-talent the talented to become its president as Julia Anne has done. This Kentucky belle, incidentally responsible for the Kentucky dance, has become a class leader beloved not only by her classmates, but by all she meets. I often wonder what different people in school will be doing ten years from now, but I never stop to wonder about Julia Anne, for there is no doubt she will succeed—and I can say she once borrowed a stamp from me and I once wrote a eulogy to her! But Julia Anne is not only a gifted girl in musical lines, but she is also one of the chief causes for the F. F. Hockey success as anyone who has watched her will testify. And she is full of fun and out for a good time—which we all like most in her after all.

After hearing so much about the far-famed "Southern Aristocrat" it is indeed a blessing for us crude Yankees to have one true Northern aristocrat in our midst, for any one who has even seen Mary Jane Pulver knows that she has "that little something," and if they have ever heard as much as a sentence from her they know she hails from Chicago—not the Chicago of murders, hold-ups and rob-

ber gangs, but the beautiful, gay, society layer of Chicago. And the Del Vers recognized what they were possessed of and elected her President. But I am not saying Mary Jane is on a pedestal. She is more fun than a picnic and every one likes her for her quick, smiling "Hello," her graceful, stylish appearance, her large brown eyes so thoughtful, so friendly, so happy. She is modern, peppy, slangy and just like all the rest of us—and yet I can always see her in an old-fashioned garden sitting demurely under a rose arbor smoothing the ruffles of her hoop skirt and flirting her fan at a debonaire, dashing beau of romance.

And who have we here? Why, it's none other than old Gilby! And maybe we didn't hear her coming five minutes before she arrived. And maybe we aren't glad she's here. But what can we say about our Tri-K president, when it's all been said so much before! Hockey is only one of Dot's many allings. Another one of her strenuous exercises is the Indiana hop and maybe we wouldn't rather watch her dance than eat a Thanksgiving dinner. And then when basketball comes and we see Dot jumping—soaring—up after the ball we gasp in awed tones, "Is it cold up there?" Another one of Gilby's worries is her hair but after a look at the other flowing tresses in our midst we breathe thanks toward her coiffeur. But why go on when there's no one to convince concerning her nearness to perfection—they all know it now. And why to describe her when everyone in the school has her personality definitely stamped on their memories? And why write this at all when Margaret could make a term theme of it, and Rachel compose an epic poem?

MISSISSIPPI CLUB

You have all heard so much about clubs, clubs of all sorts, but you Ward-Belmont girls haven't heard about our Mississippi Club. I'll just tell you. Of course all Mississippi girls are cute, therefore we have a cute club.

Saturday night we are going to blossom forth in all our southern charm to attend the picture show. We're all for having a grand time. Wait, be patient; we'll have a dance. Ss-h!

CAROL'S LETTERS

Monday.

My Dearest Carol:

Well, this has certainly been a gay week-end. Almost like home, which is only 26 days away. Important history has certainly been made at W-B. The Seniors danced at Open-House. It was almost too good to believe, and I hear that some of the Senior Mids are planning to register for next year just on the strength of that. Well, I pined and pined ardently wishing that I might trip the light fantastic at least like they did on Fidelity. For men! I never heard girls rave so much. You can't get near a group of Seniors without hearing a perfect recital of the Vanderbilt fraternities.

Saturday night was the Kentucky

dance. I all but had to pinch myself to stop thinking that I was not actually at Churchill Downs. The Nashville smoke that settled so nicely in the gym nearly sent us all into asthmatic spasms, but we did manage to exist 'til Sunday morning. All night I had a hard time trying to decide whether I was in London or Pittsburgh.

A bell of Ward-Belmont is calling me to dine.

Love as ever,
"PINKIE."

TRI K KUMBACKS

Blackman, why are you enjoying your Thanksgiving dinner? You seem so happy! I'll tell you why. Tri-K won school hockey championship. We intend to have to fight, and we intend to win!

Here's to the black and white, waving forever—

Pride of the Tri K, may she droop never.

We'll sing a song for our team today. Cheer them along the way.

On to the cup we'll fight our way
For Tri K Club!

AGORA ANTICS

The Christmas atmosphere entered into the Agora Club house at the last meeting there. Although firelight and softly sung songs are apt to make one feel "bluu," the little withdrawal from busy school day affairs to quietness and lovely songs made us extremely happy. The learning of club songs always instills a "peppy," loyal feeling into girls and when that is followed by story-telling and singing we feel as though we have entered either fairyland or the land of Santa Claus and the reindeer. Here's hoping for more such club evenings!

THE WESTERN CLUB

When the sun awoke one morning and peered in at Ward-Belmont she found something new and something different—a Western Club.

The first meetings of this club were spent in organization. The officers and sponsor were elected. Miss Campbell, our sponsor, is also a Westerner. We started the year right by having a theater party, which was a great success. Plans are being made for more good times in the future.

Watch us grow!

SENIOR BOREDOME

What are you going to do this afternoon? Study. No, dear! Don't you think that I'm beyond that past-time? Gaze upon this intelligent looking countenance of mine. I'm a Senior. Hoity-toity! That's the old attitude as we board the deep-breathing specials for our weekly dissipation. Why, we walk down the Main with the air of Mrs. Grosck herself. Dead-dead. Positively ripping, don't you know? And we feel as though the world is at our command as we saunter into our favorite tea room with the most sophisticated expressions molded

upon our colorless faces, and really they must think that we are extremely religious and have been fasting all week, or the ride in the double-jointed street chariot was too much of a strain upon our feminine little appetites. Various reasons could be thought of to excuse our school-girl diet, and the things that we do inhale, from steak to choc. delights. It is a riot. Thus I have endeavored to relate with the utmost care our "idea of Heaven."

WORDSMITHS LUNCHEON AT BELLE MEADE

Fulfilling their promise, the charter members of the Wordsmiths held their recently selected recruits to the Belmeade Country Club for luncheon, Friday, November 18. The fortunate new members of the flock are: Hortense Ambrose, Cornelia Andrews, Elminor Bell, Arctia Borne, Josephine Cooper, Susan Erwin, Rachel Haver, Elizabeth Lee Haynes, Lois Maxon and Dorothy Sabin. Miss Ransom, who was largely responsible for the organization of the society, was also present. We were indeed glad that our president, Margaret Alice Lowe, had recovered sufficiently from the recent injury to her foot to be able to preside.

After the delicious luncheon was eaten, short talks were given by Katherine Tabb, Cornelia Andrews, Olive Logan, Josephine Cooper and Margaret Alice Lowe. We danced and played cards until the school cars came for us at 4 o'clock.

Great things are expected of the seventeen Wordsmiths this year.

Watch us!

BREAKFAST

Have you ever noticed how entirely different people are at breakfast? In the first place everybody is just a little late, showing that most of us have learned to get up with the seven-thirty bell. The others are just missing something in life by losing that extra half hour of sleep. Then some have that tell-tale sleepy look that means either that they got up at five-thirty and are ready to go to bed again or that they have just made the supreme effort and aren't yet entirely awake. After each one has told her neighbor what happened in her hall last night, how early she had to get up to study, how she just missed being late to breakfast and how much work she has to do, the whole dining room usually becomes comparatively quiet. Everyone hurries to get through and there is usually somewhat of an exodus when the necessary fifteen minutes is up, and even those who remain are not long in following.

FAVORITE JOKES OF THE FACULTY

Mr. Donner:

A young man just returned from Mexico was asked what he thot of it. He said, "Oh, I don't like that country where ice is always yellow and bread is meant to kill you."

SPORT NOTES

On Friday afternoon the four day-student hockey teams played their first games.

Group I was defeated by Group II by a score of 3 to 2. The game was hard fought. "Sug" Bryan, Wendell Austin and Isabel Goodloe played well for the winning team.

Group III defeated Group IV by a score of 10 to 0. Eugenia Smith, Adelaide Douglas and Mary Wade played well for Group III. Group IV, considering their inexperience, played well.

Saturday afternoon Group III defeated the Osirons and the F. F. team defeated the T. C. C. team. Group III crushed the hopes of the Osirons by the large score of 11 to 0. Valborg Roan played a good game, and Rachel Haver, a Tri-K, who was helping the Osirons on account of the absence of their right half-back, played an excellent game.

The F. F. team played well to defeat the T. C.'s 4 to 2. Betty Hendricks, Eloise Pearson, and Eleanor Robbins played well for the winning team. Ann Dorsey Hodgson, T. C., could not get away because she had a good half-back and full-back against her.

Group II defeated the Del Ver team. Mary Padgett, Isabel Goodloe and "Sug" Bryan played well for the day-students.

The Tri-K team defeated the F. F. team to enter the finals of the tournament. The score was 8 to 5. Betty Hendricks, Virginia Baird and Ruth Nathan played well for the F. F.'s, but Eloise Pearson and Eleanor Robbins seemed to be somewhat off their game. Barbara Higgins, Florence Abels, Katherine Blackman and Rachel Haver played an excellent game. The game was hard fought, and it showed some of the prettiest playing that has been seen this year.

The line-up was as follows:

F. F.

- Betty HendricksC.F.
- M. V. BrabstonL.Q.
- CampbellL.W.
- V. BairdR.Q.
- Ruth NathanR.W.
- HamiltonL.H.
- E. PearsonC.H.
- RosaR.F.
- M. J. MacPhailL.F.
- E. RobbinsR.F.
- C. NathanG.

Tri-K

- Barbara HigginsC.F.
- Florence AbelsL.Q.
- Margie NorthrupL.W.
- Alice EllingsonR.Q.
- Katherine BlackmanR.W.
- Irene BrownL.H.
- Dorothea GilbertC.H.
- Rachel HaverR.H.
- Elizabeth FinchL.F.
- Bill JacksonR.F.
- Irene AdamsG.

Group III played Group II in the other semi-final match. Etherley, Durrett, Carson and Douglas played well for Group III, which won by a score of 10 to 1. Folk, Goodloe and Bryan did excellently well for the losers. The losers had a good defense.

GROUP III.

- DouglasC.F.
- WadeR.Q.
- E. SmithR.W.
- WherryL.Q.
- CarsonL.W.
- DurrettC.H.
- BarthellR.H.
- HayesL.H.
- EtherleyR.F.
- SimmonsL.F.
- EwingG.

GROUP II.

- GoodloeC.F.
- Judith FolkR.Q.
- BrandauR.W.
- PadgettL.Q.
- Wendell AustinL.W.
- BryanC.H.
- AkersR.H.
- CowanL.H.
- CayceR.F.
- Jane FolkL.F.
- SloanG.

The finals are Thursday morning between Group III and the Tri-K.

BIRTHDAY DINNER

The birthday dinner Tuesday night carried out the Thanksgiving idea in a very lovely manner. A large brass tray filled with fruits of all kinds formed the centerpiece. Brass baskets of nuts and crystallized ginger, vases of Japanese lantern flowers and footballs carried out the idea of the season very appropriately. The walls were decorated with bittersweets.

Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Benedict, Mrs. Solon Rose and Miss Irvin received the girls. Those present were: Ruth McColloch, Mary Elizabeth Pusch, Beverley Hamilton, Edith Toepel, Frances Boyles, Ann C. Johnston, Olive Logan, Mary Louise Neff, Judith Parker, Margaret Gables, Hilma Reed, Paulline McCullum, Foss O'Donnell, Viola Jay, Kathrine Cotton, Eugenia Mahan, Beatrice Friedman, Elizabeth Hargis and Dorothy Benton.

PERSONALS

Clara and Mary Jackson, Charlotte Claybrooke and Lolla Branch spent Saturday afternoon with Mrs. Thomson.

Dorothy White, Dorothy Sabin and Jean Wood went out Saturday afternoon with Miss Spaller.

Mary Buford, Virginia Sample, Rosa Moore and Mildred Newbern took dinner with Miss Pottock Saturday.

Betty Page and Sara Louise Bradford took dinner with Mrs. J. J. Todd and Mary, Saturday.

Patie Mary Dowlen took dinner with her aunt, Mrs. O. S. Dowlen, Saturday.

Marie Stallings spent Saturday afternoon with Mrs. Rains.

Anne Smith spent Sunday with her aunt, Mrs. L. D. West.

Katherine Tabb spent Sunday with Mrs. Taylor.

Jimsey Duncan and Elizabeth McLendon took dinner with Mrs. Shuman, Saturday.

Dorothy Schrer went out for lunch and the ball game with her mother, Saturday.

Carmen Barnes spent Saturday with her mother.

Ruth Silverstein, Helen Dudenbottle and Carrie Walton Hopkins spent Saturday afternoon with Mrs. Berkwitz.

Jean McDonell spent the week-end with her mother.

Norma Gruber spent the week-end with her mother.

Martha Lindsey spent Sunday afternoon with Mrs. Orr and Evelyn.

Mary Virginia Brabston spent Sunday afternoon with Mrs. Smith and Isabel.

Jimsey Duncan spent the day with Miss Addison of Scarritt College, Sunday.

Catherine Scruggs and Ruth Gill had dinner with Mr. A. B. Scruggs, Monday night.

Doris Nathan and Louise Dreyfus spent Sunday with Mrs. L. Franklin.

Helen Johnson spent Sunday and Sunday night with her grandmother.

Doris Yockum spent Sunday with Mrs. Mark Bradford.

Virginia Risinger, Nancy Pierce and Marian Burwell went out Sunday afternoon with Mrs. Bickley.

Dorothy Palmer spent the day Sunday with Mrs. Charles Caldwell.

Blossom Kleban spent Sunday afternoon with her aunt and brother.

EXCHANGES

Sandtonian—That column of yours called "Think" is a worthy feature.

Kangaroo—We were seized with curiosity to know whether the blot on your front page was there by accident or design, and why.

Trend—Yours is one of the newestest papers we receive on Exchange.

Virginia Intermont Cauldron—The drawing on the front page was very well done. W.-B.'s dreams are of the same variety.

Davidsonian—Very good!

The Alphan—We'd like to offer a reward for silencing some of the kids around here, too.

The Green and White—We think we remember complimenting you on the "Sieve" before, but to make it emphatic, we do so again.

Agonistic—We think it very fine to have a column of news of Day Students.

We also acknowledge the receipt of *Hi-Life*, *Conglomerate*, *High Times* and *The Northeast Courier*.

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Y NOTES

You are all going to be more interested in Sunday school when you learn that the Sunday School Council met Thursday and decided to let each class take turns at leading the opening morning exercises. This gives us all a chance to show the achievements and talent in our respective classes. Next Sunday the kindergarten class will be in charge. Although you won't have to wear socks and ties, you must be that age in spirit.

Mazie Blacksher from the Bible class led the opening service last Sunday. Those who don't come to Sunday school miss a treat when Polly Dawes, Catherine Scruggs, Joe Raynes, Grace Duprees and Evelyn Crossman play their violins. Very few Sunday schools can boast for such an array of violins in their orchestra.

The W-B girls are at the head of a new list now. Those in the scout troop will help with the scouts at the Peabody Demonstration School. Four girls will be in charge each month. When this is published there probably will be a rush for the faculty sitting room where these girls meet each Sunday.

The girls of Miss Van Hooser's Bible class are adopting children. Their babies are in the Junior League Hospital for crippled children. Mary Ellen Ford, Dorothy Gould and Beatrice Flowers have already been over to see what the children needed. It has been decided to conduct a story and game hour twice a month. Even if you don't know any stories you will be welcome in the little Y room, Sunday morning.

The Student Volunteer Conference will be held this year from December 28th to January 2nd in Detroit, Michigan. Four thousand students from colleges and universities all over America will meet to discuss the outstanding needs of the non-Christian world and what we students can do to meet these needs. From Ward-Belmont the lucky girls chosen by the Y cabinet are Valborg Ravn, Alice Macduff, Christine Cardwell and Mary Elinor Gilmore.

We had a fitting prelude to Miss Mary Ora Dunham's speech on the founding of Scarritt, in the poster last Sunday evening, in the poster done by Kate Boyd. Elizabeth Gwaltney, a pupil of Miss Boyer's, sang (she has an unusually sweet soprano voice), and then Miss Durham told us of the beginning of the beautiful college some of us saw the other Saturday. From now on when we see the tower of Scarritt, it will not be merely a lovely place of Gothic architecture, but it will mean to us, as it does to

those who go to Scarritt, the spirit of Belle Bennett towering above the common-place and lighting up dark places throughout the entire world.

**WARD-BELMONT AT
FIVE THIRTY, A.M.**

Nearly all the girls know what the school is like at five-thirty in the morning, but since we know there are a few who've never seen it before seven twenty-five, we'll attempt to describe it.

To begin: One's own alarm clock (the lusty variety) clangs and after the sudden shock is over one recovers enough to turn it off. She dashes, freezing, to close the window. About this time the alarm clock belonging to the girls next door goes off, and so on down the hall. If one looks out the window one sees only a sort of shroud of mist over everything on the campus, including the night watchman. The objects in one's room are still faint blurry shapes so one pulls the curtain, shutting out the dismal-looking campus and turns on one's hectic Woolworth-brand lamps. Presently after three or four attacks of the shivers one settles down to study, but no sooner has the process started than up pipes the roommate, sleepily inquiring the time. One possibly informs her. Why on earth doesn't she let one alone when one's studying? By this time one's powers of concentration (none too good at best) are shattered and, stretching lazily, one goes back to one's "downy couch" to join the blessed company of seven-thirty risers.

DEL VERS DOINGS

On club night a week ago the club house was filled with groups of chattering girls. With heads bent close together each group plotted and planned. What were they plotting? Plans for the coming year, of course. Plans for programs were discussed, and projects for improving the interior of the club house. Also there was mention of a dance! There are rumors of something very new and different to be staged then. We wonder what it is?

OSIRON OWLETS

We had the darlingest, most original program Wednesday night—a real dance with music and refreshments and just everything. Kitty's one in a hundred and we'll say she certainly can think up clever things for us to do.

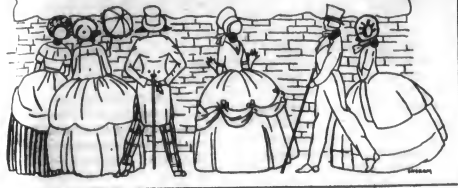
Our hockey days are over for this year, but before the girls leave the field let's give them a cheer for being such grand players and good sports right up to the end. May they pass that old Osiron spirit on to the team of '28!

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WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 16

Dr. Barton was so encouraging in chapel this morning that I'm not half so displeased with my "E's"—"spose I ought to be glad they weren't "F's." Well, since only ten per cent of the grades were below passing, I want to know my fellow sufferers.

As usual in this fair city, it rained calico puppies today, but that didn't interfere with club meeting tonight. And here my conscience had told me to study—that was the first I knew I had one.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 17

Gypsy Smith spoke in chapel today, and was I ever thrilled? His voice just melted off into space—it was so grand.

Broke down and tried to go to hygiene lecture this p.m., but due to Miss Sison's full house could not find room for my too-round little figure. Did see the skeleton fall for her, though, and that was worth standing for.

Mr. Hoyle 'n' I had a little session tonight—must be brushing up on the old game or I shan't be coming back with my worldly wealth increased after the holidays.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 18

Well, it may have been Ward-Belmont, but I have my doubts—maybe I'm pipe-dreaming, little diary, but I'm almost sure that there was some indulgence in the terpsichorean art up in Wreck tonight. But I couldn't get near enough to investigate very well—the affair being solely for those of lofty estate, the Seniors. For once I'm glad to be living in Founders—what I missed wasn't much. Who said anything about roof gardens?

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 19

Tea-roomed this p.m. to my shame or that of the lunch this noon. Worked off all the gain, yelling at the game, though.

The Kentucky dance tonight was darling—yes, I rated it for a change. Now I'll take my stick with me on the train when I go home even if I do amuse the old home town. Don't know whether it was the place, the hour, or the company, but something inspired me to compose poetry far into the night.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 20

Decided it was better for me to stay at home this Sunday, so begged off church. Almost wished I'd gone afterwards as the suppression of my youthful spirits while in Wreck were most disagreeable.

Broke down and improved my mind

this afternoon by reading *The Last Days of Pompeii*. Don't think said mind could endure much of such improvement. Had such an evil effect upon me that I didn't crack a book tonight.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 21

Think Miss Swift has forgotten my box number—haven't had a letter in a week. My teachers with their usual charming consideration, one and all elected today to call on me. But I just chuckled inwardly because I knew all the time they were just wasting breath.

All good little Ward-Belmont girls desiring entertainment will hike over to the Belmont theatre on Thursday afternoon to see "The Magic Garden"—if they've lost their minds sufficiently to miss the football game.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 22

Raced through today with much gusto, accomplishing even less than I thought I would, and all account of "Rymanning" tonight. Was glad I did decide to go after I found that the stay-at-homes had to hold forth in the study hall. And they even had the Ward-Belmont section roped off in our very own colors. Who says we don't rate? And it was worth going just to hear Dr Vance really, actually get up and recite the little ditty—

"Our eyes have met—

Our lips not yet—

Here's hoping!"

I fear his John Gilbert hair cut is misleading the good man.

Must fold up my little tent and silently steal away now.

ANTI PAN ANTICS

Talent! My dear, I never DID see so much TALENT in ONE place at ONE time. It makes me just FURIOUS to think ALL I can do is make a RACKET. But first Willie DELL Goldsmith sang and she ABSOLUTELY hit all the HIGH spots. Then Joan White gave the most TALENTED reading—just SWELL! And Emma JEAN Fisher can sure sing a MEAN fiddle! Then Polly McCOLLUM called for her little DOGGY the CUTest way. I mean I was positively embARRASSED 'cause I NEVER saw so MUCH genius, my DEAR!

"Pa, did you go to Sunday school when you were a boy?"

"Yes, my son. I always went to Sunday school."

"Well, Dad, I think I'll quit goin'—it ain't doing me no good either."

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KENTUCKY STATE GIVES DERBY DANCE

(Continued from page 1)

In this stand the orchestra jassed out "Horses," "Barney Google" and "My Old Kentucky Home."

After we had danced all twelve races—some of those dizzying waltzes with only the spotlights piercing here and there through the darkness made me feel "Oh, so Blue!"—there was a grand rush for the grand stand to view the "Special." Four graceful thoroughbreds in blue and white ballet costumes, Mary Bridgethorpe, Dorothy Gould, Emma Jean Fisher, and Mary Belle Fitch, led by Frances Petit as jockey, were welcomed and encored with great applause.

After the Special was a lull before the delighted storm of "Ohs" and "Ahs" at the appearance of the refreshments. Now food in itself is always a welcome sight, but food in the form of blue ice cream jockeys on white ice cream horses is beyond all expectation. If there was any moment when those in the balcony were most profoundly regretful it was when this charge of the Light Brigade went into the jaws of death.

When the last noble rider had galloped to his tragic death the grand march began—toward the horsehoe where the ballet dancers gave the favors. Never before have favors of this kind been given and with the originality of these swagger sticks—so much like riding crops—will remain the memory of a truly original dance.

All too soon "Home Sweet Home" blurred into the sleepy crashing of the drum, slower—slower—slower—slower—and that was all.

CLUB PRESIDENT SPEAKS AT CHAPEL

(Continued from page 1)

luncheon in their honor. Referring to this occasion Mrs. Susong said: "Since our lovely meeting here on the thirtieth of September, I feel that I never want to come to Nashville without seeing something of Ward-Belmont."

In concluding her talk, Mrs. Susong told of the interesting field which country newspaper work offers to the young women of today. It is interesting work, she declared, and it gives a splendid opportunity for service.

CHAPEL NOTES

Thursday, Nov. 17—"Gypsy" Smith gave us a most appealing talk and his pianist played a solo that we all enjoyed.

Friday, Nov. 18—Miss Irvin explained to us that if we were not contented with our school life and hadn't made proper adjustments it would be much better for us to talk it over with her.

Monday, Nov. 21—Miss Morrison made announcements about gym and dancing.

Tuesday, Nov. 22—More announcements.

Wednesday, Nov. 23—Mrs. Susong showed us by recounting her upward struggle in journalism that pep and personality can do everything—even "on credit, of course."

FALL HORSE SHOW SATURDAY

(Continued from page 1)

Mac Donnell, Ohio; 18. Frances O. Donnell, Texas; 20. Nancy Reynolds, Oklahoma; 22. Ruth Silverman, Illinois; 23. Alberta Stolz, Texas; 27. Faye Jassan, South Dakota.

CLASS FOUR—PARK RIDING IN COUPLES. Any type of horse. Must show three gaits. To be judged on riding and management of horses.

1. Virginia Baird, Alabama; 3. Margaret Chapman, Massachusetts; 4. Hulda Cheek, Tennessee; 5. Margaret Ellen Doty, Oregon; 6. Jimsey Duncan, Texas; 7. Helen Feller, Kansas; 9. Winifred Hagan, Florida; 11. Nathalie Hines, Florida; 15. Alice Kamrar, Iowa; 17. Mary Patricia McGowan, Washington; 19. Joan Palsky, Ohio; 21. Helen Scott, Texas; 24. Edith White, Nebraska; 26. Jean

OFFICIALS

Judges—Mrs. Herbert Wyatt, Mr. R. H. Hare, Mr. Joe E. Yowell.

Presentation of Awards—Dr. J. D. Blanton.

Chief of Events—Miss Emma L. Sisson.

Superintendent—Mr. John Early.
Riding Instructor—Miss Doris Cone, Wood, Virginia.

A. K. KOLUMN

At our meeting last Wednesday night a trip to Bellemeade was discussed and other business attended to. Then the meeting was turned over to Marguerite Rondel, who had charge of the entertainment for the evening. The program was an entertaining one given by the new girls for the old ones. A very amusing three-act tragedy, a skit and a reading were given which were very much enjoyed by all the members.

PENTA TAU PRATTLE

At the Penta Tau club meeting Wednesday before last, basketball and bowling were discussed by all, and it was found that many of the girls were looking forward to these sports with great pleasure; so it's hoping we are that the Penta Taus will make a good showing in winter athletics.

After business was over, the meeting became social, and since the card tables were so much in demand, the floor had to be used for both dancing and bridge. Everyone was thrilled over the lovely bon-bon dish we received from Gladys Feld, our guest of a few weeks ago, and we greatly appreciate the remembrance.

WEEK-END GUESTS

Ward-Belmont guests for week-end of Nov. 19th were:

Mr. and Mrs. D. D. McLarry, Dallas, Texas, visiting Peggy McLarry.

Mrs. J. W. Bowers, Troy, Ala., visiting Allie Bowers.

Mrs. W. L. Scharlos, Kansas City, Mo., visiting Ruth Scharlos.

Mr. and Mrs. O. M. Gilbert, Princeton, Ind., visiting Dorothea Gilbert.

Mrs. J. M. Gruber, St. Paul, Minn., visiting Norma Gruber.

WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

Volume XVII

NASHVILLE, TENN., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1927

Number 11

ALUMNAE-VARSITY HOCKEY GAME

Friday afternoon the alumnae played our varsity hockey team. Twenty-four girls were picked who were eligible for varsity positions. These girls took turns in playing against the varsity. No matter who the alumnae played, they kept them from doing anything. The score was 6 to 2 in favor of the alumnae. The varsity did not play very well, and besides that they were playing against some of the best players who have ever been in W. B. By the time the Peabody girls come over to play us, however, it is hoped that the varsity girls will have had enough practice to win easily.

The line-up was as follows:

Alumnae—Lambeth, c.f.; E. Jackson, r.f.; A. Wharton, l.g.; Orr, r.w.; Cone, l.w.; Hollinshed, c.h.; Culbert, r.h.; Warwick, l.h.; Farr, r.f.; Clark, l.f.; Bell, g.

Varsity—Higgins, Goodloe, c.f.; Wade, Douglas, r.g.; Hodgdon, Wherry, l.g.; E. Smith, Carson, r.w.; Blackman, Greene, l.w.; Durrett, Wood, c.h.; Douty, Barthell, r.h.; Havner, Ravn-Cavert, sub l.h.; Jackson, Chapman, r.f.; B. Smith, Robins, l.f.; Eatherly, Folk, g.

VOICE PUPILS ON WSM PROGRAM

Pupils of Miss Helen Todd Sloan, of the voice department, Ward-Belmont School of Music, were heard in the program broadcast by station WSM from 9:30 to 10:30 on the evening of November 17. Students who took part in the program were: Miss Ethel Brozhill, Lenora, N. C.; Mrs. Aileen Rauch, Athens, Ohio; Mrs. Hunter Leftwich, Nashville, Tenn.; Mrs. Sam Overbuch, Nashville, Tenn.; Miss Elizabeth Cleveland, Nashville; Mrs. Sam Schatlen, Nashville; Miss Nancy Baakerville, Gallatin; and Mr. Ralph Sifford Money, Nashville.

SCOUT BANQUET

A banquet will be given by the Girl Scouts of Ward-Belmont in the Tea Room, Friday, December 9, at 6:15 p.m.

The dinner will be followed by a short French play, prepared by the French classes of grades 5, 6, 7 and 8.

All Scouts, active or inactive, and persons interested in scouting, are welcome. Plates are \$1. The money must be in the hands of Katherine Waitt, member of the committee on arrangements, on Tuesday, December 6. The number of guests is limited, so please make your reservation promptly!

RUSSIAN COSSACK CHORUS APPEARS AT WARD-BELMONT

Few things can reflect the nature of a people as music does. Sergei Socoloff, with his remarkable Russian Cossack Chorus, created a more vivid mental picture of Russia through his program at Ward-Belmont Monday afternoon, than a long study of Russian literature could have produced. The deep Russian snows, the great, barren stretches of country, and a vague feeling of unrest seemed to have found their way into music through the sympathetic interpretations which the chorus gave. The virile Cossack battle songs, two humorous selections from Davidovsky, the love songs, the folk songs, the "Sentinel's Song" by Kunz; Tchaikovsky's "Legend of Christ" and "Prisoner's Escape" by Turenkoff, included in Socoloff's repertoire, offered his chorus a wide range for displaying its ability in the portrayal of greatly varied emotions.

Socoloff's arrangement of the Volga Boatman Song and his "Potpourri of Popular Russian Songs" were among the most delightful numbers. Warlamoff's "Snowstorm," a weird, plaintive love song, was well received and Moisseff's "Serenade," which was the opening number, emphasized the haunting sadness and gloom which characterized many of the selections. The swinging Cossack battle songs fitted, however, the popular conception of a Russian chorus.

As is usually the case, the chorus was at its best when singing its own songs, but the audience was delighted when it gave such things as "Smilin' Through," "Wild Irish Rose," "Swanee River" and "Dixie" for encores. Both "Dixie" and the "Swanee River" were better adapted to its style than the two former selections.

Sergei Socoloff is a gifted conductor. In appearance he is graceful and invariably at perfect ease, but every

moment he has under complete control that marvelous instrument which is his chorus. Few of even the great musical groups have that remarkable appearance of union which is presented by the Russian Cossack Chorus. The bass, if any part of the chorus could be judged separately, was outstanding in several numbers, but in others the soprano and other voices were equally beautiful. The entire group deserves special comment, for there is probably no more splendid collection of beautiful voices trained and directed with such perfection, before the public today.

Before touring the United States this chorus had made a successful tour of European cities, appearing in such places as Milan, Paris and Rome and also a tour of South and Central America. Socoloff was born in Moscow in 1888 and received his musical education in the Imperial Conservatorium of Moscow. He had completed his education and had given a series of successful concerts before the war broke out, but when this occurred he joined a Cossack regiment and it was not until 1920 that he took up his musical work again and organized this chorus. During their year's tour in Italy the chorus won three gold medals of the Royal Theatres and the diploma of Royal Conservatorium "Giuseppe Verdi" of Milan. In Spain they gave 150 concerts and the Queen of Spain personally congratulated Mr. Socoloff on the success of his chorus. Similar honors were accorded them in South America, Central America and now it has a like reception in North America.

The appearance of the Russian Cossack Chorus marks the second time during the fall term that Ward-Belmont has presented musicians of international importance to its student body.

HORSE SHOW CUP GOES TO X-L'S

Margaret Ellen Douty of Oregon won the W-B. horse show for the second time last Saturday afternoon. Her success gave the W-B. riding cup to the permanent possession of the X. L. Club. This cup was won by Mary Stuart Norton in the fall of 1926, by Margaret Ellen Douty in the spring of 1927 and the fall of 1927. As these two girls are X. L.'s, the cup goes to their club for having won it three times in succession.

The winners were as follows:
Class One, Three Gaited Horses—
First Place—Virginia Baird, Alabama.
Second Place—Alice Kamrar, Iowa.
Third Place—Helen Feller, Kansas.

Class Two, Five Gaited Horses—

First Place—Margaret Ellen Douty, Oklahoma.

Second Place—Edith White, Nebraska.

Third Place—Jimsey Duncan, Tex.

Class Three, Beginners—

First Place—Eunice Brook, Oklahoma.

Second Place—Alberta Stolz, Texas.

Third Place—Frances O'Donnell, Ohio.

Class Four, Park Riding in Couples—

First Place—Margaret Ellen Douty, Oklahoma, and Mary Pat. McGowan, Washington.

Second Place—Alice Kamrar, Iowa, and Winifred Hagan, Florida.

Third Place—Edith White, Nebraska, and Jimsey Duncan, Texas.

DAY STUDENTS ARE HOCKEY CHAMPIONS

Thanksgiving morning at 10:00 o'clock Group III of the Day Students crushed the hopes of the Tri-K's, 11 to 2. In spite of the fact that the Tri-K's had several times stated the certainty of their winning the championship, and in spite of the fact that practically all the boarders and spectators were for the Tri-K's, the Day Students were not down-hearted but went into the game determined to win and show what they were capable of doing.

For the first few minutes, neither team could get away. Then the Tri-K's broke through to make the first goal. Then the Day Students woke up and fought even harder than before. At the end of the first half, the score was 4 to 2 in favor of the Day Students. After the first five or ten minutes of the second half, it seemed almost certain that Group III would win. The Tri-K's were never able to get away in the last half of the game, and the Day Students added seven goals to their score.

The game showed some nice playing on both teams. In spite of the score the game was hard-fought every single minute. Eugenia Smith, by Carson, K. D. Durrett, Dibble Barthell, Eatherly and Blanche Smith played well. (Continued on page 8)

VANDY-SEWANE FOOTBALL GAME

Vandy's right!

Sewane's right!

Yea, Vandy!

Hold 'em, Sewane!

These were the rousing shrieks and cheering cries heard all over the fair city. And we were ushered into our private gate and sat so near the side lines that we were worn out before the first quarter, dashing up and down the old green.

The band and yells gave pep to the cloudy, mildeewing day, but with the old fighting determination Vandy stayed right in there. Fortunately the scrub team was there to keep the boys from getting muddied. But that did not help us; and lest we have our complexions erased we hastily departed with the satisfaction of Vandy's victory.

RECENT GUESTS

Among the recent guests at Ward-Belmont were: Mrs. Herbert Allis (nee Mary Buchanan) and Mrs. Alfred Burr (Hazel Wilson), of Little Rock, Ark.; Mrs. Cockrill (Anna Jane Morgan), of Union City; Mrs. Delmo Didie (Fay Young), of Johnson City; Misses Margaret Phillips and Mary Virginia Huff, of Louisville, Ky., and Miss Alice Carr, of Indiana.



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NOVEMBER

A meeting of all the Y members was held last Sunday morning. This was planned primarily to acquaint each member with the work that the Y is doing. Each member of the cabinet gave a report of her work. The important business item brought up concerned the proposed visit the last of March or the first of April of Sir Wilfred Grenfell, noted missionary doctor. Dr. Grenfell was knighted for his services as a missionary doctor and has spent much of his life in Labrador. He has lectured extensively in connection with this work. The Y members have decided to sponsor his visit to Nashville and further plans are being made for his coming.

Most of you have read *Daddy-Long-Legs*, or some form of a Little Orphan Annie. But have you ever wondered if all of the story could really be true? A few miles from Ward-Belmont eighty-one little Annies and Dannies are living in a big, gloomy-looking gray, stone building. The Protestant Orphanage holds more tales of tragedy, more pity, sorrow, hope, and hopelessness than seems possible for one place to hold in this day of prosperity. On Thanksgiving Day the Y social service committee, Miss Van Hooser and our reporter, with baskets full of clothes that you girls had donated, started on one of the most touching little journeys that many of us had ever experienced. Of course we were admitted to the parlors by the matrons. Two or three of us managed to slip back to the porch, and talk to a little golden-headed child of seven or eight. We were just warming up to a willing little conversationalist when a shout from the side of the house brought a perfect whirlwind of humanity out of the doors and down the walk toward the slowly advancing figure of a man. Out into the road they swarmed, around his neck, clutching his arms, and for the tiny ones—a knee, a trouser leg—or anything within reach—just to touch him—and welcome him. We stood there stupefied and waited until he came within a speaking distance. He looked at someone within, and asked if the turkeys had arrived. It seemed as tho at least a hundred strong young voices shouted "yes." After the excitement had subsided to some extent, we quizzed our little acquaintance. He told us that "he" was Mr. King, that "he" loved them. We were not fortunate enough to meet Mr. King individually, but we saw quite enough at a distance to decide definitely that we were really gazing at another "Daddy-Long-Legs." Story-books come to life, and yet so much more than story-books can reveal—is alive with the rest.

The other homes that were visited included the Florence Crittenden Home, the Fanny Battle Day Nursery, and The Old Ladies Home. A small volume could be easily written on each visit; the eagerness with which they welcomed us, the kinds of Thanksgivings that each home was celebrating and the stories behind the hundreds of faces that we looked into.

The "little" cabinet of the Y is going to entertain the "big" cabinet next Sunday evening. (The "little" cabinet) is composed of the immediate Y chairman; the "big" cabinet is made up of all the committees of the Y. The entertainment which will be very informal will be at one of the club-houses.

Miss Van Hooser's Bible Class sent a Thanksgiving gift to the Junior League's Home for Crippled Children. A list arrived last Sunday of the children being taken care of there. Each of these little children has been adopted by two in the Bible Class. The Game and Story hour that has been planned will begin this week.

Mary Elinore Gilmore, Lucille Michaels, Irene Brown, Betty Jane McNutt and Louise Butler are to have charge of the Girls' Scout group at Peabody Demonstration School this month. The scouts are from the age of ten to thirteen. Each Ward-Belmont girl is to have one patrol. An inter-patrol contest has been started. A large chart will keep track of, and compare the respective attendance, tests, recreations, etc., of each patrol. It will be interesting to see whose patrol comes out ahead.

Services for Sunday school last Sunday were under the direction of Mary Bridgforth and Frieda Abercrombie. Next Sunday the Primary group will take charge. The following and last Sunday before Christmas (!) the Kindergarten group will show us how Sunday school should be conducted.

Joe Longfellow played the organ prelude for Vespers Sunday evening. Immediately preceding Dr. Pugh's talk, Willie Dell Goldsmith sang, "My Divine Redeemer," by Gounod. In the absence of our president, Mary Elinor Gilmore, the vice-president of the Katharine Tabb presided.

Melba Johnson our Vesper program chairman has a welcome announcement to make. We are to have something new at Vespers Sunday evening in the form of a movie, *The Prince of Peace* is the dramatization of the life of Christ.

OSIRON OWLETS

We can now boast that we are the only club on the campus with a sure-enough *Club Mother*, incorporated in the constitution "in everything." And such an adorable mother—Mrs Jeter, of course! As everyone knows, she is so much like a real mother to us that we just had to make her one in name as well as in deed.

We're holding a weenie roast on Wednesday evening in Mrs. Jeter's honor and to celebrate our new addition to the club's executive body. We certainly consider ourselves the luckiest things on the campus with our darling Mrs. Jeter as our club mother.

THE OBSERVER

We are proud of the new sport which has originated on second floor, Pembroke. Every night a football game is held between the two ends of the hall. Marguerite Rondel and Marion Blackman, the two captains, report that they will be glad to play an exhibition game in chapel any morning.

Eleanor Robbins' table seemed truly Puritanical Thanksgiving evening. They had almost as much PEP as Virginia Baird had for the F.F.-Tri-K game. And didn't you kind of wonder how many states Margie was born in?

Rip Van Winkle had nothing on poor Dibby Barthol in English class the other day. "Sleep, that knits the raveled sleeve of care" lulled her to bliss in the arms of Morpheus. (Ain't that party?)

We wish to explain why all the people within ten miles of Ward-Belmont suffered from lack of sleep the other night. The mice in Fidelity had a delightful coming out party in which they enjoyed several vocal solos by the petrified inmates.

One of the boatmen from the Volga caused a huge sensation by his athletic eyebrows and fetching warbling. Did you by any chance know what that meant in English?

Three cheers! Dr. Hollingshead is back! And to celebrate it open-house was held in the Chem. Lab. last Sunday afternoon.

WHO'S WHO

"Girls, please hurry! Shhhhh!" are not the words which fall on the listening ear as gentle dew on thirsting flowers. In fact anyone has to have "that little something" to get by with it. Dorothy Jones, yecept "Dot" by friends and crushes, does this so that everyone finds her easy to love, honor and obey. It seems impossible that such an unbrawny person (though she did make baseball varseity) could sway the masses chapelward with such success. But a chapel proctor is not a chapel proctor 24 hrs. a day and it is in those other 23 1/2 hrs. that we value Dot more highly than ever. We can gaze at that *suell* looking profile, laugh with that *Pepodent* smile, and even talk sense with her. Sometimes Dot puts on glasses and as if by magic, French pops out every pore, and "psych," English and all the rest are given out by the yard in every class. She's only a chapel proctor but she knows her minors and majors for when her looks say "Ain't from Missouri" you sure have to *prove it to her* that you were not reading your mail in chapel.

Last year the T. C.'s boasted of an almost unprecedented officer—a Senior Middle as vice-president of their club. But not only the T. C.'s were proud of Frances O'Donnell, but we all were, for she was the Senior Middle class

treasurer. We all learned to share in her wonderful personality and at the end of the year we rewarded her with the office of second vice-president of Council. Don's fun-loving, friend-loving, truth-loving self has become more and more popular with all of us as we get to know her better and better. And now she is editor-in-chief of the *Milestone*, and is possessed with an honor pleasant to hold and pleasant to look back on in later years. She can fill that office in a way that will give us a bigger, better, and more beautiful annual than ever. We also expect great things of Don in her dramatic work. Those of us who have been in expression class with her or have seen her in plays have somehow caught a bit of the significance of the light in her eyes that sees through and beyond the material things into the land of beauty. We know she will succeed in her dramatic work—and, for that matter, in everything she attempts.

Blackman has only been here three years but her presence is as truly a part of our stage setting as the night watchman. But she is more than that, for her role in our school life is an important one. "Kat" is among other things the general proctor. Last year Blackman had already attained prominence worthy of "Who's Who," for in the first place she was president of the Athletic Association and in the second place she had a table (which absolutely guaranteed to be the first one through Saturday night). Living up to what was expected of her athletic ability she added her presence to varsity hockey squad and the school champion basketball team. She has now shown her versatility even more than ever by being elected on the staff of the *Milestone*. And everyone knows Blackman, and knowing her of course means liking her. "Kat's" personality is hard to put down in black and white, however much she does love the dear ole Tri-K colors. But we can't keep on forever, so luv, y'know we luv ev'buddy but you're one of the luvnest things we are of.

PRIZES FOR COLLEGE STUDENTS

Three Awards of \$100, \$65 and \$35 Offered for Papers on Race Relations

The Commission on Interracial Cooperation, with headquarters in Atlanta, Ga., announces the offer of three cash prizes of \$100, \$65, and \$35 respectively for the best papers on the subject of race relations submitted by students of Southern colleges during the present school year. According to the announcement, contestants will be free to choose any phase of the subject, but other things being equal preference will be given to practical discussions of prevalent conditions and attitudes, with suggestions for their improvement. Further information as to the contest, together with suggestions as to topics and sources, may be had from R. B. Eleazer, Educational Director, 409 Palmer Building, Atlanta, Ga.

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Application for second-class entry pending.

EDITORIAL

Since there are only twelve days until vacation, many of us are likely to drift along until then without accomplishing anything. We may think that the work of those few intervening days will not count very much anyway and that we can make our work up after Christmas.

But let us not become so excited over the prospects of going home that we entirely forget that the time must come when we shall have to come back and that there are semester examinations in which some studying now will help a great deal. There will be little enough time then to review the lessons we've studied before without having to cope with the added burden of entirely new lessons.

If we do give our best to our studies now, we shall be able to go home and enjoy our vacations with clear conscience. But if we fail to do so, even though we do not believe it now, the pleasures of our vacations will be decreased.

So let us strive to make the next twelve days really count and thereby be able to enjoy our holidays to the full.

Christmas time always brings thoughts of charity. And with most of us it takes Christmas to make us charitable. On Thanksgiving morning we were asked to make donations of clothes and money, and it was not until Sunday morning, when the committee explained in the Y.W.C.A. meeting where they distributed those things, that I realized what a great good a little gift can do in some people's lives. We were told of the children in the Orphan's Home, the inmates of the Florence Crittenden Home, the Old Ladies' Home and the day nursery.

There are only a few more days left before we go home for vacation and a gay time. Let us not forget others in our happiness, but instead, because we are fortunate, strive to bring some good into others' lives. When a chance comes to help some one, we can do it and make every day one of charity instead of just the holidays.

MISS BOYER'S PUPILS
GIVE SONG RECITAL

Pupils of Miss Boyer appeared in an interesting program of songs on November 21. The singers showed surprising poise and many of them sang with unusual beauty of tone and expression. The following program was presented:

By the Bend of the River.....	Edwarda Kate Parker
In a Year.....	Boim Eleanor Meek
Come to the Garden.....	Salter Helen Searcy
Elegie.....	Massenet Robin's Song.....
White Marian Lewis	
Flower Girl.....	Bevignani Eleanor Gray
My Joy.....	Gaines Mac Fayden
Elizabeth Gwalney	
Orpheus With His Lute.....	Sullivan Edwina Kennard
Little Moon.....	Glen Willie Dell Goldsmith
Gaily Chant the Birds.....	Pinna Little Star.....
La Forge Robin's Song.....	Anna Case Barbara Blackman
Last Song.....	Tosti Black-bird Keep Singing.....
Harris Allie Brown Clark	
Lovetide of Spring.....	Glazynoff Mary Belle Johnson
My Garden.....	Denamore Frances Burgess
Waltz Song.....	Ricci Rebecca Maxwell
Non so pin cosa son.....	Mozart Pearle Harper
Mi chiamano Mim.....	Puccini Florence Abels

TWO-PIANO RECITAL
A GREAT SUCCESS

Tuesday night Ward-Belmont school gave music lovers the privilege of hearing two members of the piano faculty, Miss Louise Best and Mrs. Kenneth Rose, in a unique recital at two pianos. This is the first time that a two piano recital has been given in Nashville and many members of the audience expressed the hope that it will not be the last.

Miss Best and Mrs. Rose have a large and enthusiastic following in the city and a large group of musicians were assembled to hear their program.

The Schumann Andante and Variations opened the program and was played with beautiful tone and repose. The biggest number on the program and, perhaps the best played, was the "Fantasia and Fugue" by Bach. The Fantasia is broad and massive and the Fugue quite intricate. This number was given in true classia style and was most effective.

The second group opened with a charming romance by Arensky, followed by a valse by the same composer and closing with the familiar "Danse Macabre" by Saint-Saëns. This last named composition was originally written for orchestra and its orchestral effect produced by the two pianos was remarkable.

The concluding group opened with

a quaint Impromptu by Schuett, played with grace and charm. It was followed by a jazz study by Edward Burlingame Hill and the final number on the program was the brilliant orchestral composition "Espans" by Chabrier.

The audience was an unusually appreciative one and during the performance several handsome floral gifts were presented to Miss Best and Mrs. Rose.

PIANO RECITAL
BY MISS THUSS

Miss Clemence Thuss, who for the two past years has been studying in New York, will appear in recital Saturday afternoon, December 3, at five o'clock in Miss Blythe's studio. The program has been arranged by Mrs. Estelle Roy-Schmitz, of the Ward-Belmont School of Music, under whom Miss Thuss studied for seven years. The guests will include members of the music faculty of Ward-Belmont, members of the Musical Alumnae Club and members of Mrs. Roy-Schmitz's classes.

Miss Thuss has studied since graduating at Ward-Belmont, under Mr. Herzog, at the Institute of Musical Art, New York. On December 15, she is to appear in a program for the Music Study Club in Birmingham, Ala.

The program for Saturday afternoon will be as follows:
Prelude (English Suite in A Minor)
..... Bach
Rhapsody Op. 79 No. I..... Brahms
Vienna Dance No. II.....
..... Friedman-Gartner
Nocturne Op. 15 No. II..... Chopin
Hopak..... Movssorovsky-Rachmanoff
Ballade G Minor..... Chopin

TRI K KUMBACKS

"What's all the excitement about?" "It's the Tri K dance Saturday night, didn't you know? It's going to be different—delicious and refreshing like Coca-Cola! Margaret Paine knows how to plan and do cute things and this dance is the peak in her achievements. I'm so excited over going—I'm dreadfully sorry everyone can't go, but I suppose the food is exhaustive. You know, I heard that the favors were going to be snappy. I almost overheard Gilby and Northorp talking to Miss Morrison, they were smiling, so I knew they must feel elated over something. The wind blew a few words into my ears.

"We have lost hockey to group three, but did you notice that there were twice as many Tri K's out of the swimming meet as all the others put together?"

We may be down, but we are never out.

Ye, ye, Tri K!!!

PENTA TAU PRATTLE

The Penta Tau Club entertained last Friday with a tea from five to six in honor of Blanche Motley, a graduate of Ward-Belmont and president of the class of '27. Flowers from Senior Hall were contributed for the

occasion, and the house was made as festive as possible to express our pleasure. All the old members learned to love Blanche last year, and as for the new girls, well—Blanche left with even more scalps in her belt! We certainly hope Blanche will make another visit to Ward-Belmont soon, and thus to the Penta Taus.

CHAPEL NOTES

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 25

Dr. Barton announced that the Russian Cossack Chorus would sing here Monday. Miss Morrison made some regular announcements.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 28

Dr. Barton announced that we would soon be signing home-going blanks.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 29.

The candidates for the Milestones staff were submitted for the student body to vote on.

T. C. CHATTER

The night before Thanksgiving—some of us were happy and thrilled at prospect of being with our folks again. Others felt mighty homesick and were sadly in need of cheering up. The new girls must have foreseen all this, for they put on a delightful musical program. Jimsey Duncan played two violin numbers, and "Bug" Lewis sang. We enjoyed it so much, and the time passed so quickly that we didn't even hear ye olde faithful bell peal forth.

DEL VERS DOINGS

Hockey is over for the year, but before we put it entirely aside, we must not neglect to show the team how much we appreciate the splendid fighting spirit they have shown in all their games and let them know that we are proud of them. At club we gave them a very hearty cheer to try and tell them our feelings on the matter.

In the club house at the regular meeting there were present some very unusual personages, and things, from a villain to a spreading chestnut tree. Carolyn Patterson, as master of ceremonies, directed the actors, and when they had all gathered she informed them of the title of the play. It was "The Gathering of the Nuts!"

THAT "PSYCH" QUIZ

After searching frantically for twenty minutes in drawers, behind the dresser, under the bed, and in the closet for scattered notes, text book, pen, ink, etc., I begin to collect my thoughts and begin to review for that "psych" quiz which comes off first period next A.M. I get in bed, propped up by pillows all around me, and just get settled when Heles comes in to borrow the can opener. I don't know exactly where it is and arise begrudgingly and rummages through all the drawers again; the search is in vain—then I happen to remember the head-monitor borrowed it.

Well, that's that! And I get back to studying. The roomie returns from dancing in the gym and has just received a "special" from the one. Of course I must listen to every word of it along with three hundred private opinions on her part. After that spasm dies down, suite-mate casually strolls in and asks what the "psych" lesson is. I break the news that it's a quiz, which brings a casual reply, "I thought as much." Again I take up my book. "There is no psychosis without its corresponding neurosis," it is as far as I get when roomie playfully announces we're going to have a feed. I hesitate—"A D in 'psych' versus FOOD!" The latter, of course, wins out and I join in the indoor sport of opening cans.

Light bell rings suddenly and I trip gaily for the door to set my trusty alarm for 8:30.

CAROL'S LETTERS

Sunday.

My Dearest Carol:—

Stay at home Sunday, today. Church out here, and tea in the club house.

As usual Vanderbilt tramped all over Sewanee in the Thanksgiving game. Glad I didn't go coz the W-B. girls had to leave when we started to rain. I can just see them furnishing entertainment for the crowd.

You should have seen the exciting hockey game we had here the other day between the alumnae and the varsity. The old grads are certainly flocking back. I guess distance lends enchantment, and they loved all of us old girls so much that they could not bear not seeing us again.

Well, everybody managed to rate going out or something Thanksgiving except me. I trooped over to the Belmont theatre. Mighty cute theatre, but a dumb picture. We had a splendid dinner Thanksgiving night with orchestra and everything. I almost turned into an elevator getting up and down when they played "Yankee Doodle" and various other northern melodies. Some of the girls got real cute and thought they were cutting up big by requesting their special numbers which they proceeded to tap out on their water glasses. In spite of the fact that I had seen "The Quarterback," which they showed Thanksgiving night, I went again and whooped as loudly as the rest of the audience.

Well, that's the recital of my week's schedule. Hope you didn't forget on the Thanksgiving turkey.

Love, as ever,
"Pinkie."

DEATH OF MRS. JELKS

Mrs. R. Rukin Jelks (formerly Della Jeffries, Ward-Belmont class of '21) died November 7, 1927, at her home in Tuscon, Ark., leaving a little son only two weeks old. Perhaps the loveliest tribute paid her is the following which Mrs. John B. Jacobs (Margaret Moore, also of the class of '21) has made in a letter to The Hyphen:

"Della and I were both in the Senior Class of '21 and were good

friends all through our Ward-Belmont days together. Della was president of the Student Council all her senior year, was 'George Washington' at the annual Washington Birthday dinner, was 'May Queen' and had lots more of the highest honors Ward-Belmont can bestow.

"She was a wonderful girl—beautiful, capable and popular with every one. . . She leaves behind her a dear little son just two weeks old, her husband and many relatives and friends who loved her and will miss her."

WEDDINGS

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Benton of Greeley, Colo., have announced the marriage of their daughter, Mildred, to Mr. Frank Martin Walek. The ceremony took place on Tuesday, November 15, 1927, and the bride and groom will be at home at Waipahu, Honolulu. Mrs. Walek graduated from Ward-Belmont in 1924.

Mrs. Joseph Bruce Tillman extended invitations to the marriage of her daughter, Evelyn Joe, to Mr. Arthur Duncan Malloy, which took place Wednesday, November 30, at the First Baptist church of Quitman, Ga. Mrs. Malloy attended Ward-Belmont 1924-1926.

The marriage of Louise Elizabeth Wells to Mr. Lee C. Hull took place on Saturday, April 30, 1927. Mrs. Hull was at Ward-Belmont.

Mr. and Mrs. Hiram Eugene Todd have announced the marriage of their daughter, Sara Gerard (1923-1924), to Mr. William Edgar Connell, on April 23, 1927. The marriage occurred at the bride's home, Peoria, Ill.

The marriage of Mary Kathryn Mobley to Mr. Donovan Boyd Daniels, which took place in New York City, September 8, 1927, has been announced by the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas E. Mobley. Mrs. Daniels graduated from Ward-Belmont in 1924.

Invitations to the marriage of Irma Lois Whaley to Mr. Mila Radus French, which occurred on Saturday, November 19th, at Ozark, Alabama, were received at Ward-Belmont.

Mr. and Mrs. Tony Sudekum of Nashville, Tenn., recently extended invitations to the marriage of their daughter, Viola, to Mr. Robert Elmer Baulch, which took place on Wednesday, November 9th. Mrs. Baulch attended Ward-Belmont 1920-1924.

Invitations to the marriage of Jean Irene Richardson to Mr. Horace Ely McKnight, which took place in Detroit, Michigan, on Tuesday, October 11, were extended by the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Hedley Vicars Richardson. Mrs. McKnight graduated from Ward-Belmont in 1925.

THANK YOU!

Dear Editor:

I had a perfect orgy the other day all by myself. It was when the mail brought me that big bundle of Hyphens. Though there are few names which are familiar, Ward-Belmont still is dear to me and it was with

deepest interest that I read all the news items.

"Peanuts" were not known when I was a student in 1914-15 and there are many other innovations—all so truly carrying out the spirit of Ward-Belmont.

Please accept my congratulations and best wishes for yourself and the Hyphen staff. If you have as much pleasure preparing the weekly copy as we used to have I could wish you nothing more. You are putting out a splendid paper, which I am always glad to pass on.

Most cordially yours,
LAURNEANNE M. ROYER, '15.
"The Mansa,"
204 West Park Street,
Franklin, Pa.

THE MOVIE OF LIFE

A great many people who could smile with the heart smile only with the lips.

Heart smiling means to put the quarter in the lame man's cup that you had intended paying to the ticket seller of the moving picture show. Tomorrow the poor man may be dead, but you, if you are still here breathing the fresh air and exalting in the fragrance of the flowers, can go to the show. Anyway you will just have been to a show though you may not have realized it.

Did you ever note the glow of real appreciation that fell across the lame man's face when your quarter jingled into his cup? It was the real thing contrasted with a movie scene. If you are a real photographer, a photographer of human emotions, you could not fail to see his look of brotherly love, and know something of the joy radiating in his heart as he thought, "Another pencil sold, and for a quarter. Now baby Mary can have the little tea cake with the pink frosting she wanted so much the other day."

You have cheered his heart, given him a new grip on life, and the rest of the day he faces his task of supplying food and warm clothing for the three orphan children his dear dead sister left with him, with a song on his countenance, the song of hope.

As Christmas draws near, let us realize that the greatest thing in the world is the movie of life. Why miss so many episodes?

X. L. TATTLE

Speaking of food, a most delicious picnic was held out on the "private picnic grounds" with the Tri K's, Wednesday evening.

After eating to our capacity, we all gathered around a huge bonfire, and sang songs and gave yells.

And Geel! what a pleasure it was to have our former president, Bill Clark, back with us for a while!

FACULTY JOKES

Mrs. Schmitz:
Optimist—"I can see good in anything."
The Other Fellow—"Can you see good in a movie theater when you first go in?"

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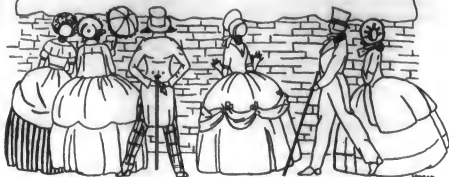
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The Diary of Mistress Belle Ward



WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 23

This has been one grand and glorious day! My fond family responded nobly to the holiday spirit by coming forth with a huge box of sustenance for their only che-ild. I don't deem it necessary to enumerate the articles in said box, but they were the kind that are appreciated most in this female seminary.

The chapel speaker this morning was so interesting that I've decided to chuck home, etc., and be an editor. Page a newspaper and I'll be ready for action.

As I was "cordially invited and expected to come to chapel tonight," I responded dutifully and joined the rest of the six hundred. To my grief a rat did likewise and I would be in his immediate vicinity. And my lungs aren't the gentle maidenly type. Did enjoy the plays in spite of such little difficulties though, because we got to stay up until eleven o'clock. And even if I did nearly drooze off it was the principle of the thing that I appreciated.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 24

Was just too thrilled to have the Dr. Hill as speaker at the Thanksgiving service. Did dedicate my choice package of hairpins, my favorite tooth paste and my last quarter to the "Y" fund. And by the expressions on the committees' faces, I just knew they didn't understand the nobility of such sacrifices.

Witnessed the hockey game in spite of wind and weather and wasn't pleased a-tall with the results, though the Day Students did play a good game. We boarders have to stick together.

If there's been a single second today when I haven't been eating, it's because I've been unconscious. Praise Allah, holidays don't come every day, or I'd be nothing short of a six-layered barn by Christmas—if barns come by layers. Even all that super-consumption didn't cramp my appetite for the Puritan dinner though. I was still able to do my part to make it a full success.

Now if Richard Dix had tried to play "The Quarterback" when he was in his late twenties or early thirties, my imagination might have made him a college freshman. But the increase in years hasn't diminished his avoirdupois any and all the sylph gum in the world won't give him that school-boy figure.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 25

I can't seem to realize the importance of my various studies today. Sauntered out to the alumnae-varsity hockey game this p.m. and it's the best I've seen—even if one of the alumnae did see to catch the ball in her hand when all the time she knew she shouldn't.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 26

Went to the horse show this p.m. solely for enlightenment, but every winner I chose didn't even place. Can't figure out whether the errors were the judges' or mine now. Well, if I had won that cup I wouldn't have been bashful about showing it off.

Took in the weekly movie tonight. It seemed to be the thing to do, considering that I only had nineteen cents and had to borrow a penny even to stay at home and enjoy myself.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 27

Dr. Pugh spoke this morning and I never have had such a riotous time in church before. Methinks I heard his manly voice in the dining room afterwards—six hundred women don't phase him as it does some of our masculine guests. Guess the "Y" couldn't part with him because he was here to vespers, too. And everybody just laughed and laughed when he told about the man who cut his wife's head off. But I didn't because I knew all the time that he'd just gotten it twisted. Nine rahs for the fair sex.

These club house teas will get me down—in everything except weight. I ate everything I could catch and even carried some home in my pockets. Oh, I'm learning. But I was a little disconcerted when a quadruped rodent of unimaginable size perched on my window sill and calmly helped himself to my stolen treasure. And all the time I shivered because I was afraid to call Mrs. Hall for fear she'd see the food. Speaking of hectic nights—

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 28

Guess Dr. Barton hasn't had as big a thrill in a long time as he had over our grades. Anyway, he's still talking. But something tells me things aren't so rosy if we have to stay in until Christmas just on the strength of those marks.

Galloped over to chapel this p.m. to another little "expected to attend" function, and received a pleasant surprise. Didn't just get the idea of the leader's disappearing from the scene after each song. Did regret that Ward-Belmont couldn't have had a screen for him to retire to, since he insisted upon doing it.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 29

Received my fourth slip from Mrs. Armstrong today, so decided that maybe she really wanted to see me and wasn't just kidding after all. And it was all over one little tardiness—I was so disappointed. But that didn't help me to explain why I was late to Miss Gunn's class.

Began my pre-holiday diet and night passed away from sheer mental exhaustion, due to the heated arguments I had with myself over the necessities for decreasing my avoidups. But when I think how trivial the nourishment I take now will seem in a fortnight, I just keep right on being hungry.

Which all reminds me that it's only "Sixteen days till vacation,

Till I go down to the station—
Back to civilization.

The train will carry me there."
Whoopie!

THE FUTILITY OF CRAMMING FOR EXAMS

One night as I sat in my room vainly trying to concentrate my thoughts on my history so that I would be prepared to pass a test on the following day, a very peculiar thing happened. All of a sudden I seemed to be looking through the pages of my book into a room. The walls were covered with bright colored pennants from different colleges. There were pictures on the wall and a varied assortment of pillows on the beds and floor. In one corner of the room was a trunk but one would hardly recognize it as such. It was more like a picture gallery for it was covered with photographs of every description. On the chairs and beds, clothes had been flung carelessly. A pair of riding boots were in the middle of the floor just where every one that came in stumbled awkwardly over them. And there were books everywhere, on the desk, beds and floor; all kinds of school books, novels and magazines. A girl sat at the desk, her eyes glued to a history book. She looked strangely familiar. In fact she looked so much like me, that I crept near her, and listened closely to those strange things she was mumbling to herself.

"Now let me see if I can remember what I have read," she said listlessly. "Chaucer discovered America in the early part of the twentieth century. Washington, D. C. was admitted into the Union in 1776." Then she became more animated. "I wonder who'll win that football game tomorrow." Then in a rather hopeless tone she said, "Oh, goodness, where was the Boston Tea party? I wonder if Miss Jacobs will ask us to outline the Constitution. I don't see why I don't get the 'special' Jack said he'd write. Whew, this history's hard. Bet I don't pass it. I wish I had come up and studied instead of going swimming this afternoon. I'm glad I've studied my English. Oh, I almost forgot. Latin comes tomorrow, too. Oh, I don't care. I'm tired of studying. I guess I'll see what the bunch is doing."

She jumped up and ran out, so I followed her. Just as we reached

Middle March, Miss Harmon, hand-in-hand with Julius came rushing in. They went over to see about their mall and then started up to "Rec Hall." They seemed in such a hurry that we followed them to what was going on. They were evidently having a party in the old building, for an orchestra was playing and all was laughter and gaiety. A familiar figure came down the hall draped in a lavish costume of Chaucer's time. This was none other than our dignified Miss Pugh, dancing an Elizabethan jig with John Wycliff. "Goodness," thought I, "what is this world coming to?" Suddenly there arose a great clamor at the other end of the hall and Paul Revere came dashing madly in, waving a California State flag above his head and crying, "Give me liberty or give me death." All of a sudden everyone began to scream and run. I looked around and saw Miss Pollock, the Physiology teacher, dancing with a huge skeleton. She seemed to enjoy the dance so that the others soon overcame their fear and resumed their dancing. I saw Miss French in one corner of the room spiritedly dancing the "Indiana Hop" with a beetle that had increased unbelievably in size since I studied my Biology lesson. I shivered at the sight of the terrible bug and backed off toward a corner where a couple sat engrossed in conversation, oblivious to what was going on around them. I crept nearer to see who they were and what they were so interested in, only to find that it was Mrs. Hollingshed dutifully trying to teach the twenty-third psalm to Miss Morrison, who persisted in watching Mrs. Boser violently dancing the Black Bottom.

Finally Mrs. Hollingshed, growing discouraged threw down her books and she and Miss Morrison dashed over to join the group that had gathered around the piano singing "The Bells of Ward-Belmont." "Very appropriate at least," I thought. But suddenly I came to the realization that it was all a dream, for my roommate was shaking me and asking why on earth I was sleeping at the desk. The history book had clattered to the floor, and as I stooped to pick it up I groaned loudly for every bone and muscle in my body seemed to rebel against any kind of movement, my neck and arms were stiff and sore. I had spent the night at my desk! No wonder I had such dreams! "Well," I thought, as I got up and began clumsily to dress for breakfast, "Such is life, guess I'll flunk that exam."

SPORTS NOTES

Bowling, swimming and basketball start this week. There are classes for advanced girls and beginners in swimming and life-saving classes besides the practice for the swimming meet.

Regular gym work has begun and the riding for this quarter will be confined to road rides.

Bowling and basketball will be done by clubs, and participation in these sports does not take the place of gym. Nevertheless, it is expected that there will be a great many out for these sports and the season will be very interesting.

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EXCHANGES

We wish that the papers with which we exchange would be kind enough to comment on our paper. We'd like to hear all criticisms, favorable and unfavorable.

Side-Lines, Reinhardt Hiltonian, Log Cabin, Wildeast, and Crow's Nest: We are very glad to exchange with you, both papers and comments.

Furman Hornet: We suggest that you use more news and less jokes. Your Purple Hurricane number was splendid.

We like the literary page of the *Log Cabin* in that it sifts out for the busy students magazine articles which are worth-while.

We didn't care for the argumentative tone of the *Kangaroo's* last editorials.

The Gopher's Whistle has our congratulations for it recently won a prize for the best mimeographed paper in its state.

Also received: *Megaphone, Tech Oracle, Coyote, Rough Rider, Wizard, Eastern Progress, Vanderbilt Hustler.*

A HERO

It was a beautiful autumn day, when our hero, along with others, strolled aimlessly through the woods. Suddenly turning aside, his attention became drawn to a strange tree on the side of the path. A second later, over his face came a look of intense surprise. Then came a gasp, a deep moan, a cry, a groan. Next the sufferer gave vent to a loud, screeching wail. His mouth, nay, his whole countenance, was twisted in anguish. From his eyes, tears of distress flowed freely, showing the agony in which his whole being had been suddenly plunged. His breath came in quick gasps. The whole woods began to resound with his shrieks. Then he began to plead, feebly at first, and then as the need grew intense, wildly, piercingly, for water—water! At length the precious fluid was brought. Eagerly he grasped the cup and drained it of every drop. After a few short moments, he arose with difficulty, to be sure, and turned with a gaze of triumph to those who stood about, anxious, yet hopeful.

Truly was he a hero! He had eaten his first persimmon, and had survived the ordeal with honor!—*Rough Rider.*

GOD'S MINUTE

I have only just a minute,
Only sixty seconds in it,
Forced upon me, can't refuse it,
Didn't seek it, didn't choose it.
But it's up to me to use it.
I must suffer if I lose it.
Give account if I abuse it.
Just a tiny little minute—
But Eternity is in it.

—Sandtonian.

EXCUSES

It's about time that those who are always late to something or other should have some new excuses. We herewith suggest a few:

"I had the waterwave combs in my hair when the bell rang. I couldn't

go with them in and I had to let them stay until my hair dried, because my music teacher hates me anyway, and if she'd see me with straight hair she'd guaranteed to get a laugh from the non-musical and sympathy from the musical judges.)

"I didn't stop to speak to Miss _____ after class so she ran after me, stopped me, and scolded me for not doing it, and I was late just the same." (Too bad to go to the trouble of thinking that up. It won't work.)

These are all the specific excuses we have space for. Let us advise you, however, to be original when you are summoned to monitor's meeting or council; put pep in your excuses.

(Signed) _____
Committee for
Bigger and Better Excuses.

DAY STUDENTS ARE HOCKEY CHAMPIONS

(Continued from page 1)

well for the winners. Higgins, Hanner and Jackson also played well and helped the losers.

Tri-K—Higgins, c.f.; Ellingson, r.g.; Blackman, r.w.; Abels, l.g.; Northrup, l.w.; Gilbert, c.h.; Havner, r.h.; Q. Brown, l.h.; Jackson, r.f.; Finch, l.f.; Adams, g.

Group III.—Douglas, c.f.; Wade, r.g.; E. Smith, r.w.; Wherry, l.g.; Carson, l.w.; Durrett, c.h.; Barthel, r.h.; F. Hayes, l.h.; B. Smith, r.f.; Eatherley, l.f.; Ewing, g.

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PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

Volume XVII

NASHVILLE, TENN., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1927

Number 12

GUILD WILL PRESENT "BLACK FLAMINGO"

Author Spoke at Ward-Belmont
Last Week

Ward-Belmont will be particularly interested in the presentation of Sam Janney's "Black Flamingo," at the Hillsboro Theatre Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, by the Little Theatre Guild. Mr. Janney visited Ward-Belmont recently and gave an address. The following notice concerning this interesting play was taken from the *Nashville Tennessean*:

"The first performance of 'The Black Flamingo' will be Monday night, December 12, and the play will run four nights.

"The play, which is by Sam Janney, author of several successful plays, is a mystery play. The time is in the days of the French Revolution, and the scene of action is in an old inn. Mr. Janney, who visited the director of the Nashville Guild, Ramon Savich, for several days recently, stated that he had never seen better work being done at any little theatre than that which is being accomplished here in Nashville. Mr. Janney was very complimentary, not only about the cast for the play, but about the scenery and the costumes and about the arrangement of the Hillsboro, the play-house of the Guild."

PEABODY LOSES TO WARD-BELMONT

Ward-Belmont's varsity hockey team played the Peabody College team last Saturday afternoon, on our field. We won 10 to 2. This is the first time that Ward-Belmont and Peabody have ever met in a hockey game. It was not intended to start a rivalry between the two schools, but was only a friendly experiment. We are very proud of our team and, although we knew they were good, we are glad to see how they compare with the teams of other schools.

The game was hard fought and interesting all the way through. L. May, Huggins, and the half-backs played well for the Peabody team. B. Smith, Higgins, Jackson, E. Smith, and Carson played exceptionally well for us. Everybody played well, though, and the credit is due to the whole team, not to just a few of the girls.

THE MOON

The new-born moon is riding high as she travels slowly across the sky. The silver clouds, blown by the wind, Race by her swiftly as the hind, Careless her tips with misty kisses, Adore her in spite of wild wind's hiss. A large cloud dims her silver hue And for a moment hides her view. She reappears—oh! wondrous sight! To gently bid the earth "good night."



Center: Virginia Bush, editor-in-chief of the HYPHEN; left, Mary Virginia Payne and right, Louise Graves, HYPHEN reporters. Taken while visiting Mr. A. J. Thuss' studio last week.

Three members of the HYPHEN staff were fortunate enough to have the opportunity to visit Mr. A. J. Thuss' beautiful new studio one day last week. This should be of interest to all of the school as the girls are to go out there in groups to have their "Milestones" pictures taken for this year.

The studio is of Spanish architecture and presents a delightful appearance, even from the outside, with its tan coloring, gracefully-arched windows, red roof and little iron side gate. But how much more fascinating it is within! The little reception room tastefully furnished, has a wrought-iron balustrade and beautiful deep red curtains. The little room to the rear of it contains several of Mr. Thuss' prize-winning pictures as well

as some of the best of the Ward-Belmont pictures from other years.

There are several cunning little dressing rooms opening into the main "operating room," as Mr. Thuss says. This latter room "has the best light in the world" in it. There are also some very lovely settings which may be arranged in a variety of ways.

Together, the beauty and restfulness of the studio itself, the exceptional lighting effects, and the lovely scenery all point to a wonderful 1928 "Milestones" so far as Mr. Thuss' part in it is concerned.

Too bad other members of the staff could not go, for we also visited the Baird-Ward Printing Company, where THE HYPHEN is printed, and had a most instructive and entertaining visit. Plans for taking the whole staff to Baird-Ward's will be made after the holidays.

THE FLORIDA CLUB BRIDGE TEA

Just as a sort of get acquainted affair among the Florida girls, old and new, the Florida Club gave a charming bridge tea Saturday afternoon at the A. K. Clubhouse. Mrs. Charlton our sponsor, and Marguerite Rondel our club president, were hostesses and

everyone had a lovely time getting acquainted and comparing notes on people they knew in each other's hometowns.

We're sorry that all the Florida girls weren't able to attend the tea. We feel sure, however, that if they had known what a good time we were going to have they'd have made every effort to be there.

"PEACE ON EARTH" XMAS NATIVITY

To Be Presented in Auditorium
Sunday Evening

"Peace on Earth," a Christmas nativity play, will be presented under the direction of Miss Pauline Sherwood Townsend, of the School of Expression, at Ward-Belmont School, Sunday evening, December 11. The Christmas Nativity and the Easter play are school traditions which are observed each year and students of the dramatic department take unusual interest in presenting them. One of the rules of the Christmas Nativity is that no names appear on the program so the expression students, as well as the pupils of Miss Boyer, who are to appear as the angel choir, are working for the love of the thing rather than for individual recognition.

The Nativity this year, "Peace on Earth," is a beautiful arrangement, in which the Spirit of Earth, Air and Fire and the heavenly Vision of Peace discuss the great event about to come, as the Spirit of the Star comes forward calling the Heavenly Host to proclaim the great Nativity. These are followed by the shepherds and kings.

The costumes are copied from the Fra Angelico pictures and the Drama Workshop, under the direction of
(Continued on page 8.)

WON'T BE LONG NOW!

Uski—wow—wow!
Skinney—wow—wow!
Christmas vacation!
And how!!!

Sitting in the inside, waiting to get out on the outside. Knowing that there will be a "rest for the weary (one calls)." Walking around campus in a daze. Studying with our minds a million miles away. Mostly at the old hometown. And we are not only the "belles of Ward-Belmont," but the belles of the ball. Can't concentrate on a thing! Why get athletic in gym? Why go to classes! Only 1-2-3-4-5 more days. Allah, our hour has come. And it will be:

"Roota toot-toot,
Roota toot-toot,
We're the girls from the institute."
Mother, daddy, Gardiner, Alice, happy Charlotte—Victor. There is Carl!!! How can my poor weak nerves stand the strain. I feel like a million! Home—civilization again!! Us "Kollitche, kollitche goils" taking the place by storm. Ship away, and all that sort of thing.

Can you realize it? Are you trying to? Really is it possible? There is a Santa Claus, and I am beginning to believe in the whole family even little Merry Christmas.

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What could be more magnetic than that potent suggestion of a movie? A change in Vesper program brought the "Prince of Peace," a movie dramatization of the life of Christ before over 500 girls, eager, and wondering just how well a movie of this kind could be "done." A hymn, a prayer, and the soft notes of the organ were preludes to a picture that has held W-B girls in a silence that was more than reverence, for over two hours.

It was a relief to see that the Russian portraying Christ could not fill our conception of that great Prince of Peace, even though his general appearance was remarkably like the Saviour. No human could fill this part, but the picture did broaden our conceptions of that inspiring period in history.

The inter-patrol contest was started last Wednesday among the Girl Scouts at the Peabody Demonstration School. Irene Brown's patrol, "The Cardinals," won first place. Those having charge of the patrols this month are: Irene Brown, Lucille Michaels, Louise Butler, Mary Elmore Gilmore and Betty Jane McNutt.

A scout banquet is being held Friday night, December 9. This is the first time any scouts of W-B have had a banquet. It promises to be a real affair. Dinner will be served in the tea-room. Entertainment in the form of a French play presented by the scouts of Miss Amis' troop will lend the final banquet note. (Tell you what happens next time.)

The president of the Primary Group, Christine Caldwell, lead the opening services for Sunday School last Sunday. Every day in every way our Sunday School is striving to make a more definite contribution to the lives of those who attend its classes. The game and story hour at the Junior League Home for Crippled Children will be conducted this week by the following girls from the Bible class: Louise Graves, Margaret Witherspoon, Carmen Barnes and Josephine Dettman.

Susan Graham Erwin, representing the Kindergarten Training Group, will have charge of the opening services at Sunday School next Sunday.

The Social Service Committee received a letter from one of the girls at the Florence Crittenden Home, thanking us for the clothes that Ward-Belmont donated there at Thanksgiving time. With a careful pen, she told just what dresses she was given, how much she loved them, and what a great deal things like that mean to the girls. One feels doubly rewarded in receiving a note as sweet and sincere as was that from Inez.

Here's the latest of the Student Volunteer Conference news: Reports

reaching Ward-Belmont from headquarters in New York indicate splendid attendance of delegates from colleges and universities all over the United States and Canada. The credentials of the Ward-Belmont delegates have arrived and some of the exciting final plans are being made. Here's to Detroit, December 28-January 2!

Another "special" vesper service next Sunday evening! A Christmas pageant will be presented by the pupils of the Department of Expression under the direction of Miss Townsend.

Please pay your HYPHEN subscription before Christmas.

AGORA CLUB

Our last meeting was devoted entirely to business. The question of the further decoration of the house and how to do it was the main issue of the meeting and as yet remains undecided. We are hoping to hit upon something truly beautiful and interesting with which to decorate the walls of our "living room."

Being so near to the Christmas holidays, it is the most natural thing in the world to get up a little excitement about a Christmas tree and presents. That is what happened to us. Somebody said, "Christmas"—and it was like throwing a bomb among us. We exploded and even rolling up pink cheese-cloth did not dampen our happiness!

WHAT SORT OF SPECKS DO YOU WEAR?

Suppose, my friend, as you sit by the fire on a long, winter evening, Jenkins, Jeremiah or perhaps your mother announces that you have a caller. You inquire the name of the visitor in an annoyed tone, and the bearer of the tidings hands you a card upon which is printed: "Dr. Algernon Eiderdown, Optician, Extraordinary." More for the gratification of your curiosity than for any other reason you permit the person to come in. No doubt your imagination creates innumerable images of this odd-named creature before he enters your presence. There is no use to indulge in a lengthy description of the personal appearance of the optician; it will suffice to say that you are neither pleased nor displeased with his countenance. With the grace of a Chesterfield you offer Dr. Eiderdown's comfortable chair near the fire, and probably you tender your last cigar with a little less grace. A few conventional remarks about the weather are made; then as you are not an exception to human frailties your curiosity reaches the height of the mercury in a thermometer on an August day in Mississippi. As the doctor seems to be quite an amicable old fellow, you venture to make inquiries concerning the nature of his business.

"Indeed, I am an optician," he said, "though I do not deal with material specks. It seems incredible to me that people know so little about their specks, and that so few realize that they wear them every day of their

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free. If a person has freckles the fact is usually quite apparent to him; yet Mr. Stillman has invented a freckle cream that is guaranteed to remove them."

"At this point your mind wanders back to the fatal day in your childhood when you decided you would embellish your beauty by a massage of your sister's freckle cream. The results proved to be neither flattering to your face nor to your happiness. Your mind is recalled from its revelry by the doctor's next words.

"When you were born you might not have had freckles, but you did have specks. God endowed all of His creatures with them. When an infant, your specks were most indefinite, that is your ideas were but beginning to be formed and you had no definite aspect of life. You changed from a baby into a little child, from a little child into a youth, and your specks changed as you grew. God so ordained that one's mind should continually grow and one's soul partake of the wonder He has given us. As your mind and your soul grew, your specks took a more definite and concrete shape. The time came when you could conceive of your relative and absolute capacities, that is the realization came to you that you possessed a God-given soul and mind and body, and that this God-given self was to dwell in the world God created with other people. The way in which you see your relation to the Almighty, man calls religion; the way in which you see your relation to other people, man calls philosophy. These one's religion and one's philosophy are analogous to one's perspective of life. Carlyle states that the period in which a man comes to himself (the period in which his perspective is determined) marks the change from youth to manhood. Thus to those in this transitional period, when mind, body, and soul are alertly reacting to surroundings and recording impressions to form their perspective of life, it should be of paramount interest to know just what sort of specks they wear. As these spiritual specks are the result of the workings of one's own mind, body, and soul, it is alone one's own mind, body and soul that can alter one's perspective or view of life. It is impossible for me to tell you what sort of specks you wear, but by showing some experiences of other people, I might enable you to decide for yourself.

A beautiful sunset lit up the western horizon and lent its gorgeous colors to a darkened world below. A farmer looked at the golden, rose-tipped clouds and saw golden money. The sunset was an omen of fair weather, which meant that his cotton and his corn would flourish and his pile of lucre grow. The practical, ordinary person merely glanced at the sunset and passed on. Another man gazed at the self-same sunset; he was enthralled by the beauty of it; he knew that it was God's message of peace to a struggling world, and he thought of the millions of others that were enjoying the same sunset. He saw the beauty of it; it touched the deepest chords in his nature. He could sing the praises of a just God

and be thankful that he was alive because he could see the beauty in life.

Three stone cutters were driving their chisels into a massive block of granite. A stranger, in passing, inquired of the first man what he was doing.

"I am working for \$7.50 a day," he replied.

"And what are you doing?" he asked the second.

"I am cutting granite from the mountain side."

The third man was asked the same question, and looking up, with a flash of earnestness, he quietly answered, "I am helping to build a cathedral."

The man who saw the money in the sunset and the man who was working for \$7.50 a day was looking through very selfish specks. We meet that type of man everywhere. He expects happiness from the world and not within himself. He labors under the impression that the world owes him a debt, and all his life is spent in collecting that debt. That's the type that after being elected to a position of honor in an organization would manipulate the government so as to extend his personal ambition. That's the sort of fellow that on the football squad would rather starve himself and lose the game than cooperate with the rest and win.

The man who merely glanced at the sunset, and the man who was cutting stone from the mountain is our daily companion also. The man is cheating himself of the beauty that God has put here for him. His work is toil, slavery, and drudgery; his life is a hum-drum existence. That professor who looks at a class of students and sees merely the toil of teaching them has the same perspective as the man who was cutting stone from the mountain side.

Thank God for the man who could drink deep of the beauty of the sunset and the man who was building a cathedral from humble stone. His work was not toil or drudgery; that man could sing with the poet,

"Work!

Thank God for the might of it,
The ardor, the urge, the delight of it,
Work that springs from the heart's desire,
Setting the brain and soul on fire."

That is the sort of teacher that would see the makings of future citizens in a class of students; his work would be glorified because he could see his relation to the world through the specks of service to others.

Helen Keller, a blind and a deaf girl, learned at a very early age something about seeing that many never learn. She learned that there is a sight other than physical sight, and that this same inner vision that enables us to see the beautiful in the invisible will also help us to see the beautiful in the invisible things about us. "For," she said, "there is so much more beauty in people and things that meets the eye." It is through the medium of one's specks that one sees life, beautiful or ugly.

What sort of specks do you wear? Your doctor friend slips away and you are left to your thoughts.

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Application for second-class entry pending.

EDITORIAL

How many girls have forgotten that early in the fall term they signed some little yellow slips which obligated them to pay ONE DOLLAR for their year's subscription to the WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN? Of course, the majority of the girls have remembered but the HYPHEN still has on its list a number who have forgotten, apparently, all about this highly important matter. Please remember to give your ONE DOLLAR to Margaret Alice Lowe before you go home for the holidays. It would be the nicest kind of a Christmas present for THE HYPHEN.

As the Christmas holidays approach, we are all thinking of the good times we shall have during the vacation, of the joys of just being at home again. But our thoughts should not be only for ourselves and our own pleasures during that time. What about the other fellow who expects nothing more of Christmas than of any other day? Think how happy we could make him merely by doing without a few little things ourselves and contributing something to his happiness as well as his material good. And unless we do try to do something for somebody else our own happiness will necessarily be lessened. When we are surrounded by our families and friends, enjoying our many gifts, how much happier it will make us to think that somewhere, someone is also happy because of us.

There is no better indication of character than generosity and no finer time to display that trait than during the coming holidays.

MONITOR'S MEETING

How can I stand it? Not the old Monitor's meeting to attend. Can't I even use my imagination. You can't make up excuses for being late now, might as well give up the art. Well, I'll be all out of practice—and probably I'll get a major! Just for "reading the newspaper in chapel," or for "giggling after ——" It's hard on the home team to suppress the school girls' glee that revels in hilarious and spontaneous outbursts in

forms of laughter, and how will I feel when mother doesn't hold a monitor's meeting all our own, so I can "Yes, I am sorry. I'll try not ever to do it again. I know that I'm thoughtless, and will endeavor to use my head for something besides a hatrack. You don't know how I regret my heedlessness." How will I be able to bear it? I'll miss my old practice in argument like a front tooth. Probably now I won't make the supreme bench. Just on account of the holidays my only calling in life will be unheeded. In fact, when people have great disappointments in life they commit suicide. So let's try to have them made up so that there will be bigger and better soap box lecturers. I'll miss my majors and minors.

TERM THEMES

It would have been impossible for anyone to spend the last two weeks in Ward-Belmont without hearing "Term Themes" at least a hundred times. Themes have probably been the cause of more early rising than any other one thing, and they have also caused a good deal of worry to judge from conversation. They are the principle topic at breakfast, lunch and dinner and we have heard that some people even talk about them in their sleep. The library's clientele

has been greatly increased. There are usually several heads buried in the biggest books to be found. One at least looks industrious when hidden by a large book, preferably one that has dust on the top. Girls go about carrying huge piles of notes and ruing the day they picked a subject on which so much had been written, for research. When the masterpiece is finally done it seems as though it should be sufficient for at least a doctor's degree and that E that may come back on it doesn't seem like much of a reward. However if we hadn't had term themes, think what a valuable addition to the conversation would have been lost and if it hadn't been that there would have been something else to work on.

THE MOVIE

In case I ever win a trip to Paris I'll know exactly how to act after seeing Bebe Daniels in "Stranded in Paris." All I'll need is the free trip, a book on concentration, a handsome man on the boat who falls in love (the man not the boat), and a countess' identification tag.

All those that didn't rate the Tri K dance certainly had a peaceful little time at the movie. The first time I ever got a choice seat without having at least six fights over it.

A CHRISTMAS POEM

Eight thousand, forty minutes to sleep and work;
One hundred, forty-four hours to keep busy;
Six days to spend.
One room to dismantle;
One set of sheets to put on;
No more tables to change to;
One trunk to pack.
Gobs of Christmas parties to enjoy;
Countless boxes to send home;
A few last shopping parties;
Railroad tickets to buy;
One trip to the station to—(well, what d'ya s'pose).

(Author's note: We know that this poem has no rhythm, but we also know that two important qualities of poetry are plainness and music. This poem then, has a pleasing meaning to us and it certainly is music in our ears; so what are you complaining about?)

THE OBSERVER

Maybe I wouldn't be scared to meet Marie Northrup in the dark after seeing her last Saturday night. From a quiet unobtrusive infant she has emerged into a bloodthirsty Bolshevik! Scared me out of two years growth!

We submit the following piece of music for your approval. Pembroke writes an ode to itself which ends:

"Pembroke will shine tonight,
Pembroke will shine
When the monitors go in
And the lights go out;
Pembroke will shine."

We have a somnambulist (10 cents extra for that) in our midst. Or maybe she was just looking at Helen Brown stepped into the fish pond. Poor fish!

We wish to announce the unanimous decision of Miss Sisson and Miss Morrison as our varsity golf team. Mrs. Miser will hold down "right outside" and Miss Hawks will be "left out."

Speaking of hair—which next to dieting is the chief topic on conversation—did you notice several startling occurrences at the Tri K dance. Ruth

Aud, Virginia Baird, Katherine Wilson, and Eleanor Robbins were among the most—er—interesting. Poor Stuffy lost hers but we just laughed and laughed 'cause we knew all the time it was just hoisted on.

There are several people who have stated their desires to appear in "The Observer." We suggest that they do something original. They are the following: Irene Adams, Ruth Aud, Barbara and Marion Blackman, Frances Petit, Eleanor Robbins, Mildred Schaeffer, Jean Wood, Susie and Gerry Smith.

I wish to announce publicly to all the people who have inquired about it that I am not the person who writes "The Observer." Musta been two other guys.

TITIAN CLUB TEA

Mrs. Blanton entertained the members of the Titian Club with a delightful tea last Thursday afternoon. The club feels very fortunate, in having Mrs. Blanton as its sponsor. And, she is especially suited to this office, since she used to have "titian" hair herself.

PERSONALS

Alyne Goad took lunch with Miss

Loisler Saturday.

Grace Miller and Marion Schmelzer took dinner Saturday with Dr. and Mrs. Powell.

Dorothy Williams spent the weekend with Mrs. C. Y. Clark.

Marjorie Semans and Sarah Jane Owens spent the afternoon with Mrs. Lowry Saturday.

Mary Bridgeforth spent Sunday with Mrs. Lipscomb.

Lois Fegles spent Sunday with Mrs. Nell.

Glady's Laird spent Sunday afternoon with Mrs. Castleman and Dorothy.

Leitner Johnson and Marian Bordo spent Sunday afternoon with Mrs. C. O. Sumit.

Margaret Witherspoon spent Sunday at home.

Kate Boyd, Katherine Maxwell, Maxine Fletcher, and Lucille Moxley spent Sunday afternoon with Mrs. Ichart.

Diana Cox spent Sunday with her aunt, Mrs. Muller.

Margaret Tupper spent Sunday with Mrs. Hyde.

Martha Lindsey had tea with her brother Sunday.

Lydreene Majors and Pauline McPollum spent Sunday afternoon with Mrs. Moore.

Allie Brown Clark spent Sunday afternoon with her brother.

June Edmondson had tea with Mrs. Walter Taylor Sunday.

Edith Georgia White and Marie Stallings spent Sunday afternoon with Mrs. Cheek.

Rebekah Lionberger spent Sunday afternoon with her aunt.

Elinor Bell spent Sunday afternoon with Mrs. Kenney.

CAROL'S LETTERS

Dearest Carol:

They're certainly trying to prevent our thinking upon vacation subjects. The teachers have all planned to give us a lovely series of nice long exams. Well, at least they're giving us practice in keeping late hours.

I tried my best when I signed my home-going blank to inveigle the railroad man with putting a new train schedule in so I won't have to wait 'till Friday night to leave. He didn't do it. The school likes me so well anyway that they'll want to keep me as long as they can.

Attended the Tri K dance from the balcony. It certainly was clever, and a delightful time was had by all below me.

Everyone said the pool was about a foot lower than usual the other day. It was after I had taken my usual swim lessons so I guess the sinkage was swallowed by me.

Well, I must sign off. One of my friends just came to see me. I know she wants to borrow something cause it's the only time she ever pays me a visit.

As ever love,
"Pinkie."

Please pay your HYPHEN subscription before Christmas.

DEL VERS DOINGS

Christmas is not far off now. (As if it were necessary to make a remark like that.) At any rate, it is time to think about presents and to remember those who are less fortunate than we are. The club decided at the last meeting that each member would contribute a small toy and that these would be sent to the children's institutions in Nashville. A Christmas party was also planned at the clubhouse for the week of home-going.

Since the basketball season has begun, it was decided to have an inter-club tournament this week to stir up enthusiasm, and Grace Neisler and Louise Simms were chosen as the two captains.

T. C. CHATTER

It won't be long now!

More fun and more excitement planning for the dance of the year! Yes, it is a shame that some of us can't take the six darling girls we've already asked, but I suppose we'd better be thankful that we can give at least three of them a break.

Having our dance the last Saturday night before we go home seems to me a mighty good way to celebrate the coming event—how about it, huh?

It won't be long now!

ANTI PAN ANTICS

HO! Neatly, you have NO idea what we are going to DO! I never HEARD of Anything so DARLING in all my LIFE! I mean I never DID! I just can't imagine how ANYONE could THINK of such a CLEVER idea. That's why we are so proud of our SPOON! And that's why you will be SO surprised when you see what we've done. And our Christmas party is going to be SO cute with a REAL Santa Claus I just GOTTA stop now to START work on the CUTE surprise we're making. You'll really be NUTS about it. I mean you REALLY will!

OSIRON OWLETS

With Christmas holidays only ten days off we've hardly been able to do much but think about going home. We did have some time, however, last Wednesday night in club to think about our Christmas obligations. We talked about when we'd have our Christmas party and to what organization we should give presents this year, deciding at last to give them as usual to the Old Ladies' Home.

Another urgent request for dues, and more dues! Truly it seems as if this holiday spirit has slightly warped our memories, and they must have a little steady jogging to keep them awake.

EXCHANGES

We'd like to thank *The Willow Messenger* for its kindly comment on THE WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN. We admire their paper, too.

The Green and White has an unusually interesting column entitled

"Inter-Scholastically Speaking." It is always fascinating to keep in touch with other schools in such a way.

We should think that Northwest High School would be immensely proud for we see in *The Northeast Courier* that John Philip Sousa (the Sousa) conducted their band.

The Trail Blazer contains an interesting item concerning the distinctive dress of the Senior girls; all the girls adopt some details of apparel which distinguishes them from the lower classes. The same paper has a splendid column written in French.

We were surprised and delighted to find in *The Mercer Cluster* for December second a picture of "our Dr. John L. Hill." It was on the very front page, too!

We also acknowledge the receipt of: *The Le Mars Mill; Conglomerate; Q-B-C Quacker; Mount Berry News; The Trend; Vanderbilt Hustler; The Purple and White; Rough Rider; and The Sandtonian.*

EXPRESSION CLASSES
GIVE REHEARSALS

A public rehearsal of class work done by the Drama Workshop students was given last week in the auditorium. The seniors gave a smooth rehearsal of "Society Notes" with fine diction, character and co-ordinated acting. Taking part in this number were: Misses Josephine Rankin, Susan Vaughn, Alla B. O'Mohndra, Helen Johnston, Doris Nathan, assisted by Miss Jones, a post-graduate.

The certificates gave an original rehearsal without instruction, of the humorous farce, "Two Dollars, Please," and never did twenty-five girls get so give more laughable situations. Miss Townsend approved of their spontaneity and character presentation and costuming.

The first year college classes gave excellent portrayals of phases of life in "Their Husbands." Those taking part were Misses Noland, Joan White, Urdranger and McCullom.

In "Dress Rehearsal" were: Misses Sanders, Bordo, Campbell, Funk, Green, Kennamer, Johnson, Pope, Blair and Moore.

Those taking part in "Thursday Evening" were: Misses Donohoo, Broch, Sabin and C. Smith.

A phase of work this year in the Expression School has been these rehearsals before the school. Thus the student learns self-control, the handling of situation, character and pantomime and gets skill by handling more plays than if only one were perfected.

The studio rehearsals, before a limited number of invited students, were given by the first year college class Friday afternoon. The plays rehearsed were "Close to the Book," by Misses Wager, Tupper, Martin, Brown, Tyson, H. Moore, Officer and M. Roberts, and "The Seaweed," by Misses Gastinger, Harner, Patterson and Drago.

The high school classes gave "The Wrong Number," by Misses Seaman, Reed and Shrey, and "The Teeth of the Gift Horse," by Misses Ruth Charles, Lois Feagle, Betty Bradford, Augusta Knox, Rosalie Werner and Sylvia Peterson.

Please pay your HYPHEN subscription before Christmas.

CHAPEL NOTES

Thursday, December 1—The day students held a meeting during chapel period.

Friday, December 2—Miss Morrison made announcements.

Saturday, December 3—Mr. Janney, of New York, who was in Nashville in connection with the Little Theatre, made a talk on the art of entertaining.

Monday, December 5—Dr. Blanton made a talk about the Servants' Fund. Dr. Barton told us about his trip to the convention held in Florida.

Tuesday, December 6—Miss Morrison made announcements. Dr. Blanton gave a talk.

OUR DAILY MENU

Hash (chapel).
Potato Cubes (Algebra).
Lamb Chops (English).
Lobster Salad (Biology).
Stuffed Dates (History).
Paradise Pudding (afternoon).
—Chanticleer.

"CRUSHES" AND
FRIENDS

If when you see *her* walk into the dining room, you thrill at the sight of *her*; if you stare at *her* throughout the meal and answer absently to all questions asked you by your hostess; if your heart skips several beats when *she* speaks to you on the campus; if you become madly jealous whenever you see *her* with anyone else; if you admire *her* from afar off and idolize *her* as a goddess; if you write "house mail" notes to *her*; if you do all these things, *she* is a CRUSH!

But if you love *her* sensibly; if you go around the campus with *her*; if you confide in *her*; if you and *she* help each other; if your ideas of fun are the same; if your love and understanding are mutual; then *she* is a FRIEND!

Friendship is the most beautiful thing in the world; do not mar that beauty by mistaking it for a "crush."

Please pay your HYPHEN subscription before Christmas.

TRI K KUMBACKS

Extract from a W.-B. diary—"I'm so excited. I've just come back from the Tri K dance. The "gym" was decorated in all sorts of colored papers and funny pictures to make one think they were in Moscow. By the time the cute special was over, I felt like a Bolshevik. You know that special was better than Broadway could ever boast of. The favors were the most adorable plaited gold bracelets—mine matches my necklace exactly. For refreshments we had Russian punch and little cakes that were imported straight from Russia, I know. I felt like the czar would feel in all his glory. All too soon, the dance was over. And so to bed."

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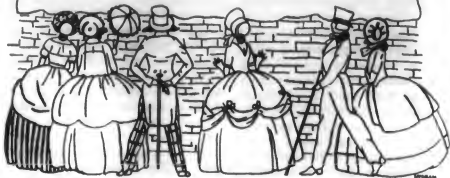
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The Diary of Mistress Belle Ward



Wednesday, November 30.

Well, it won't be long now! I signed my homegoing blank today—and how! If I didn't sign mine first, it wasn't because I didn't use my maidenly strength to advantage. Mrs. Charlton all but massacred me, but that didn't even phase my rising spirits. Clubbed with the usual intense excitement tonight, and nigh came to blows over the Christmas party which wasn't exactly the proper spirit but served its purpose.

Decided that my studies needed attention after light bell, so I "cubbed" peacefully until Miss Gason walked in and found me entwined around the bathtub in a vain effort of concealment. But I only smiled cheerfully and told her confidentially that I thought there was a mouse under said tub. And speaking of "The Vanishing American"—well, she had it over him like a tent when it came to the disappearing act. I'm now thinking of publishing a little ditto entitled, "What a Mouse's Tale Did for Me."

Thursday, December 1.

This being the first day of December, I breakfasted, classed, chapeled, lunched and dined much as usual. Oh, yes, I omitted to say that I opened my mail box for its daily airing and arrested a spider in the act of enclosing my decoy envelope in cobwebs. Such is the life of a despondent and neglected inhabitant of these several walls.

Attended the meeting of "La Cercle Française" and tried to memorize one of Shakespeare's sonnets during the course of the little session. It was a little disconcerting especially when Mademoiselle said, "Comment allez-vous?" and I burst forth with, "Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?" Must admit it wasn't just the expected answer.

Friday, December 2.

Did begin a new diet today and am nigh passing away from want of nourishment; but since it's a case of "eat, drink, and grow fat," I prefer to refrain from consuming anything heavier than water. Retired weakly this evening.

Saturday, December 3.

If I were any colder, I'd begin to congeal—aye, verily. Wore everything I could catch to classes and was so far submerged that I couldn't hear my teachers' gentle voices—hence, was spared the trouble of responding. A real, live playwright spoke in chapel today. Well, if I were hard-boiled, I'd never admit it—he seemed to take

great pleasure in impressing us with it, though.

The Peabody-W.-B. game sounded fine, but that's as much as I observed it. Clambered onto the fire escape to view it and an icy gust nigh extinguished me. Stood by the radiator for fifteen minutes afterward without even feeling the heat.

Rated the dance tonight and did I ever have a grand time. Nearly danced both feet and my tongue off. And that special surely was the berries. Did go to the movie for a few minutes, but did leave at the crucial moment when Bebe's bag was stolen. Lost a good night's sleep wondering about the outcome.

Sunday, December 4.

Presbyterianized with my usual Sunday pep and enthusiasm. Spent the p.x. in heavy meditation over my neglected duties. Finally broke down and wrote the family that if I didn't hear pretty soon, I'd make arrangements to remain a Ward-Belmontian over the holidays. Hope the threat was dire enough to bring results.

Monday, December 5.

Finally did succeed in getting on the shopping list—was just sure it would rain before we embarked for town. Did manage to reach Church Street with no casualties, however. Window-shopped extensively, but due to my diminished resources, failed to make any purchases except a card of hair-pins and a Christmas bell.

Tuesday, December 6.

Showed up at swimming this a.m., but found no one else there. Who says I'm not in a class by myself! Finally did strike the right class this p.x. and imbibed freely of the pool's crystalline liquid. In fact, so very freely that I all but swamped myself in the act. Well, I may learn to swim some day, if I don't lose my reason and sweet disposition in advance.

Only ten days more till I bid farewell to Nashville with all its soot, and once more inhale the purity of Eastern air.

Bon soir, dear diary.

WHO'S WHO

(Note: Just to show you that "Who's Who" is not a list of the most important officeholders in the school this time we have picked three girls for popularity only—though they will have offices. Hope you like 'em.)

There are few of us who haven't heard Eleanor Robbins even if we haven't seen her. From here, there

and everywhere her blatant volubility is wasted to us. After six years Eleanor has become one of the original traditions of the school. Years from now our daughters will probably drape daisy chains about a statue of her, added to our many works of art—and wouldn't she out-stature the statues! But Eleanor is not only of the past and the future but even now she is very much alive and kicking. Eleanor, the athlete! Hockey stick in hand she resembles an ancient gladiator doing his stuff. Eleanor, the poet! Those of you who have suffered from her literary spurts know just what it's all about. She sure does know her iambic pentameter! Eleanor, the president! We just can't quite feature that even when she looks almost dignified with that black switch swirling around her head, but the Illinois girls haven't reached the age of discretion. Eleanor, extraordinary! It's worse than eating the hole in a doughnut to try putting anything over on her in the line of snappy comebacks. Of all the traditions haunting this school we most appreciate Eleanor Robbins.

I don't think I ever disliked anyone much more than Lily Jackson, but as for Bill Jackson, that's a different matter! I couldn't help liking Bill if I tried; it's a regular mania and awfully catching. Though I don't have a crush on her I share with all same people the admiration that she deserves. For, verily, I say unto you, look ye unto the Lily of the Hockey Field. She toils not, neither does she spin, yet Solomon in all his glory could not play hockey one-nth as well! She has also been one of the tennis players of the school for three years. She has been on the "Y" cabinet for two years, was Sporting Editor of the HYPHEN, and on the Athletic Council. Bill is one of those people who has no duplicate, who is totally different, and absolutely unforgettable. She is the kind of person who inspires you to do better, toward whom you look for commendation. Bill doesn't say anything unless she means it but every compliment prized so high is treasured for the difficulty of its attainment. After living two years with Blackman, Bill has acquired patience, credulity and a sense of humor. There are just lots of nice people but there are few whose personalities are so individual and so attractive that they will always be remembered.

That old Southern drawl is surely at the height of its attractiveness when Louise Graves' little tongue "falls into line." There is something about everything she says that goes to the right spot. She says everything in a way you've never heard before and probably will never hear again. She says things that are monumental in their permanence in your memory. Truly she has the "gift of gab" made famous by Andy Protheroe and Will Hayes. Louise is an optimist. Looking at the world through rose-colored glasses, she sees something to laugh at in everything that happens. And when she laughs the world laughs with her. It isn't humanly possible to hear the bubbling laughter without bubbling forth, too.

Those of you who read her little spasms in the HYPHEN know that her writing, too, is exuberant, spontaneous and full of laughter. But Louise, of course, is part seriousness. In dramatics, while she is natural and at home on the stage, for a moment she tucks her humor in pocket and sees things seriously. She couldn't help but please any audience wherever she goes if she just talks to it and laughs with it as she does now. Life will always be easy for Louise and all those she comes in contact with and we are sure it will be a series of ambitions attained.

Please pay your HYPHEN subscription before Christmas.

RECITAL PROGRAM

Pupils of Miss Leftwich appeared Thursday afternoon, December 8, in a studio recital. The numbers appearing on the program were well chosen and the entire recital gave evidence of a surprising amount of talent.

- The program was as follows:
- Flying Leaves.....Kolling
 - Mary Dean Clement
 - Minuet as an Antique.....Seeboeck
 - Edna Dickson
 - Will-o-the-wisp.....Lemont
 - Elizabeth Cornelius
 - The Fauns.....Chaminade
 - Dixie Colley
 - Funeral March of a Marionette.....Gounod
 - Grace Ellen Glasgow
 - Frolics.....Mana Zucca
 - Katherine Bachman
 - To Spring.....Grieg
 - Dorothea Crawford
 - Scherzino.....DeLeone
 - Olga Maestri
 - Wedding Day at Trolldhaugen.....Grieg
 - Katheryn Hinson
 - Romance.....St. Saens
 - Marybelle Kimmel
 - Scherzando.....Beecher
 - Helen Wilkerson
 - Valse Brilliant.....Mana Zucca
 - Katherine Kean

INSIDE DOPE ON NEW FORD CARS

It will be a small light six with an eight-cylinder motor, not radically different in design from any other motor except the one used in the Lincoln, LaSalle, Cadillac and many other cars. The new Ford will be the most economical four-cylinder car in the world to operate, as it is designed to run forty miles per gallon of gas except in the city and the country where exhaustive tests show about ten miles per gallon of gas. It will sell for slightly less than the present model, making it an outstanding car in the \$5,000 class. Mr. Ford has created his new car for the express purpose of putting General Motors in the background and has therefore just sold all his factories and good will to them. This new model was designed personally by Mr. Ford, except for the motor which was conceived by Colonel Lindberg during his Trans-Atlantic flight and the chassis which Tom Mix and Peaches Browning collaborated on.—*Culver Vedette*.

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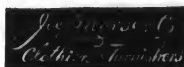
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**"PEACE ON EARTH"
XMAS NATIVITY**

(Continued from page 1.)

Miss Townsend, has produced the many artistic things necessary to make the stage setting and the costumes complete. A model stage, designed by Miss Townsend and executed in the Workshop, shows the grouping of characters by the use of little cardboard figures of saints, angels and other Nativity characters. This model stage is used to show each student her place, as well as to teach her the value of color in the scheme. Miss Alynne Goad and Miss Katherine Ross, of the art department, have been of much assistance to Miss Townsend, as they have drawn designs for various parts of the work.

The play will be presented at early twilight in the auditorium at Ward-Belmont.

Please pay your HYPHEN subscription before Christmas.

STUDIO RECITAL

Mrs. Estelle Roy-Schmitz will present a group of her pupils in recital Saturday afternoon, December 10, at four o'clock. The following program has been arranged for the occasion:

Ole Mister Porcupine	Lemont
Joy Dance	Crawford
Ruth Elizabeth Petty	
Venitian Barcarole	Stickles
Jane Everson	Lemont
Rose of the Orient	Anthony
Frances Powell	
Erotic	Grieg
Pas des Amphores	Chaminade
Ruth Welty	
Nocturne	Kursteiner
Allene Smith	
By the Brook	Boisdeffre
The Mountain	Brainard
Zelda Goodman	
My Sweet Repose	Schubert
Pearle Harper	
Persian Song	Burmeister
Hungarian	Mac Dowell
Catherine Scruggs	
March of the Indian Phantoms	Kroeger
Rushing Waters	Orth
Margaret Wilkens	
Gringo Tango	Lane
Prelude (C sharp minor)	Rachmaninoff
Mary Frances Preritt	

LE CERCLE FRANCAIS

The cercle Français, which was affiliated with the French Alliance last spring, is continuing its work this year. Several meetings have been held. The following officers have been elected:

- Présidente d' honneur—Madame Blanton.
- Vice-présidente—Madame Barton and Madame Benedict.
- Présidente—Mary Elizabeth Terry.
- Vice-Présidente—Helaine Bloom.
- Trésorière—Miss Alma Paine.
- Aide de Trésorière—Dorothy Jones.
- Secrétaire—Lucille Micheals.
- Comité d' Organisation—Virginia Bush, Elizabeth Gwaltney, Helene Johnson, Frances O'Donnell, Miriam Blum.

The programs and conversations of the French Club are carried on in French. The girls have learned to sing *Le Marseillaise* and will learn to sing other French songs during the year. At the last meeting Madame Belle Vimont gave the girls a lecture on Saint Nicholas and related the *Legend of St. Nicholas*, illustrating with the song, "Il était Trois Petits Enfants Qui s'en Allaient Gens aus Champe." Miss Chapman read *Le Bon Gifte*, by Paul Déroulède. The *Joyeux Noel* was sung by the girls.

There will be a meeting of the club once a week during the year, and through them the girls will get very interesting and pleasant instruction in the language and customs of France.

BASKETBALL

Basketball has begun! And what a following it has too. Even those who don't play are looking forward to the games in the rivalry between the different clubs. Again, as during the hockey tournament we hear discussions as to the relative merits of the teams and again "Oh, yes, she's make the team." Every afternoon there is practice and at night those who haven't yet had enough go down to the gym and play while the others dance.

Bowling is drawing interest and almost everyone is out for one of the two.

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WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

Volume XVII

NASHVILLE, TENN., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1927

Number 13

CHRISTMAS NATIVITY ARTISTIC SUCCESS

Seldom has there been staged a play more beautiful than "Peace on Earth," Ward-Belmont's Christmas Nativity, which was presented in the auditorium Sunday evening under the direction of Miss Pauline Sherwood Townsend, director of the school's expression department. The music, which was one of the most important features of the program was furnished by the pupils of Miss Florence N. Boyer.

The costumes, which were copied from pictures of the Fra Angelico angels, combined with the artistic lighting effects and the strikingly beautiful stage setting, gave at times the impression that the audience was gazing upon a painting done by one of the great old masters.

(Continued on page 8)

CHRISTMAS

What more glorious season ever gladdens the heart of man than does the Christmas time? None. For weeks before its coming we prepare our gifts and greetings to give to those we love, and for weeks after its coming we talk of the happiness it brought. Only the selfish souls who are wrapped up in self, scorn the tide of good fellowship which surrounds the giving of gifts on Christmas. And almost unconsciously here in America Christmas has come to mean a time for making children happy. How often have we heard it remarked, "Imagine a child who doesn't look forward to Christmas." Thus it is that in making someone else happy lies the whole story of Christmas.

It does not necessarily take a religious person to observe Christmas, but it does take a person whose thoughts are not centered in self. However, the deeper beauty of the day is lost save to the man who has accepted the Christ. We do not ob-

(Continued on page 7)

PEMBROKE HALL PARTY

Pembroke's Hall Party Thursday night is to be a gala affair with a tree and everything that goes to make a good Christmas party. Each girl has drawn a name and is to bring a present to the party. Then there will be dancing or whatever the guests seem to want and last of all refreshments. In spite of all this gaiety it is believed that all the girls will be perfectly able to get to the train the next morning.

THE CHRIST CHILD'S CANDLE

CHRISTINE CALDWELL.

Upon the hill in the noble's house
The Christ Child's candle burned—
Against soft hangings shaded,
In holders deft hand-turned.

Down 'mid the glen in a lowly hut
A candle-end did glow
From out the broken windowpane
Upon the glist'ning snow.

A freezing sparrow fluttered
Against the noble's pane,
But no one in the reveling house
Could hear its chirps of pain.

Drawn by the candle sunshine
Upon the glassy snow,
The sparrow beat his drooping wings
Into the soft, pale glow.

Inside the house was quiet with prayer
The flutt'ring plain was heard,
And in beside the fire they drew
The frozen, dying bird.

'Tis said that on the hilltop
The Christ Child's candle died;
But in the hut below it
The flame was intensified.

THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD

Once long ago in Bethlehem,
There came an angel robed in white
Of purest mist and holiness,
To bless the world and give it light.

The new-born Babe—the Son of God,
Came down to earth that winter night
That men might have eternal life,
Protected by their Father's might.

Wise men came and brought him gifts
From many miles across the sands,
To worship and to find their King
And claim him for their many lands.

Unto the Christ—their new-born King—
The Prince of Peace—the Son of Light—
They brought their souls and all rejoiced:
The Son of God was born that night.

The birthday of the Christ, our Lord,
We each observe unto this day,
And give unto our fellow men
His cheerful spirit in this way—
"Merry Christmas!"

—Mary Louise Wilcox.

MERRIMENT MARKS FOUNDERS PARTY

With every girl out for a rousing good time, the Christmas spirit characterized the Founders' Hall party yesterday evening. Old Saint Nicholas, who was present in the personage of a young lady whose identity could not be determined by the most ardent guessers, was greeted with all the fun and laughter that could be crowded into the singing of Christmas carols and dancing.

The home-going spirit and the Christmas spirit combined to make the

party a memorable event. Each girl returned to childhood for a few hours, and played with the balloons, whistles and other toys which old Saint Nicholas pulled off the gaily adorned Christmas tree. And as a token of appreciation for her kindness, Mrs. Hall, hostess of Founders' Hall, was presented with a lovely gift.

The Christmas celebration was planned by committees appointed by Florence Ables, proctor of Founders. Girls who served on the committees are Ruth Silverstine, Christine Caldwell, Mary Jane Pulver, Helen Dudenbostle and Eugenia Mahan.

T. C. CLUB GIVES BEAUTIFUL DANCE

The annual Snow Fete given by the T. C. Club Saturday evening was one of the most thoroughly unique and artistic dances given this year. The facts that the artificial snow and glistening costumes lend themselves so well to the colored lighting effects used during the evening and that the entire scheme was carried out in gorgeous details made the scene unusually attractive. The Snow King (Katherine Waitt), clothed in purple velvet and ermine and wearing a handsome crown; the Snow Queen (Helen Scott), gowned in white velvet with a train of silver tissue and their at-

(Continued on page 8)


HOME-GOING

It's true! We really are going home. The unbelievable is on the verge of becoming actuality—and how! The first very noticeable symptom of the home-going fever was the blank, lost feeling at beholding the denuded windows. Two yards of fish-netting makes a lot of difference, doesn't it? Then trunk-packing intruded itself upon us, and after that ticket-buying. Now, as the poet says, "It's all over but the shouting"—and the Christmas party and the specials to the station. Oh, what's the life! Ecstasy is indescribable besides you're too excited to read, so "Merry Christmas!" That says it all, anyway.

FIDELITY CHRISTMAS PARTY

Everything and everybody is ready for the party. A large orchestra (well, don't you call Frances Pettit large?) has been engaged, the tree has been decorated, great hilarity attending the ceremony, and lastly and most important, the catenets have been ordered.


Peculiar-looking bundles from the dime stores are being smuggled in and tucked back into dark corners; anticipation is growing every moment. Soon it will be time to don our evening clothes (no; we don't mean dinner dress or "formals"). There are going to be "specials" on the program, never think there aren't. We're just dying to tell about them, but we can't; it's a deep, dark, mysterious secret. At eleven o'clock the fateful bell will ring and the Fidelity Cinderella will have to run. "Merry Christmas" to all, and to all a 'good-night!'



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The Christmas Nativity Play presented by the students of the School of Expression Sunday evening was not only the climax of all Vesper services but the occasion of an addition to our mental memory-books of a Christmas service, artistic, reverent, and beautiful. If the ideal of the Vesper service is to induce a spirit of realization and worship of the Highest surely that ideal was completely met in this final Vesper service of 1927. And surely the desire to follow the Star more closely was born anew in the hearts of everyone who witnessed this presentation of the Nativity on Sunday evening.

Well girls—the W-go Scout banquet! Speaking of parties, or dinners! The tea-room surely makes a fine banquet-hall. Decorations of holiness with "lighting effects" of red tapers. What could be more Christmasy? The decoration, by the way, was done by the grade school children. There were a good many guests, mothers and fathers of the girl-scouts. Among others were Mrs. Benedict, Miss Amis, and Nancy Watson, our Scout director. After a very chattering dinner, the Scouts of Miss Amis' troop, those in the fifth, sixth, and seventh grades gave, for entertainment, a Christmas play, entirely in French. It brought in the scout-Christmas ideas, and furnished lively interest until nearly eight o'clock.

Once again the story of the Christ-child was told. Susan Graham Erwin, representing the Primary Group, showed the Sunday-school how little children were taught the story of the birth of our Saviour. In spirit, we were carried back to the days that seem so long ago, when we sat on little red chairs, and listened, breathlessly to that wondrous story of the great shining star, and the journey of the Shepherds to see the holy babe, born in Bethlehem, we do think, too, that it would be just grand to have it told to us by a teacher like Susan.

Now, as you "fold your tents and silently steal away" home—for one long, grand, and glorious Christmas vacation, tuck away in a corner of your every day, the thoughts that along with Santa Claus, and your other friends, the Y is wishing you one of the happiest, most complete holidays that Christmas time has ever brought your way!

DEL VERS DOINGS

Future plans and business matters of vital importance were brought before the club at the regular meeting, and the time was devoted to their discussion. We gave three "yeas" to have dinner at the club house the

night of the party. Here's to the merriest and best party of all at the Del Vers house, where Christmas spirit, laughter and excitement will all be holding court! Merry Christmas to all! And a happy New Year!

X. L. TATTLE

Our next to last meeting was held Wednesday. There was a meeting of all those who were out for basketball and they certainly showed the club's true spirit by the number.

And did you notice the new desk? It must have been a Louis XIV model. You must all come and see it!

We wish every one of you a Merry Christmas, and a Happy New Year.

ANTI PAN ANTICS

MY DEAR! I mean I NEVER was so THRILLED in ALL my born DAYS! I mean I never WAS. Tomorrow we go HOME—HOME—HOME!!! I didn't REALIZE AT all that Christmas was so CLOSE till Wednesday night at CLUB. It was just ADORABLE! We had dinner and a big FIRE and a TREE and PRESENTS and SANTA Claus and EVERYTHING. I'm so PEEPED about it all I just can't THINK!!!

AGORA NOTES

Embarrassing moments! We all have them! Last meeting I was just one embarrassing moment after another—soup to nuts, included. Those who didn't say, "Whoop to their soup," "cracked their nuts." It is hard to believe that the moments of discomfort we have experienced could be so funny to tell about, but they were and we had a hilarious time relating them. Can you beat that?

IN DAYS OF OLD

When Noah sailed the ocean blue, He had his troubles, same as you; For days and days he sailed the Ark, Before he found a place to park. —Wildcat.

THE BIRTHDAY DINNER

The birthday dinner given Thursday night, December 8, was quite appropriate for the winter season. The table was very lovely, with a center piece of poinsettias. Red candles in silver candlesticks added a cheerful glow to the atmosphere. The place cards were paper girls with poinsettia skirts. Red rosebuds, placed at each place, were given as favors. Mrs. Blanton, Miss Irvin, and Mrs. Solon Rose received the guests, who were: Irene Brown, Erma Carlton, Noralee Condit, Dorothy Valentine, Mary Jane McPhail, Virginia Baird, Carmen Barnes, Mary Belle Johnson, Georgia Maurer, Thelma Bohm, Margart Montgomery, Marjorie Northrup, Aileen Rauch, Polly Dawes, Marjorie Holmes, Margaret Payne, Pearl Harper, Marguerite Cotton, Carol Freimuth, and Jean McDonnell.

W.-B. PROGRAM HEARD IN NEBRASKA

Mrs. Estelle Roy-Schmidt recently received a letter from Miss Irene R. Powell, a former Ward-Belmont student, in which an interesting report of "Ward-Belmont on the air" was given. The letter, which was dated November 29, 1927, reads, in part:

"Last Tuesday evening I noticed by the radio programs that W-B was on the air. I listened in to several numbers, both vocal and piano. Can't you imagine how thrilled I was to hear it all. The girls played and sang beautifully. We heard some of the numbers very clearly, but another station was interfering so we finally had to tune in on another station. What a great joy a radio is!

"Our W-B club is thriving and, I might add, multiplying, as we have two tiny baby girls who just arrived this fall—of course, we consider them members already. One arrived at the home of Mrs. Edward Cohen, who was Josephine Frenzer, and the other to Mrs. Sidney Fisher, who was Ann Blatsky.

"I am such a busy librarian that I have little time for the arts, however, I do play some. I am quite interested in my work. I am first assistant in the circulation department and we find this the busiest part of library work. Lillian Head, a former W.-B. girl is children's librarian at the Omaha Public Library. We are all very proud of her. She attended Ward-Belmont several years before I did, however."

"SHOP EARLY— MAIL EARLY"

Nashville post office authorities recently issued a letter containing a great deal of helpful advice concerning the mailing of Christmas parcels. It advises early shopping and early mailing of gift parcels and gives other important instructions. An excerpt from the letter reads:

"Buy your Christmas merchandise early, before stocks are 'pawed' over by fingers that are dirty and too often disease laden.

"Mail your parcels early before the postal crush is on, in order that you may get your gift delivered in safety before Christmas. It is better to be a week early than a day late. And the little sticker that reads, 'Do not open until Christmas,' is a friendly pledge ordered by the sender, that is seldom broken by the receiver.

To leave off the street and number in the address is to send the postman along as one blind. To write with a pencil that blurs is like writing in the sands. Please use ink. Have your merchant pack your parcels for mailing, because he is an expert.

Place your return address on every piece of mail so that if we cannot deliver, we may, at least, return. And drop your card within the parcel so that, if the wrapper is lost, we can find your address among the goods. Take it to the post office to be weighed, rated and stamped.

Notes and letters in a parcel subject you to a fine, but you may enclose a card that reads 'Merry Christmas from Tom to Sally,' and similar

phrases, but no messages allowed, unless you pay first-class postage on the whole parcel, and that is very expensive. If you wish to send a letter with the parcel, enclose it in an envelope, place a two-cent stamp on the letter, then tie it, or paste it to the outside of the parcel.

TRI K KUMBACKS

Christmas cheer, old Tri K Club. We are going for three weeks, but Tri K shall not leave our hearts, for Tri K Club stands for all that is high and noble. We want to play the game fair and square and win if we may. We wish our spirit to be true—true and loyal to the highest ideals of Tri K and Ward-Belmont.

THE OBSERVER

I hear that the administration is thinking of adding a new department to the School of Music. This will be advanced and primary modeling. Several of those in Pembroke are considering becoming candidates for certificates.

Two street car conductors had a chance to go to church last Sunday, due to the fact that about one hundred girls had either severe headaches or heavy "exams" about church time. "When Day Is Done," on the violin surely did help things out.

Speaking of being original, one girl has her trunk already half packed to go home in June. That's even better than the girl who wore nothing but her "gym" clothes all the last week. (She added earrings for dinner.)

Now I ask you do you think there's any chance of a teacher who gives "exams" the day before the holidays going to heaven? If so, I hope I never land there. She'll be having us write term themes on the size of wings till judgment day.

The following letter has been mentally written and sealed and sent by us to Santa Claus:

Dear Santa,

Please see that I get a B in English and a new blue hat. Can't you bring Be Flowers a hairpin, too. And Katherine Wilson wants long hair, and Virginia Baird wants all she can eat for once, and Mary Virginia Brabston needs a hair cut and all the waxes to give our crushes all the dates they can handle Christmas and it's lights out and one more day. Whoopee!!

EXCHANGES

We enjoyed reading *Sidelines'* "Our Own Funny Paper," very much.

Cup o' Coffee (by the way, isn't that the cleverest name for a paper?) has an extremely amusing column called "Coffee Grounds." One of the "wise cracks" in it this week is "The new cereal song—'Hominy Times.'" "The Laboratory Cat," a regular contributor to *The Pinacole*, amuses us highly. He's such a diverting and versatile kitty.

We also acknowledge the receipt of *The Mercer Cluster*, *The Grove Comet*, *The Flashlight*, *Trail Blazer*, *Furman Hornet*, *Calver Vedette*, *The Watchtower*, and *V. I. Caudron*.

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Application for second-class entry pending.

EDITORIAL

CHRISTMAS CHARITY

What will our Christmas be? Yes, a happy one—with home, mother, father, and friends eagerly waiting to see us.

"Why is it," some of you say, "that we must always have our good times spoiled by attention to unpleasant thoughts of needy people?"

"Why is it," we might ask, "that you call consideration and kindness to others unpleasantness?"

Christmas is the greatest religious festival ever held by any people. It is the time of greatest joy, and the most sacred of celebrations in the Christian religion. It is our opportunity to show to others our love, our one chance in the year to place charity which will be doubly appreciated. Too many of us are content to settle back calmly in our homes and resign ourselves entirely to our own happiness becoming quite oblivious to those less fortunate around us. Christmas is a time, the time for charity and unselfishness. Many families are contented to do without food or luxuries but at Christmas time they feel the great desire to exalt in this festival. It is very easy for any of us to help others enjoy themselves, and if we bring joy to others we are heaping joy on ourselves.

"FIR OF THE YULE"

"Out of the tempestuous wilderness
You came, O fir—a swampland
drear

With tumult of snow and the wind's
stress,

Where the lynx wail cuts a livid
scar

Through the blanching night to the
far dim star.

"Yield us, who linger at your side
Throughout this gentle Christmas-
tide,

Your spirit, calm and taciturn,
A precious moment of release—
The benediction of your Peace."

—Lew Sarrett

This quotation from Lew Sarrett's poem, "Fir of the Yule," which appeared in the December issue of *The*

Ladies' Home Journal, is an interesting contribution from a man who not only loves the woods, but who lives in them and knows them. A recent news letter from Northwestern University, states, however, that this noted poet finds that his classroom, as well as his woods, is an inspiration, so he is returning to his teachings. Sometimes, and all young writers should remember this, inspiration comes from the things and the people associated with everyday life.

The news letter from Northwestern says:

"Lew Sarrett, widely known poet and lecturer and professor of argumentation in the school of speech of Northwestern University, probably will hold the record as the champion long-distance commuter when he returns to Northwestern in February. He will commute 600 miles each week from the woods of Lake Forest, Wis., to meet his classes in the university in Evanston. And all because he likes to teach.

"A year ago Sarrett, whose 'The Box of God,' and 'Slow Smoke,' and other poems are favorably known wherever contemporary poetry is read, announced that he was going to desert the life of the city, and go to the Wisconsin woods that he might devote his time to writing. But after a year of this isolation he has decided to go back to teaching. Each week he will return to his woods to grade papers and prepare his lectures for the next week.

"I have always loved the woods," Sarrett said, "so when I found the pressure of city life would not permit me to write, I packed my things and got away from bridge and the movies.

"Now that a year has passed, I have discovered that one of the springs for my writing is in the classroom, in my contacts with students. I want to get back to teaching again; so I'm going to commute 600 miles each week that I may have both the woods and the teaching, for I find that I need both."

W.-B. GIRL WRITES OF HERMITAGE

Alice Kamrar, of Webster City, Iowa, wrote a letter to her father and mother, Judge and Mrs. J. L. Kamrar, describing her visit to "The Hermitage," home of General Andrew Jackson, seventh President of the United States. The letter was so interesting that it was published in one of her home newspapers and is remarkably accurate in its details. It reads as follows:

"One Saturday afternoon a party of girls from Ward-Belmont went out to visit the Hermitage, the home of General Andrew Jackson, which is 12 miles from Nashville, Tenn. As the car in which I was riding entered the wooded drive leading to the house, the full beauty of the old colonial home struck me. I, being a northerner, had often imagined what a true Southern mansion should look like, and the Hermitage fulfilled the picture which my mind had formed.

"The original Hermitage farm of 500 acres was sold by Andrew Jack-

son, Jr., to the state of Tennessee, and the Ladies' Hermitage association, now has charge of the home; acts as custodian of the property and owns the priceless collection of Jackson relics on display in various parts of the building. There are now 232 acres controlled by this association. It is a flat, grassy tract with large beautiful hickory, elm and oak trees. Hickory souvenirs are made of the wood grown on the place and are sold in the house. On the grounds near the house is the family cemetery in which General and Mrs. Jackson, their adopted son, and his wife, and three of their children and also several other members of the immediate family are buried. At the rear of the house is a very pretty rustic summer house, back of which is the old spring which has furnished the water for the Hermitage inhabitants since 1804.

COLONIAL ARCHITECTURE

"The Hermitage is built in colonial style of architecture, having large verandas in the front and back, which are supported by six large white columns. The front door opens onto a wide hallway with spacious double rooms on either side, supplemented by wings. There are 11 rooms in the house besides the pantry and cellar. The kitchen and smoke house are in what might be termed the back yard, a short distance from the main house.

"The downstairs consists of a wide hallway, the dining room, which really is in one of the two wings, the front and the back parlor, General Andrew Jackson's bed chamber, Andrew Jackson, Jr.'s, bed room, the study or library in which were the valuable old works of the general and the museum. The four last mentioned rooms are on a small side hallway. Upstairs a corresponding main hallway and side hall, Earl's room, the family room, the guest room, and the Lafayette room in which that noted man was entertained in 1825.

ITS FURNISHINGS

"One might describe the furnishings of this home indefinitely but I will tell only of those articles of furniture which appeared most interesting to me.

"The furniture in all the rooms is very beautiful, typifying American colonial style. Many of the tables and dressers have heavy marble tops. The couches and sofas and heavier chairs are mostly of mahogany or rosewood with red plush or leather upholstery. They looked very uncomfortable and stiff. I know I should have disliked very much to have had to sit long at a time in any one of them.

"All the rooms on the lower hall have fireplaces. Three of the mantels over these are very interesting. The dining room mantel is called "Old Hickory" or the "January Eighth Mantel." It was made of small pieces of hickory placed by hand, piece at a time, every January 8 and, when completed, was presented to General Jackson. Unfortunately, relic hunters have partially destroyed this beautiful piece of handiwork. In the front parlor the mantel is made of Italian marble and in the back parlor, which is joined to the front parlor by wide folding doors, it is the exact duplicate of that in the other parlor except that it is made of Tennessee marble.

"The two parlors and the front hall have immense crystal chandeliers, while all the other rooms have other types of chandeliers. In the different rooms may be seen beautifully carved candlesticks, several of which have a covering of glass cylinders which were made to protect the candle from a draft of wind. These were called "hurricane glasses." Many of the andirons on the hearths were curiously wrought. The pair which struck me as the most interesting was the one in the front parlor. It was carved to represent the Vestal Virgin. The beds in the bed chambers are all of heavy mahogany with the exception of the one in the family room which is of rosewood. All of these pieces of furniture were four posters, while several of them were heavily curtained and draped.

PICTORIAL WALL PAPERS

"The wall papers in the halls are pictorial telling by a series of pictures, the legend of the travel of Telemachus in search of Ulysses, his father. The walls of every room are lined with family portraits, Jackson's best pictures were those painted by Earl, who was Jackson's constant companion and friend.

"There are innumerable beautiful vases, busts, silverware, and in the museum, smaller pieces of interest which I won't attempt to describe.

"I consider that afternoon extremely profitable. I could not help but think what a wonderfully interesting story any of the things in that historical home could have told, had they but the power of speech."

BEAUTIFUL BELMONT

(From "Historical and Beautiful Country Homes Near Nashville.")

By Mrs. James E. Caldwell

"Beautiful Belmont was the paternal home of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph H. Acklen. It was built in 1850 and at that time it was, perhaps, the handsomest private establishment in the United States. Mrs. Acklen's first husband was Mr. Franklin, of Sumner County. He was a man of great wealth and lived most of the time on one of his plantations, of which he owned seven, and a large number of slaves. After his death, his widow married Colonel Acklen, who built their Belmont home. It was an exact reproduction of an Italian villa. In front of the house was a lovely formal garden, with beds of flowers, statuary, fountains, and a beautiful lake, in the center of which was a tower with an observatory. In the distance, always to be seen, were the ever-changing blue hills.

"In 1864, during the Battle of Nashville, the tower was used by the Federals to learn the movements of the Confederate Army.

"The following interesting history, in connection with this place, was taken from the war-remembrances of Mrs. S. A. Gaut, who was a life-long friend and relative of Mrs. Acklen.

"After the death of Colonel Acklen, in 1863, his wife felt that it was necessary for her to go to Louisiana

look after her estates there.

"The Federals held the river and the Confederates were a few miles back. Mrs. Acklen persuaded me to go with her, saying I could leave my children at Belmont with her mother, who was also my aunt, Mrs. P. B. Hayes. After reaching the plantation we learned that General Polk, of the Confederate Army, had ordered all action to be burned.

"Mrs. Acklen, not being strong, asked me to see General Polk and get him to rescind the order. Under the protection of an old gentleman friend, I drove, in a carriage drawn by mules, over mud roads. When we had gone 150 miles and were within twelve miles of General Polk's headquarters, we were compelled to turn back on account of the rapid advance of General Sherman's Army. I made, in all, eight trips to see various generals, suffering many hardships. However, the cotton was saved, and Mrs. Acklen was permitted to send it to New Orleans. From there it was shipped to Liverpool and sold for seventy-five cents a pound. From this sale she realized \$960,000."

"This beautiful home is now the property of Belmont College. It has been greatly enlarged, and the owners have shown the good taste to keep the architecture of the additions in perfect accord with the original place. It now stands as a part of one of the largest and most elegant girls' schools in the South."

MISS SLOAN'S PUPILS IN STUDIO RECITAL

Miss Helen Todd Sloan presented her pupils in an interesting recital program Monday afternoon at four o'clock. Several numbers on the program were strikingly beautiful and the recital, as a whole, was quite a success.

The following program was carried out:

- (a) The Green Leaves.....*Spoons*
- (b) All the Leaves Were Calling ..
.....*Hawley*
Miss Ethel Brayhill
- (a) In Your Smiling Eyes.....*Wardell*
- (b) Happy Song.....*Del Riego*
Miss Eleanor Hereford
- (a) "Tis Spring.....*Ware*
- (b) That's the World in June.....*Spoons*
Mrs. Will T. Cheek
- (a) Ma Lil Batteau*Strickland*
- (b) April.....*Speaks*
Miss Navice Graves
- (a) At Dawning.....*Cadman*
- (b) O Skylark, for Thy Wing.....*Conden*
Miss Elizabeth Cleveland
- (a) The Nightingale's Song.....*Nevins*
- (b) My Love Comes Soon.....*Cox*
Miss Elizabeth Holt
- (a) Dainty Dorothea.....*De Koven*
- (b) Come with Me to Romany Browne
Mr. Ralph Sifford Mooney
- (a) O Moon Upon the Water.....*Cadman*
- (b) In Italy.....*Boyd*
Miss Aileen Rauch
- (a) Canonetta.....*Loewe*
- (b) Come, Love, with Me.....*Carnevali*
Mrs. Sam Schatten
- (a) The Sweetest Flower That Blows
.....*Rogers*
- (b) Gipsy Maiden.....*Parker*
Miss Sibylla Barton

- (a) When I Was Seventeen.....
.....*Liljeborn*
- (b) I Know.....*Spoons*
Mrs. Sam Overbuch
- (a) It's the Same Old, Dear Old
Place.....*Wilson*
- (b) Echo Song.....*Ekere*
Mrs. Hunter Letfwich
- (a) Dans le Foret (Lakme).....
.....*Delibes*
- (b) Chanson Provencale.....*Dell'Acqua*
Miss Nancy Baskerville

CLUB NIGHT

In view of the fact that Wednesday night was to be the last club meeting before the holidays, all the clubs decided to have dinner at their home that night. Besides dinner many of the clubs had programs and trees. Most of the gifts were of such a nature that they could be passed on to orphans or the poor. The A.K.'s each gave a red wheelbarrow. These were requested by the orphans to which their presents go. Each T. C. filled a stocking, not forgetting to place the other member of the pair in the toe so that they could be of some real use. The Del Vers had a short program and the Tri K's after finding out what some girls just about their own ages wanted for Christmas, tried their best to satisfy these desires. The XL's gave presents that were needed for their clubhouse and the rest of the clubs had trees and programs.

CAROL'S LETTERS

My Dear Carol—

Well, this is the last time I'll write to you for a while. The teachers are all certainly trying to keep us from forgetting about school with the delightful little quizzes they are giving us.

Awoke the other morning I find myself almost frozen too stiff to get to breakfast. The roommate and I almost had fistfights deciding who should put down the windows. Poor little gold fish were frozen in the fountain.

Some one heaved trunks around all last night above us which gave me the bright inspiration to pack. Now I'll have to live on one pair of socks, one dress, and one everything 'til I go home.

You should see me bow! Atlas had nothing on my dexterity in handling a sphere. With all the gym they have us take I should either become an athlete or a sylph by the illumination of some adipose tissue.

Here's hoping I don't freeze before I get north where I'll probably solidify completely.

Love,
"Pinkie."

WHO'S WHO

One of the most admired and most talked of people on the campus is the gifted soul who writes "The Diary." We do not know what she looks like, we do not know what state she is from, and we do not know what club she belongs to; but we know her. We imagine that she has quite a re-

semblance to what we see in the mirror, we are almost sure that she is from our own state, and we think she is our club sister or else how could she know so much? And yet she baffles us. First, we think she is So-and-So in Fidelity and next we're just sure she's someone else, because she was at the movie and the dance and in Miss Scruggs' Psych. class. We are just dying to talk with her about this or that, because our views are just the same. And yet she may be someone that we know and talk to daily. She may be the girl next door, the girl in the front seat in English class, the girl at our table, the girl we went to town with; but whoever she is, she is in her writing the spirit of Ward-Belmont, not individually, but collectively. Oh, hidden, mysterious Mistress Belle Ward, whoever you are, we give you three rousing cheers for your witty, human, all-seeing diary.

Some very few people can be sweet without being saccharine, syrupy, or sticky and when they happen to be around everyone unconsciously feels happy. Now I'm not saying "Doc" Hogan is the original Pollyanna, but I'd just as soon have her around as not. All in favor signify by saying "Ay" and we know there aren't any contrary-minded. "Doc" is an honored member of "The Wordsmiths" and she can sling words together that would "invigile" poor papa into almost anything without his even knowing it. And "Doc" reads great books and writes other great books and the sweetest essays, poems, and other junk. We have known a lot of beautiful but dumb people, but the little X. L. president is by no means a dumbbell. She's about as popular, too, as the post office at 9:30 a.m. If an apple a day really kept "Doc" away I'm sure the tea-room would go broke rather than I am now, for she's the wanting-est to have around person any of us know about.

"Who's Who" said the wise little owl down at the Orison Club house and some fifty girls sitting and standing around replied in a manner just as knowingly, "Betty Marr!" And we agree 99 44-100 per cent—the lack of cooperation is, of course, on the part of her roommate and entirely excusable. Have you ever noticed Betty Marr's profile? Well, it is my idea of something good. Betty comes from Nebraska, way out yonder somewhere between the North Pole and Mexico. We didn't think anyone altogether civilized ever happened from Nebraska, but we have thought of another think. As president of the Orison Club we know that she contributes at least one reason why every little Orison should be glad that she is one, too. Betty seems to us to be just a little bit owlish, too. She looks at us with his blinking eyes and acts wise and says wise things. We don't doubt that sometimes she is owlish even to the extent of staying up far, far into the night in quest of more wisdom. Betty may seem to Marr things to some people, but to me she seems just one more step on the road to perfection.

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The Diary of Mistress Belle Ward



WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 7

Raise the flag and drag on the fatted calf! He was a distinguished guest in chapel, who didn't want to speak. I wonder if the dear man knew just how distinguished he really was. Now, I'm for bigger and more plentiful celebrities. And speaking of hot air, the wind surely was cold today and plenty windy. The depth of clothes I had on would have made an Eskimo turn a bright apple green with envy.

Gymed extensively this a.m. and Miss Morrison didn't cease to fling honeyed words at me once while I was among those present. I'm slowly being convinced that as an athlete I'd make an excellent saxophone player.

Did brush up on pinoshele for a while this p.m., but it wasn't so successful, as I had to separate myself from everything, including my choicest nail file and the roomie's tooth brush.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 8

It is now 14 degrees above and we know not what it shall be. If this is the sunny South, give me Alaska every time. And, of course, I would have swimming on a day like this. My hair is so full of icicles that I'll be having chills for weeks to come. Failed to sit in on the French session tonight as the call of English was louder—or, was it, Miss Rhea. Anyway, me'n Shakespeare had a merry little bout wherein I all but lost my sweet disposition.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 9

Now I know all about mistletoe—and how! That man looked just as if he would talk about something nice even before he began. So I just gurgled and cooed in glee, especially because he was from West Virginia.

Did travel to town today, due to a little cooperation from Mrs. Charlton. Did most of my heavy purchasing in Kress's, but it isn't the gift; it's the spirit, after all. Hope my friends have the same opinions on the subject. Did have much fun in purchasing a mouth organ—if there was one I didn't try to blow, it was because it was concealed. And, of course, my big rubber ball bounded merrily down the street car, so I dropped everything and bounded after it.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 10

Due to the fact that it's Saturday, I've declared a holiday and lounged all day in peace and comfort and *College Humor*.

Attended the movie this evening due to the fact that I was as usual a social misfit, according to the T. C.'s idea of it. But I thwarted 'em and saw everything from the balcony. Was hoping someone would get rash and throw her ice cream snow ball at me, but hoping was as far as it went.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 11

Decided that 'twere better if I remained in chapel today instead of churching. And did I hear an organ recital. It was much more inspiring than regular church. And I got three letters written on the side.

The Christmas play was tonight and it was lovely but for one little exception. When I saw a certain dark lady of my acquaintance decked out in snowy robes with wings all sprouted, I nigh lost my equilibrium. That was asking too much even of my elastic imagination.

MONDAY, DECEMBER 12

I bought my ticket today! Think I was the first one there—all but met the railroad men at the door.

Have begun to take a rest cure for Friday—even I can't study forever.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 13

The day passed slowly and nothing of moment occurred to stir my spirits.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 14

Had dinner in the club houses and maybe I didn't eat! And the Christmas tree was grand, and the toys were darling, and it's only one more day till vacation.

Merry Christmas!

MUSIC STUDENT RETURNS FOR VISIT

Miss Ora Witte, who attended Ward-Belmont during the school years of 1918-19 and 1919-20 was a guest at Ward-Belmont last week. Last year Miss Witte taught in the Bon Avon School, of San Antonio, Texas, and she has taught also in North Carolina.

Since leaving Ward-Belmont she has had several years of interesting study in France and Germany, as well as in New York and Chicago, and has received her bachelor of music degree. She was a student at the Gunn School of music and studied voice under Proschowsky.

While at Ward-Belmont she studied sight playing under Miss Blythe and during her recent visit to the school she visited Miss Blythe, Mrs. Blanton and many other former teachers and friends.

CHRISTMAS

(Continued from page one)

Christmas literally as the exact day of the birth of Christ, for we are no authority as to just what day Christ was born, but we observe it annually, as a manifestation of our belief that he is the Christ, the Son of the Living God, and that His coming meant "Peace on earth; good will to men."

The story of Christmas is the same every year, ever more beautiful because of its truth, and truth is the unchangeable factor which governs human life. Christmas today means what it has always meant, that there can be no Christmas where there is not love, and where the races of men are not cemented in the bonds of peace. Where there is peace there will be good will, and thus it is that we exalt as Highest and Mightiest, Father of all men, the Prince of Peace, when we work to keep harmony and love about us in the little things of life as well as in the things of pomp and power.

Each candle placed in the window of love, each wreath hung where peace and harmony abound, each gift given without thought of the return to the giver, and each word spoken in love and gentleness, is the story of Christmas, the revelation of the Prince of Peace, and therein lies the beauty and comfort which will still all the smouldering fires of discontent and hate and bring to man the only happiness. Raise ye your voices in sweet carolings to the Prince of Peace. Let there be "Peace on earth; good will to men."

PERSONALS

Pearle Harper had lunch with her cousin Monday.

Mary Jane McPhail took dinner with Mrs. Codville, Monday.

Ann Dillon spent Monday afternoon with her sister, Mrs. Maxwell Barkis.

Betty Jane McNutt and Mary Jane McPhail took lunch with Mrs. Sud Monday.

Olive Logan and Virginia Risinger took lunch in town with Miss Sisson Monday.

Dolly Willingham took dinner with her uncle, Mr. Tarry, Monday.

Margaret Witherspoon and Louise Graves had lunch Monday afternoon with Mrs. Witherspoon.

Carolyn Patterson had dinner Tuesday with Mr. Barton.

Inez Barnes spent Tuesday evening with her brother.

Phyllis Ireland spent Tuesday afternoon with Mrs. Thompson.

Ruth Moore and Nell Housley spent Wednesday evening with Mr. Housley.

Rosalie Werner spent Wednesday afternoon with Miss Buford.

Frances Johnson spent Thursday afternoon with Mr. and Mrs. Shoutz.

Ruth Moore and Rosalee Hook spent Friday afternoon with Miss Spaller.

Blossom Kleban took dinner Friday with her aunt, Mrs. Levy.

Betty Perkins and Alene Robson spent Friday afternoon with Miss Jacobs.

Leitner Johnson spent Saturday evening with Mrs. Summitt and Hazel.

Emily Ethridge and Henrietta Gruene took dinner Saturday with Mrs. Robert Woods.

Bernice Brock, Charlotte Baldwin, and Helen Saunders spent Saturday afternoon with Miss Louisa Crockett.

A. K. COLUMN

Well, dears, we haven't much to say this week. Nothing but business was discussed at our last meeting. However, we did talk about our dance (always a thrilling subject) and, in the way of decorations, everything from Inferno to Paradiso was considered; the questions remains unanswered. We're going to have a grand dance, though; see if we don't! Appointments were made to have Milestones pictures made, and the club adjourned at the earnest request of the nightwatchman.

JUST A FIRE DRILL

I simply thought the bells had gone crazy, but I soon discovered that we were having a fire drill, or maybe a genuine fire. (I hoped for the worst). Impossible to register, and then all of a sudden I came to my senses and remembered the commands. Every man for himself. Let your roommate burn. Put up your shades. Put down your windows. Open your door. Leave on the light. Get a wet towel.

Dress yourself properly. Do not speak but run! Everything was O. K. till I came to the last part. Seated as I was, on the bed, surrounded with books and notebooks, I could not see anything which even resembled clothes. I cannot figure out yet whom I resembled more—Kip Van Winkle or Robinson Crusoe, as I issued forth from the hall. One stocking relic hung on the left leg, and a beautiful plaid sport member covered the right. A handsome ripped kimona adorned me, and water wave combs gave a horned effect to my hair. The towel was certainly a consolation in that fire drill. For I've discovered that you can make about as many funny shapes out of it while they call the roll as you can out of a handkerchief in church. The only way to make a complete record for Ward-Belmont is to have a date on the night of the fire drill. The gentleman in question will be sufficiently amused to write to P. T. Barnum and advise him to come to Nashville for material for his next side show.

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T. C. CLUB DANCE

(Continued from page one)

tendants furnished the central figures of the scene.

The throne, with lights of the Aurora Borealis gleaming through silver tissue for a background, the "cielies," the snow fence and the border of Christmas trees around the room combined in making a Snow Palace which could scarcely be equalled in beauty.

The entrance of the King and Queen was announced by the trumpeter, Dorothy Valentine, who was dressed in a costume of purple and gold. The jester, Dorothy Benton, preceded the royal couple, who were followed by pages and attendants. An interesting feature of the evening was the snow man "specialty." Four snow men rolled a huge snow ball into the palace and from it crept a snowy fairy (Foss O'Donnell), who did a special dance. The snow men also brought in sled, loaded with small snow ball in which the favors, dainty silver perfume bottles, were cleverly concealed. Frances O'Connell was chairman of decorations and arrangements, and Miss Shackleford, the club sponsor, had an active part in all of the details of the ball.

The guests numbered about two hundred and fifty. They were received by Lela Owen, president of the T. C.'s; Miss Shackleford, sponsor; Helen Scott, vice-president; Dorothy Nichols, secretary; and Dorothy Valentine, treasurer. Lela Owen and Miss Shackleford led the grand march. The many delightful details of the evening are too numerous to name, but both the music for dancing and the refreshments are worthy of special mention.

CHRISTMAS NATIVITY ARTISTIC SUCCESS

(Continued from page one)

The argument, taken from the program, gives an idea of the story of the play:

On Christmas Eve, the heart of man yearns especially to do honor to the Christ Child. "Peace on Earth" is the Nativity play chosen for this year's presentation. The scene opens on a darkened place; heavenly voices are heard singing softly "Glory to Earth." and the reply comes, "Peace on Earth."

THE PROLOGUE

Shows the Spirit of Air, Spirit of Fire, Spirit of Water, Spirit of Earth, The Spirit of Heavenly Peace, foretelling the Coming this night and vowing allegiance to the coming king.

Spirit of earth says:

The night which wrapped us round
Opens and breathes—Light—Hal-
lelu!

Spirit of Heavenly Peace replies:
The Star moves forth to write
upon the sky,

"This child is born in ways miracu-
lous."

Spirit of Air:

"Bend in your singing, gracious
angels.

A miracle hath been wrought

In the luminous courts of
The angels reply:
"Gloria in Excelsis
Pax in terris natus est."
The Guiding Star (joins the
of Air, Earth, Water and Hea-
Peace):

"From the twelve Jewelled
of Heaven I come,
Above the Hills of Bethlem
shine this night,
To proclaim the birth of
who is the Prince of Peace
The Singing Angels reply:
"Glory to God in the High-
Peace on Earth."

These are followed by Shep-
Angels, and as the inner curtains
they show the Nativity scene.

"PEACE ON EARTH"

Personages:

The Spirits of Air, Earth,
Water and Heavenly Peace
The Guiding Star,
The Three Shepherds,
A Vision of The Holy Family
The Three Kings,
The Singing Angels,
The Angels of Protection,
The Angels of Joy,
The Angels of Service.

The Christmas Nativity, like
Easter play, has become one of
loveliest traditions of Ward-Bel-
All of the participants enter w
heartedly into the work and it i
of the customs that none of t
who appear in the play have
name on the programs.

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N. P.